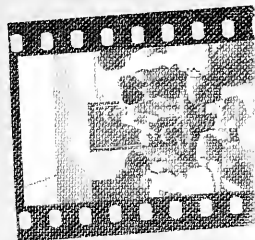
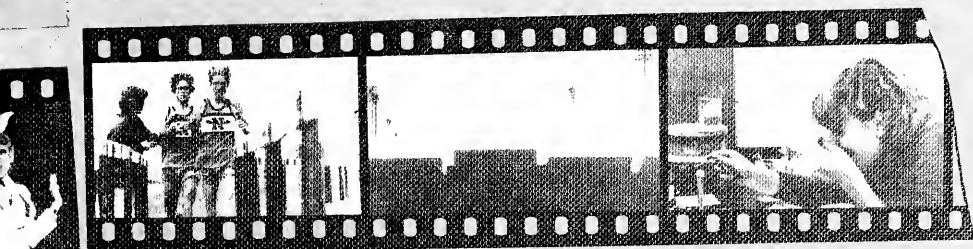
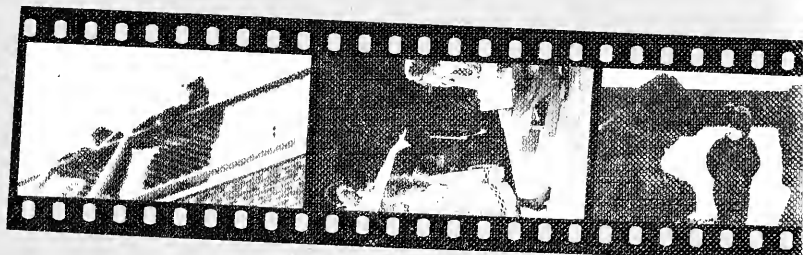


BEAR TRACKS '79



2072170

~~INDIANAN~~

Undoubtedly you have already sensed a breaking with tradition. It seems only fair to say from the beginning that we have thrown out many of the established rules of yearbooking.

At a time when high school life is anything but conventional, old-fashioned concepts, stock themes and standard ideas simply don't apply. The purpose of a yearbook is defeated when it is an anachronism in its own time; when it reflects only a one-dimensional view of what went on during any given year.

With this in mind, we felt that the role of the '79 *Bear Tracks* needed to be redefined. Past books seemed too impersonal, too vague. No sense of the energy and the emotions that were a part of so many stories was captured. Most importantly, however, their emphasis was on using pictures, not on telling the whole story behind the events, the groups, and the individuals that they covered.

Only a balanced, (though not necessarily symmetrical), combination of words and pictures conveys meaning effectively. For this reason, you will find an abundance of copy in the '79 *Bear Tracks* — more than any staff has ever used before.

While it is relatively easy to write "typical" stories, we weren't satisfied doing so. No subject, once explored, can be classified as being "typical."

As writers, we directed ourselves toward searching out the unique aspects and interesting angles of every topic — by concentrating on both the common and the more unusual. Since it was necessary for us to function as "relayers," our strongest objective was to produce a blend of both journalistic and creative writing — a blend that consists of accurately reported facts and a feeling of personal involvement.

You will also find that we tried to get away from the "pictures for the sake of pictures" syndrome. In this respect, we were fortunate; we had the opportunity to work with students capable of doing professional quality photography. Consequently, we were able to be selective enough to utilize only the pictures that "said" something.

Design was left to bring it all together; to synthesize the elements into a cohesive unit.

Ultimately, a successful yearbook serves as a complete record of the year. We wanted to do more than simply preserve the record, however. Our ideal has always been to re-create a segment of your life — the year 1978-79, as you, a Northrop student, experienced it.

GEN

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BEAR TRACKS 1979



Underneath a spectacular twilight sky, the marching band warms up in front of the school for their pre-game homecoming show.
—Shannon Johnson

NORTHPROP HIGH SCHOOL
7001 COLDWATER RD.
NORT WAYNE, IN 46825
VOLUME 8



Except for a few stragglers, the usually hectic Commons takes on a deserted look during the first lunch mod on a late February day. —Larry Kaiser

Amid a profusion of trombone slides, Mr. Bob Rice directs the pep band at one of the basketball pep sessions. —Gregg Householder

Examine the myth.
During its short lifespan of eight years, Northrop has firmly established itself as one of Fort Wayne's premiere high schools.

Although the history we have compiled is recent, as Northrop has grown, so has the almost mythical reputation the school was born with. Size has always been Northrop's claim to fame; from the beginning, it has had the largest district and the highest enrollment of any Fort Wayne school.

But our unique image is the result of a combination of many factors.

Our roots can be traced to the day its doors opened in 1971, when Northrop was THE new school, THE place to go. In many ways, it represented the end of an era, for with the creation of Northrop came the closing of downtown's Central High, the city's oldest school.

At first Northrop looked alien, isolated amidst the bare midwestern landscape of cornfields and highways. The immense brick structure seemed to symbolize Fort Wayne's outward growth, and the booming suburban development taking place on the "new" north side.

The community soon discovered that once set in motion, Northrop's reputation was destined to evolve quickly.

By the end of 1974, the "last of the original Bruins" had made our name known throughout Indiana—the myth was clinched when a jubilant team brought Northrop's first state basketball championship home to retiring principal Paul Spuller.

Perpetuating the "winning tradition," Northrop has consistently proved itself to be a top contender in many sports. The cross country and gymnastics teams, in particular, have been frequent competitors at the state level.

Northrop's record of achievements has never been limited to athletics, however.

In fact, for a young school, we have amassed an amazing number of honors in a wide variety of areas. Organizations such as marching band, swing choir and speech have established their own winning traditions.

Principal Sandra Todd, Indiana's first woman to serve in such a position, has also had a unique influence on Northrop life. Responsibility for two of Northrop's most well-known innovations—the "school-within-a-school" (SWAS) program, and the student smoking areas—fell on her shoulders.

While all of the schools follow the same basic guidelines set down by the FWCS administration, Northrop is still viewed as being more liberal than the others. Greater student freedom has added its share to the reputation.

Examine the myth.

Then examine it within a specific context—as it applies to the year 1978-79.

Does it fit the Northrop you knew?

2072170



Go beyond the myth.

Our image can distort, causing us to view Northrop through rose-tinted glass. Although it provides a sort of historical perspective, it tends to magnify some aspects of the school and neglect others. Our heritage is rich, but the image is hollow unless one knows what stands behind it; unless one explores beneath the surface to find out what really goes on at Northrop.

Ultimately, each year, like the myth itself, is composed of many individual fragments. Each one needs to be examined separately, and then synthesized into the collective whole. When this is done, detail fills in the outline of our reputation.

Take a closer look.

This book attempts to bring one small part of the myth—the year 1978-79—into focus. In order to do this, the stories needed to be put into an original framework; a new structure uniquely suited to portraying both the myth and the reality behind it.

As you go through your BEAR TRACKS, you will notice that two basic divisions have been created: culture and competition. Briefly, culture encompasses the things that were a part of your daily life—classes, lunch, fashion, alternative education and the fine arts, to mention a few. While competition is a section in itself, in actuality it is a subdivision, an inseparable part of our culture. Because the Northrop image is most deeply rooted in our desire to be “number one,” the competitive aspect of the school is well worth checking out.

The sections, however, are not intended to be all-inclusive, nor are they arbitrary boundaries. Since both are integral parts of each other, they serve as channels that give direction and flow.

You will also discover that stories have been included that go beyond the school. The communities we came from, part-time jobs, entertainment and world events—all had a definite influence on our lives, whether we recognized it or not.

Go beyond the myth.

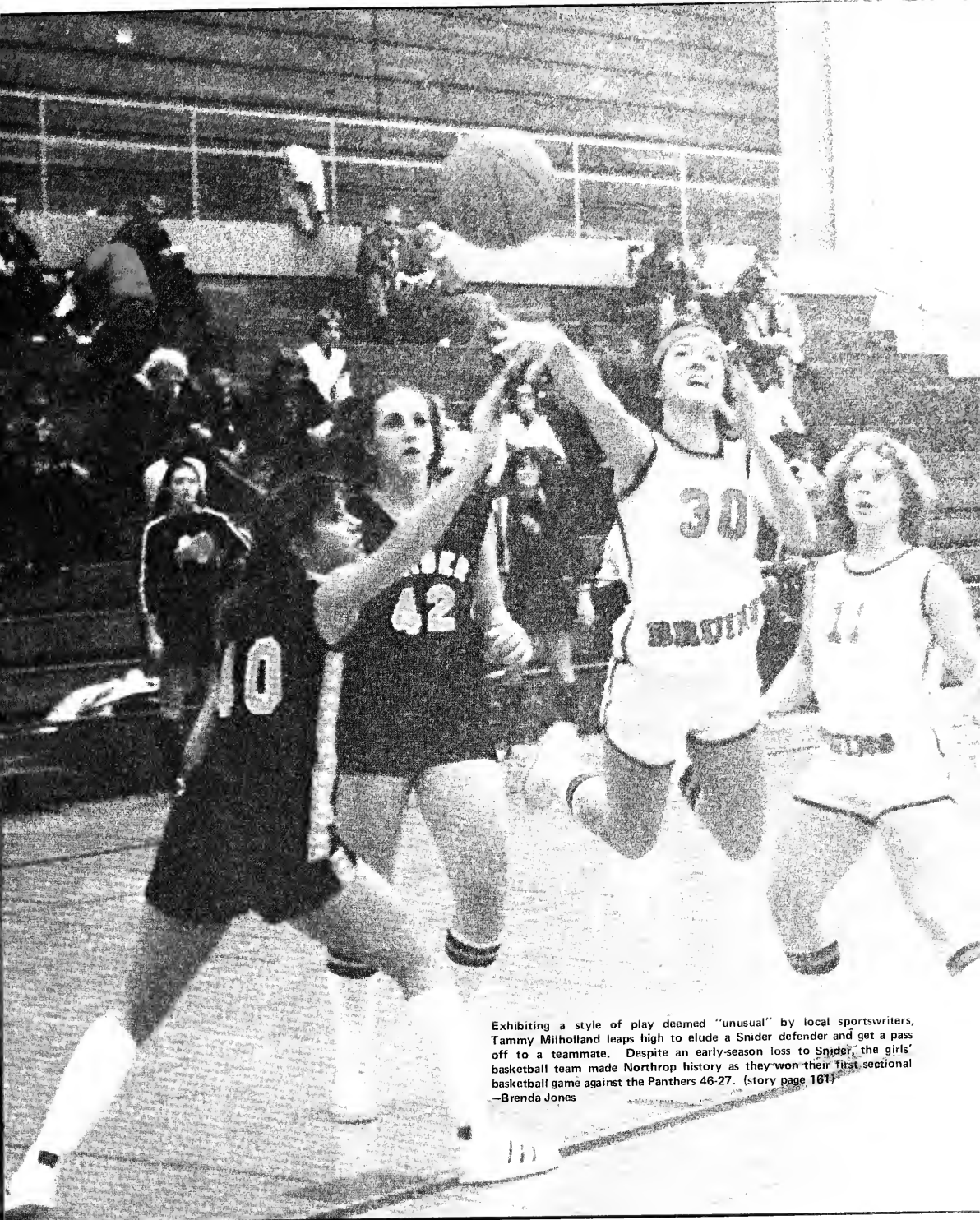
Dissect Northrop life; slice it up and put it back together.

Examine the year, and the role 1978-79 played.



Getting close to her subject for detailed work, senior Tammy Busche sculpts a clay dove in Mr. Bob Johnson's third period ceramics class. —J.P. Sweeney

Playing Mona Kent, the snobbish Broadway star, Sue Bloom croons “Mister Man of Mine” to Steve Hatfield during “Dames at Sea.” Done in the round, “Dames” was the first annual winter production. —Marc Straub



Exhibiting a style of play deemed "unusual" by local sportswriters, Tammy Milholland leaps high to elude a Snider defender and get a pass off to a teammate. Despite an early-season loss to Snider, the girls' basketball team made Northrop history as they won their first sectional basketball game against the Panthers 46-27. (story page 161)
—Brenda Jones

Using careful timing and calculations, junior Doug Brown performs a lab experiment in Mr. Bernie Richardville's chemistry class.
—Bob Crosby





CULTURE

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THE CALL-UP

AUGUST 1978:

August—hot, lazy, indolent Indiana August—is when it began. The beauty of a summer morning was totally disrupted when the mail yielded a letter bearing the return address of 7001 Coldwater Road. Many felt that their “death sentence” had arrived.

This “sentence” was very subtle, though. It merely stated the dates on which Northrop pre-registration was being held. It simply informed the soon-to-be student body that it must once more come together to be “processed.”

When the students did assemble, the entire thing seemed rather depressing. Outside, the sun was beaming and the sky was clear. Inside, it was cool and gloomy. The registration process itself was totally organized, and, at the same time, completely chaotic.

There were tables set up to issue schedule cards.

There were tables set up to deal with book fees.

There were tables set up for selling things which were not, well . . . absolutely neces-

sary.

Items for sale on the tables included tickets, buttons, towels, and other spirit items—all interesting, but all contributing to the confusion experienced by the naive “ex”-freshmen.

The confusion was easy enough to understand. The size of Northrop alone can be rather intimidating the first few times in the building. Not knowing teachers and administrators was a bit of a setback also. And, if a sophomore happened to be told that he simply wouldn’t be allowed into class without a certain brown and orange button, could he really be blamed for believing?

Sophomores were not alone in their confusion. Even some juniors and seniors found themselves lost in the shuffle. Perhaps it was the computer processing.

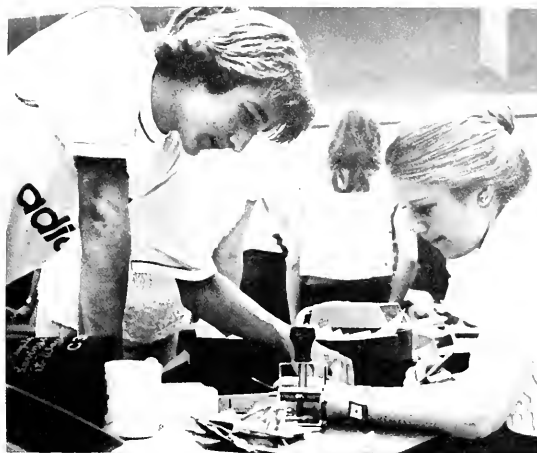
Soon after entering the building, nice, healthy, perhaps slightly sunburnt “people” found themselves transformed into “numbers.” Typical student numbers like 0060-2048 were stamped like a brand on every-



Student council vice-president Jackie Puterbaugh tries to sell spirit items to sophomore Todd Rowdon as '78 graduate Doug Ungemach and sophomore Laura Motz assist.

Handing over another wad of cash, Diane Greulich and her mother buy an all-sports ticket on sophomore registration day.





Attempting to straighten out his book fees, Steve Kepler works with Kay Jones, a '78 graduate who returned to Northrop to assist at registration.

thing from program cards and ID's to parking permits. No longer, for example, was a student signed up for Art Appreciation no. 1; instead, 00602048 was!

So, there was a bit of an identity crisis going on as students worked their way through the maze of tables. Trying to read and follow the directions on a hand-out given out at the door added even more to the maze. Deciding to simply follow everyone else, surprisingly enough, generally worked.

Unfortunately, class schedules may have turned out slightly different than originally planned. But if two out of six were right, who could complain? Or, in trying to straighten out one mix-up, two new ones were discovered.

Attempts to pay PTA dues with the check for school insurance, and newspaper subscriptions with money for class dues abounded. Somehow, though, it all worked out.

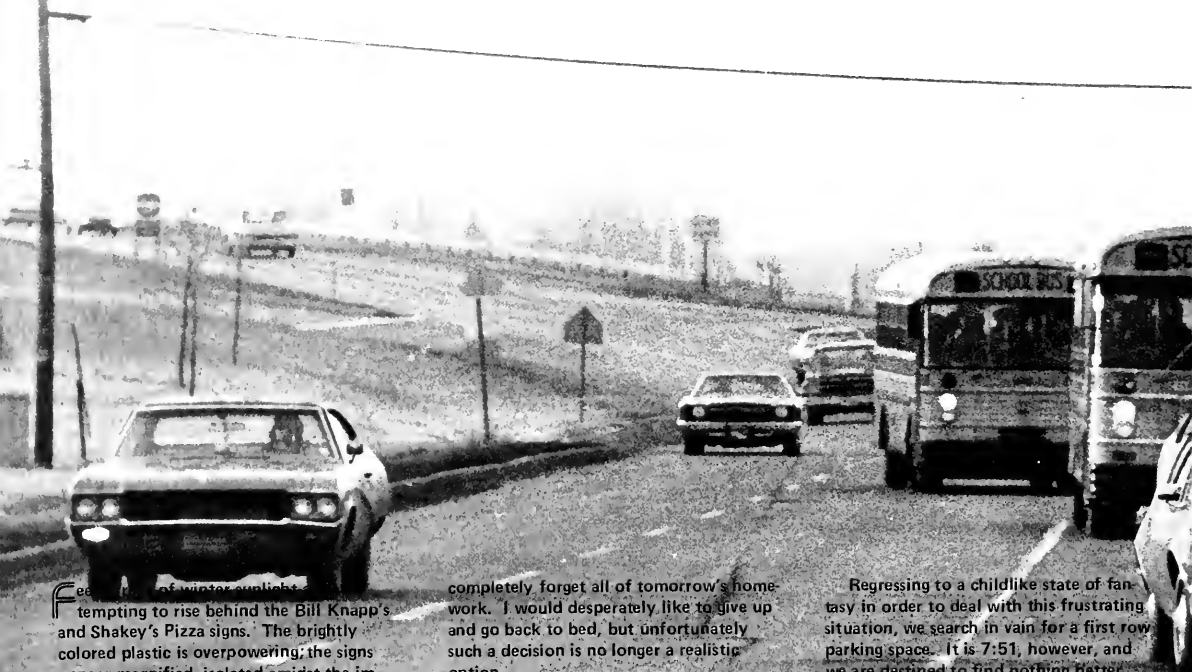
Eventually, after getting a mug shot taken, and then managing to avoid the vendors of unnecessary and unaffordable things, the hassle was over. Pre-registration was finished for another year.

Fortunately, registering had its high points too. Pre-registration threw nearly everyone together again for the first time since June. Socializing after the three month break made the paperwork and red tape a little less like work and a little more . . . "Exciting."

—Jeanne Meyers

Photos by Shannon Johnson □

Fifth row parking space



F eeling of winter sunlight tempting to rise behind the Bill Knapp's and Shakey's Pizza signs. The brightly colored plastic is overpowering; the signs appear magnified, isolated amidst the impenetrable greyness of the landscape.

A depressing scene. The overcast sky is dripping gloom so heavily that everything seems to be wrapped in it.

There is no escape. I am surrounded, boxed in on all sides by grimy cars that choke and shudder convulsively. It is a bad day.

We are packed in like sardines, as the saying goes, waiting impatiently for the light at the intersection of Washington Center and Coldwater Road to turn green.

Monumentally bored, (and perhaps slightly disgusted), I stare out the window at neighboring vehicles. My roving eye brings me nothing but scowls and contemptuous sneers. I feel like *The Enemy*. How ridiculous.

After all, it is perfectly clear that no one is deriving any pleasure from this experience. Yet we persist anyway. And what for? Only to have a "triple-whammy-super-critical" day, during the course of which everything that could possibly go wrong will screw up miserably.

I can see it coming. I will fail two tests, neglect to hand in three assignments, and

completely forget all of tomorrow's homework. I would desperately like to give up and go back to bed, but unfortunately such a decision is no longer a realistic option.

By now the light has blinked the appropriate color, and we are proceeding rapidly up the overpass. I am in no rush and would prefer to go slower. Doom is just around the corner.

All too soon, the ominous dark bricks of NHS enter my field of vision. I am filled with dread. I wonder why my life has not yet begun to flash before my eyes.

As my friend heaves his old blue chevy up to the back of the turn line, I notice that we seem to be joining a continuous chain of cars linked together by dirty bumpers. Maybe I'm just spacing out.

Waiting again. We have been sitting for what seems like hours while folks from Suburbia fly by in their Pinto wagons on their way to jobs in town. Bus after bus pulls in.

An eternity passes. The coast clears just as I am beginning to wonder why someone doesn't shoot me and put me out of my misery. We dash across Coldwater, slow down abruptly, and creep into the student parking lot. As usual, it borders on the chaotic.

Regressing to a childlike state of fantasy in order to deal with this frustrating situation, we search in vain for a first row parking space. It is 7:51, however, and we are destined to find nothing better than a fifth row end spot. A day that started out grey has now turned completely black. I would like to crawl into a hole, but the pavement prevents such a course of action.

Instead, I must brace myself both mentally and physically to assault the three blockades of encrusted, sooty snow that stand between me and the warm building.

I realize that nothing but endurance will save me from raging winds and a -24 degree chill factor. Suddenly everything has been reduced to a simple question of survival.

When faced with the choice of life or frostbite, I can only ask myself, "What would any real trooper do?"

Carry on.

Glancing eastward at the weak rays of light, I swing open one of the heavy doors and trudge into the Commons. Although I considered the day to be thoroughly useless, I have made a significant discovery.

The ultimate challenge is pushing yourself forward when everything in the world seems hopeless.

—Phoebe Nault □



A thick, grey fog adds an interesting perspective to the typically mundane journey from home to school. The mist was so heavy on February 23 that only a faint outline of the stadium could be seen from halfway down the sidewalk.
—Bob Crosby

Junior John Blacketor splashes through the moat that formed in the parking lot in late February. —Bob Crosby

Background: a view of early morning traffic on Coldwater Road. —John Ribar





LAUGH...FROM THE MOUTH OF A FOOL!!

LAUGH...the session
 for the new comedy
 not one episode, but a
 cal "nothing" series
The Rocky Horror Show
 released mid-1971, it
 the biggest "midnight" show

...the "Hero" Martin himself, the number one comedian in the country.

By turning his standard "semi-professional" act into a full-on comedy show, Martin successfully promoted his first special, *A Wild and Crazy Guy*, and he went on to win an Emmy for "Best Comedy Special" the year.

Laughing was a big bucks this year; television producers made a noticeable attempt to cash in the comedy boom.

From New York to Los Angeles, the comedy continued to reign as the king of the airwaves. The individual forerunner of the comedy show was *An Evening with*. The comedy show was the only one to win the Emmy for "Best Comedy Special" the year. The comedy show was the only one to win the Emmy for "Best Comedy Special" the year.



Generally speaking, high school students don't read newspapers all that thoroughly. The "average" young person will check out the sports page, the funnies, and Ann Landers—in that order.

In comparison, national news simply isn't a priority.

The events we hear about—some hopeful, some depressing, some out-and-out gory—all have a distant quality. Although they may, in fact, be more important than we realize, they can easily seem irrelevant because they affect us subtly, not directly.

The "Guyana nightmare" is perhaps the year's most notable example. Thanksgiving weekend took on an entirely different perspective with each additional update on the massive death scene staged by religious leader Jim Jones and some 800 devoted followers.

The year was marked by other tragic moments.

In August, Pope Paul VI died unexpectedly. His predecessor, John Paul I, known as the gentle pope, died eight weeks later. After much deliberation and debate, John Paul II was elected to lead the Roman Catholic church.

In the early spring, the nuclear plant at Three Mile Island near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania leaked harmful radiation, forcing citizens to evacuate and jeopardizing the delicate balance of nature.

Despite the prevalence of bad news, there was cause for optimism too.

After countless hours of "Middle East talks," President Jimmy Carter brought about one of the decade's landmark achievements.

A significant beginning in resolving one of the world's oldest conflicts was made when Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, and President Carter came together on the White House lawn to sign the long-awaited peace treaty.

Other happenings in international affairs included radical changes in relations between the U.S. and China. In a bold move, Carter formally recognized the Communist mainland, and severed diplomatic relations with Taiwan.

Looking at the lighter side of things, both the first transatlantic balloon flight and the last solar eclipse of the twentieth century took place.



"I'm searching still..."

AN IRANIAN STUDENT SHARES
HER THOUGHTS ON THE SHAH,
COMMUNISM, AMERICA AND RELIGION

If we paid any attention to newspapers this year, we might have noticed that Iran made front page headlines day after day, month after month.

But we probably didn't give it much thought; after all, what did the political struggles of this distant country have to do with us?

In comparison with the 60's, America in the late 70's could almost be termed "mellow." Revolution, street rioting, militancy and an economic standstill are realities that seem far removed from our sheltered lives.

Perhaps they're not as far removed as we might think, however.

There is a connection. The link is provided by several Northrop students whose interest in Iran goes beyond a five-page report for their government class.

Technically, they are labeled as either "foreign exchange" or simply "foreign." They inhabit a peculiar sort of No Man's Land—the strange position of watching their country go through radical change from across the sea.

Pari Hosseinpour, an 18 year-old from Tehran, is one such student.

Like many other young Iranians, Pari came to the United States because she feels that "it's good for my English."

She cites the rigorous demands of European school systems as being another major factor that influenced her decision. (Her school requires students to take 16 or 17 classes a year).

"I enjoy studying here," she tells me. "My knowledge will be better . . . There is more knowledge I can get."

At this point in time, Pari is planning to stay in the States—she wants to finish high school and enroll in Purdue's dentistry program.

Looking to the future, Pari says, "I'll go back to Iran . . . I think I can improve my country."

Pari has crazy dark hair that curls up around her head in a mass of blackness. Her eyes are large and expressive; when

she talks, I think I can feel the emotion behind them.

She communicates with her hands as much as she does with her mouth. When she senses that she is not being understood, she makes motions in the air, trying to describe what she is unsure of saying in English.

At times she clasps her face in her hands and says, "It is hard for me."

I think I can relate.

For some reason, the saying "One is a lonely number" keeps running through my head. It seems appropriate, fitting when one considers that Pari is attempting to bridge the gap between two very different cultures.

She is isolated in the experience.

As far as Northrop is concerned, it is a typical January day; in Iran, however, the turmoil seems to be reaching some sort of climax.

Pari and I are sitting in one of the D-hall conference cubicles, talking about the many aspects of her country's political situation.

I am throwing out questions, mostly, "What do you think of . . . ?" and "How do you feel about . . . ?"

There are frequent pauses. "I don't have enough information," Pari admits. "I haven't talked with anybody . . . I can't trust these magazines or TV."

I see her point. It's easy to forget that what we're casually discussing will affect the rest of her life. No wonder she is suspicious of the often sketchy reports of American journalists.

Pari doesn't hesitate to express her uncertainty. Having spent the past year and a half in the United States, she missed the crucial period of upheaval that resulted in a new form of Iranian government. I think if she was well-versed in the idioms of our language, she might have said that she felt out of touch.

Likewise, I feel out of touch. Following the politics of another country is no simple matter. I'm not sure where to begin.

A direct contrast to the American brand of 70's apathy, young people are a driving force in the political make-up of Iran.

"The main thing they (young people) don't want is monarchy," Pari explains. "They know . . . Probably they had some friends that were in jail . . . They know what's going on."

("What's going on," briefly, seems to entail the oppressive policies of the recently exiled Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi.)

"They are making sense," Pari continues. "They just want communism."

I ask her how she feels about this.

"If we couldn't get communism," she replies, "it doesn't bother me, but the monarchy . . ." her voice trails off. "That bothers me," she finally concludes.

The other young Iranians come to mind, the radicals and terrorists that one hears so much about. "They are doing too much that doesn't help," Pari comments. "Maybe it is more damage."

Our focus shifts to the Shah himself, the prime symbol of the conditions that a majority of dissatisfied Iranians are rejecting.

"Right now I feel sorry for him," Pari says. "All these troubles . . ." She is silent for a moment. Softly, but with more conviction she adds, "I think he needs the troubles."

"Why?" I ask, curious as to how she will respond.

"He thinks anything he says we have to say, 'Yes, this is right,'" she answers.

The situation becomes clearer. The age-old struggle for independence goes on. Only the names and the location change.

"Right now," Pari declares urgently, breaking my train of thought. "Right now he should talk with the people . . . He shouldn't leave . . . That shows us he is afraid."

The Shah's abdication of power adds another interesting dimension to the picture, however. Currently, all eyes are on Shapur Bakhtiar, leader of the

Lugging an armload of books and waiting for a ride "home," Iranian student Pari Hosseinpour hangs around the building after winter track practice. Although she wasn't an official "foreign exchange" student, Pari lived with senior Carolyn Martin and her family. The senior found adjusting to American people to be the most troublesome aspect of staying in the United States. —Kim Schwab

"civilian government" that the Shah organized before fleeing the country.

"As far as I know," Pari tells me, "it (civilian government) is better than monarchy . . . If they let people give his opinion."

Of Bakhtiar she says, "I really don't know this man . . . I hope he is a good person."

But Pari is not without doubts. Several times she stresses that she "doesn't have enough information."

"They say he (Bakhtiar) is opposite," Pari observes. "If Shah chose him, I can't trust him."

When you're in America, do like the Americans do—or so runs the advice given to Pari by a friend.

I am struck with the significance of this remark, perhaps because it seems to symbolize the conflict Pari is caught up in. She is alienated from our society in many ways simply because she is Iranian; she finds herself

cont.



I'm searching still cont.

torn between appreciating certain aspects of our freer culture, while at the same time resenting the role the U.S. has taken in Iranian affairs.

"Nobody can force the United States, but you can force us," she comments. "That is not right. I am not agree with that."

Clearly, both sides have their own theories as to where the fine line between welcomed diplomacy and interference falls.

The differences are becoming more marked, however. A strong anti-American feeling is gaining momentum in Iran, forcing some 30,000 Americans to evacuate the country. The U.S. Embassy has been bombed repeatedly.

From Pari's point of view, the resentment grows out of the image that the U.S. projects. She says it seems "as if Carter said something to Shah, he should do it."

As if all this wasn't enough, Pari has another black mark against her in the eyes of many American people—she believes that Iran should adopt a communist government.

"If we say we're going to get communism, they'd (Americans) hate us," Pari explains. "One of the reasons they say things is they don't have enough information . . . Why do people not like communism?" she asks, genuinely perplexed.

I understand her confusion. The answer is both obvious and elusive. I wonder if the fact that communism has always represented a serious threat to us is sufficient explanation.

But Pari is occupied with thoughts of her own. "People say, 'She is not from the U.S.,'" she begins. She stops for a minute, then continues. "They can get along with themselves, with Americans," but not with foreigners."

The conflict of being caught between cultures seems to permeate every aspect of Pari's life. Her religion, like her politics, is another belief that she is learning to stand up for in the face of opposition.

Predictably, ignorance is the most formidable barrier. In Pari's words, "People ask, 'Are you Moslem?' Then they say, 'Oh yeah, oh . . .'"

Her mood seems to change instantly as she tries to describe what she feels most people misunderstand. "I can't say I can't believe in Moslem . . ."

"We believe Jesus," she says with sudden energy. "We know Jesus."

"I go to church with them, (the Martins, her exchange family)," Pari continues. "It's just their way . . ."

Yet it is obvious that living in the United States has influenced her beliefs.

Although I haven't known Pari for long, I have a feeling that she isn't as sure as she used to be.

"If there was one religion," she begins. "Right now, I don't know . . . I don't know which one to take, which one is true." She looks up and slowly says, "I'll believe in religion when we have a religion for the whole world."

Several weeks passed before I saw Pari again.

During this time, two important events took place. First, Bakhtiar's civilian government grew weaker, not stronger, insuring the rise to power of Islamic spiritual leader Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini; and second, Pari went to Lafayette, Indiana to visit her older brother. There, she had the opportunity to discuss recent happenings with people "in her own way." She came back to Fort Wayne with a different perspective on things.

"Iranian students come over and immediately they're changing," she explains. "They don't know enough about it (communism) . . . They don't have enough information."

"At first, I was like that," she continues. "They think they are so knowledgeable."

When asked what brought about these second thoughts, she remarks, "I didn't know they don't accept God . . ."

Further clarifying herself, she adds, "I don't think communism is it . . . They don't accept religion."

Where does Pari stand now? "I'm searching still," she says. "I don't know . . . Government," she sighs. "I'm discussing it."

—Phoebe Nault

no one escapes

There is no choice, no decision-making involved. An unseen force motivates future juniors and seniors to sign up for social studies classes every year.

Even in a school where freedom in schedule selection is virtually unlimited, the dread electives still manage to creep in. Sharing the dubious position of being THE REQUIRED along with English, the social studies department struggles to teach what the state law requires to every student—whether they want to learn it or not.

But school and state requirements are only a part of the department's essential role.

"The primary purpose of any social studies program is to help transmit one's cultural heritage to the next generation, without which civilization would not survive," Mr. Bruce Oliver, history and government teacher, stated.

"To prepare students for better citizenship, to be more enlightened and to be better thinkers," were listed by Mr. Ron Certain, history and economics teacher, as other goals for the department.

But "trying to arouse enthusiasm among students about political, social and economic issues—stimulating students to be involved in the political process," in the words of Oliver, proved to be the most difficult.

Diversity in the choice of classes within the requirements, use of audio visual equipment, and the playing of simulation games all are planned to combat student disinterest and apathy. Voting machine usage demonstrated in senior classes along with voting registration held at school provided students contact with the election process.

A variety of speakers including a ventriloquist, political candidates, Pierre, a French trader from Old Fort Wayne, and a child abuse expert also provided diversion from every day activities.

—Kim Schwab

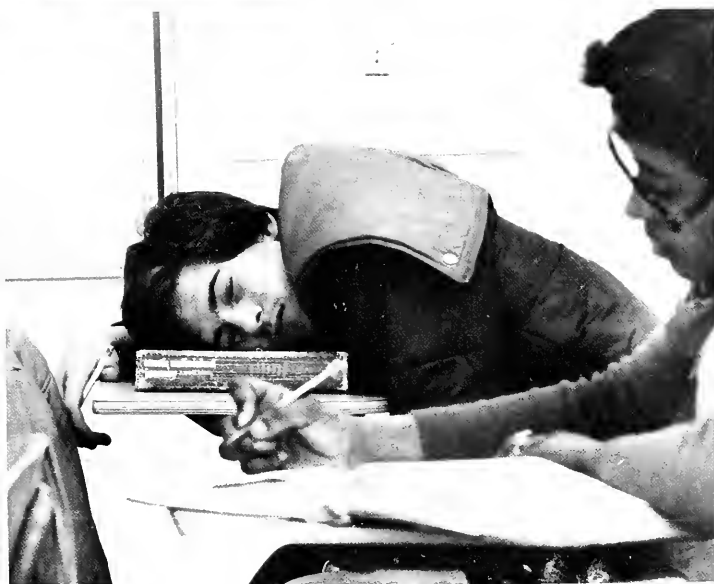


Audio-visual materials are used frequently throughout the social studies department. Junior U.S. history classes are the primary users of filmstrips, as depicted in Mr. Bob Dille's second period class.

—Gregg Householder



Providing a direct link to the political scene, the '78 fall election was utilized as a classroom learning device. Fourth district republican congressman Dan Quayle spoke to students on campaign issues one day, while his democratic challenger, John Walda, spoke the following day.



Catching some zzz's on "Man's Unfinished Journey," a sophomore sleeps in his elective world history class while the other students work on an assignment.
—Scott Thibodeau

Conflict Busing

BUSING:

The Human Factor

In the spring of 1977, 70 ninth graders from South Side's school district, virtually all black, were taken on a tour of Northrop. No effort was spared in showing them the sprawling, modern facilities of the school deemed "the best in Indiana" by Bruin coaches every year.

After the tour, a decision faced these students. They could attend Northrop, with its size and reputation, or South Side, the oldest high school in operation in Fort Wayne. Out of the 70 students, only five chose Northrop. Next year, the rest won't have a choice—a yellow bus will take them.



Rezoning. The word evokes a variety of meanings. For the black student living in the inner-city, it eventually boils down to an undesirable one, synonymous with busing.

For the 1979-80 school year, boundary lines are to be reshuffled, pushing Northrop's further south. More busing is inevitable. The rezoning is done on paper, but how does the human element fit in? How does busing affect the Northrop black community, a segment of our population all too often overlooked?

After the initial closing of Central and the opening of Northrop, the effects were visible. Fighting, unrest, and day to day conflicts between blacks and whites were evident, forcing the situation out in the open. Now the results are more subtle—harder to discern, but present nonetheless.

Counselor aide Fred Blanks, a black South Side High School student during the first years of Northrop, is in touch with the inner-city busing situation.

In a brief interview, Blanks gives his views on where the black student stands today. He touches on a variety of areas, but every subject eventually boils down to a common denominator—busing, the single most influential factor on Northrop black culture.

UNITY

"It's not as strong . . . Everybody is spreading apart—the unity isn't the same.

"I talk to people that have graduated recently and they can't believe it. They say, 'It was just a few years ago . . .'

"Even A.C. (Eldridge) sees a change . . .

He says, 'Why?'

"It was really different. People just stayed together—they did things in the community. Now, they don't want to do anything.

"They wouldn't admit it to you, but deep down inside they know daggone well there's no unity.

"It doesn't come together . . . This school is too big—too spaced out . . . There is no unity."

PRIDE

"They don't want to get put down, even if they're not involved. They will protect their own high school, especially when it comes to sports."

LEADERSHIP

"The leadership among blacks at Northrop basically does not involve activities like student council and class offices. Most black students identify with the black athletes as leaders. Maybe the students feel the stronger influence of athletic success."

AFRO-AMERICAN CLUB

"The Afro-American club seems to be running at an all-time low. About 80 per cent of the black students say they don't have time. At one time we only had 20 members. Probably transportation, working and athletic involvement contribute to this problem.

"They see South Side's club doing things—taking trips, getting involved in the community, and they say, 'Why can't we do that?'

"Well, South Side *can* do things—they are a walk-in school. There are people who are interested and motivated who *can* participate. Here, transportation always seems to be the big problem.

"It's amazing though—the Afro club *does* do things—even under these circumstances. They are planning a trip to Cedar Point, and they had a benefit basketball game featuring past Northrop stars in an alumni vs. faculty contest. Some of the money was given to the sickle cell anemia foundation—that's a disease confined basically to black people."

INVOLVEMENT

"Busing has a big effect on student involvement. Here we don't have many clubs that they feel they can get involved in. At Central there was a club for every subject and almost everyone was involved. One of the biggest reasons for this was Central was a walk-in school. Here they can't stay after when they



Counselor aide Fred Blanks

ride that yellow bus. Because of that they don't want to get involved. At Central they'd be home in five minutes—here it takes at least an hour.

"If it took me an hour and a half to get to work everyday, I'd think about getting a different job. I've seen students walk from Northrop to home because they missed the very last bus. That'd turn anybody away.

"Also, if they're not in athletics, I'm sorry to say, I feel that they feel that Northrop has nothing to offer them."

APATHY

"There appears to be more involvement in drug usage—but that's in students in general, not just blacks. There seems to be no motivation from home, so they turn to the street. Sometimes I'll see them in the streets . . . doing nothing, just nothing."

—Kim Schwab

Waiting for the bus, as these students are doing during fifth period, is an integral part of the lives of most members of the Northrop black community. —Bob Crosby





REACHING OUT...

"It's going to happen in your lifetime."

Mrs. Nancy Morgan made the statement for the second time—she believed what she was saying.

The morning sun slanting through the blinds of her room cast faint shadows on the empty desks. Smiling at her words, Morgan continued to discuss the class that has made a bit of a dent in student apathy: Adventurers.

A junior or senior "practical English" course, Adventurers is described as focusing on mystery, science fiction and adventure. It is summed up better by Morgan, however, when she states

that the class concentrates on acknowledging that "ideas are worthwhile."

Although Adventurers is faced with the same problems that plague many other practical English classes—namely, high absenteeism and lack of interest—it does seem to be well-liked by students. "It was all right," said junior Darren Robinson. "I read a lot of things I probably wouldn't have otherwise."

According to Morgan, the class connects science with literature. The factual basis of the science fiction and mystery stories which are studied intrigues the students. She concluded that

it is a matter of curiosity—students can do well if they are interested.

Written work is done both individually and in groups. Morgan feels that the combination of abilities made possible by group work is productive. While a student may be able to grasp verbal concepts, he may lack the mechanical skills needed to express himself effectively. This situation is bound to cause frustration. Group work allows students to combine various skills, such as vocabulary usage, sentence and paragraph structure, imagination and experience to form something that an individ-

idual might not be capable of doing on his own.

"When we write stuff," junior Buddy Webber commented, "she (Morgan) doesn't worry about spelling and grammar as much as content—that makes it easier. It gives you a chance to try different things."

Thinking back on the year, Morgan mentioned that a couple of students in the academic program wanted to take the class. When asked why, she replied, "Why not? TV has inspired a lot of interest in this subject area."

Maybe it will "happen in your lifetime."



English, as a school subject, has been said to suffer from the preconceived ideas of the prospective students. Sometimes students approach this key academic subject with a negative outlook merely because three years of it are required for graduation.

Many students, however, who look beneath the surface stereotype, realize—and are quick to admit—the vital importance of the subject.

English plays a large part in the level of academic success achieved by a student. English is the keystone of communication—communication which makes possible the extension of learning.

Acknowledging the unargu-

Bridging the gap from fear to friendship, Lenny Suggs reaches out to touch Jeff Moser's pet snake Eva Marie during a "show and tell" session in Mrs. Barb Lawrence's Practical Writing class.

"She had taken it out of its box that afternoon, shaken out the moth-powder, given it a good brush, and rubbed the life back into the dim little eyes." Trying to get her students to visualize "Miss Brill's" red eiderdown, Mrs. Evelyn Surso shows one of her 20th Century American Fiction classes a stole similar to the one described in the Katherine Mansfield short story.

able fact that "no one escapes English," our department has sought to develop into an establishment which can fulfill the awesome responsibility of educating every student in the school.

In its quest to reach each individual with the most possible information, the department created the "phase elective program." The idea behind the concept is simple: each class is labeled with a phase number rating the level of difficulty, so that students may choose the courses that best fit their abilities and interests.

Briefly, the phase system encompasses three programs: practical, for the less interested student; academic, for the average, college bound; and honors, which consists of advanced courses for the accelerated student.



In her room at the end of the hall, Mrs. Agnes Sosenheimer stands in front of the blackboard, her hand clutching a piece of yellow chalk. The lesson she is explaining to her Intermediate Comp students would cheer parents who believe in "back to the basics" education. Grammar is forever.

As she puts examples of poor constructions on the board, and

points out the technical errors they contain, Mrs. Sosenheimer expounds on the English department's 11th commandment: "Thou shalt not write run-on sentences."

Each student is armed with a tiny yet fat copy of *Warriner's* English usage manual—a Bible of sorts for those who undertake the often difficult task of learning the mechanics of sentence structure.

A few doors down, Miss Terry Grant is conducting a similar class on a more advanced level. Her students are using *Reading for Rhetoric*, a text which stresses different modes of exposition through the work of well-known authors.

While Intermediate Comp is concerned with the forming of individual sentences and paragraphs, Advanced Comp concentrates on the make-up of more complex, multi-paragraph papers.

Having completed innumerable essays, Grant's students are now struggling with a deceptively simple-sounding assignment typical of all Advanced Comp classes—the research paper. A comparatively long-term project, the assignment is designed not only to give students practical experience in developing and carrying out a thesis, but also to make them more adept at utilizing basic research methods.

As is evidenced by the type of work being done, one of the main objectives of the academic program is preparing students for the more rigorous demands of college-level courses. The program is set up so that no matter what order the separate 18-week classes are taken in, they will all mesh together coherently.

One of the direct links between the literature and composition courses is a standard form emphasized by the department—a concept known as the "five-paragraph paper." Consisting of a step-by-step framework—thesis, controlling idea, main supports, conclusion—the structure is stressed as being dependable, one students can always turn to when they are required to grapple with in-class themes and the like.

As one student explained, "It is frustrating to work hard on a paper and get it back all marked up, but I know that I'm learning something that'll be with me forever."



Honors at Northrop is, in many ways, an offshoot of the academic program. Honors provides eligible sophomores and juniors with the opportunity to take phase 4-5 literature and comp courses a year earlier than they would ordinarily be able to do. For seniors, one strictly honors course is offered—a demanding full-year class entitled Senior Seminar, taught by department head Madeleine Thompson.

An interview supplied some background on the class. Thompson stated that, surprisingly enough, many students involved in Seminar were not aware of the grade requirement (B- or above) necessary to remain in the course. She made it clear that Seminar is a privilege that can be revoked.

This statement is reasonable when the goals of Northrop's "most advanced" English course are considered. Seminar is for the student who wishes to go as far as possible in his English studies his final year of high school. Thompson often states that Seminar encompasses "your senior year of high school and freshman year of college."

Seminar is a unique experience for the advanced English student. It obviously fulfills a need here at Northrop, as is evidenced by the many staunch advocates of the course.

Ann Thompson and Rita Espinosa, in a joint interview, spoke enthusiastically of the class. They both signed up for Seminar "to get ready for college."

Agreeing that English can be one of the most crucial subjects, regardless of career choice, they felt Seminar was a very good base for college level courses. The small class size was cited by both as being an important element.

Linda Haley added that Seminar moves faster than other classes, and that they learn "more advanced study methods." She also believes that Seminar discussions and writings foster a larger vocabulary and more involved thinking.

Linda does not plan to major in English, (she wants to go into pharmacy), but she feels that Seminar will help her to "test out" of some college credit.

—Jeanne Myers
Photos by Shannon Johnson



NO LONGER A 'HAVE TO' THING



A decade ago, a year of more of a foreign language was mandatory if one planned on getting into a good college.

These days, the rules have been altered; being able to read, write and speak a foreign tongue is no longer required in most American colleges and universities.

Despite this, foreign language remains a vital academic subject. The departmental enrollment is large enough to support four languages—French, Spanish, German and Latin—on levels ranging from first year to fifth year.

"True, colleges have not required a year of high school foreign language since the middle sixties," commented department head Janet Weber. "But," she continued, "students usually find when they arrive at college that they are required to take that neglected year . . . They (the students) find themselves paying college fees for a year of foreign language when they could have taken it free, per se, in high school."

With high school language classes as a base, many students test out and are thus able to skip college language requirements all together.

Syndicated columnist Sylvia Porter also recommends a year of language. "With a foreign language added to your other skills in college, you might double your chances of getting the job you want. There are more openings for an auto mechanic who speaks Arabic, an electronic radio expert who knows Japanese, a chef who understands French.

"It could be that a foreign language would be more useful to you during the next twenty ty years than a college diploma, for whatever the shape of tomorrow's world, you can be sure it will be increasingly international.

"Consider how international it already is," Porter continues. "The fourth largest Spanish-speaking country in the world is the U.S. We're close to becoming bilingual."

—Dawne Slater □



Propping his chin up on the palm of his hand, third year Spanish student Narciso Solero concentrates on Seniorita Vicki Whisler's lesson on the past subjunctive. —Dawne Slater

Conferring behind the teacher's desk, Mr. Eric Augsburger assists a confused student with the French assignment. —Kim Ford

TURNING BACK THE CLOCKS: JOURNEY TO ANOTHER TIME AND PLACE

August 24, A.D. 79—Pompeii, a bustling Roman resort town, awoke to a typical day. Then, Mount Vesuvius, known by the townspeople to be a dormant volcano, erupted for the first time in written history. The inhabitants fled the toxic gases and hot ash that fell upon the city. Few escaped. Thirty hours later Mount Vesuvius was quiet and Pompeii lay preserved under twelve to thirty feet of volcanic rubble. There the city remained, untouched, for more than 1600 years.

November 10, A.D. 1978—The Fort Wayne Amtrak terminal, a quiet old railway station, was alive with 23 Northrop Latin students. Then, their train, known to be an hour and a half behind schedule, arrived two hours behind schedule for the umpteenth time in Amtrak's history. The students boarded the train as noxious fumes and smelly steam rolled across the loading platform. Three hours later, the train pulled into Chicago's Union Station, the students restless after the long ride. There the students returned, unscathed, four hours later.

Led by Mrs. Janet Weber, the purpose of the expedition lay in the Art Institute of Chicago—an exhibit called "Pompeii A.D. 79." Priceless artwork and artifacts excavated from the buried city of Pompeii filled an entire wing of the Institute. Working fountains and a garden set the mood for the exhibit, which ended on a somber note—two plaster casts of Pompeians in their death throes.

The popularity of the exhibit caused a two hour wait which was spent eating lunch and exploring other works and forms of art. Modern sculpture, antique quilts and an exhibit by Ivan L. Albright, painter of the gruesome "A Picture of

Dorian Gray," attracted much attention from the group. But most gathered around a scale model of Pompeii and several artifacts and statues outside the main exhibit area.

The two free hours left after the Institute visit were spent in many ways. Some students went window shopping, others went to a large department store, and others checked out the view from the 103rd floor of the Sear's Tower. One girl got lost for awhile and ended up being ogled on a street with adult book stores and X-rated movie houses.

At 4:30, everyone met back at the train station, tired and full of comments about the day's activities. Most enjoyed the Institute, and one person commented, "It was nice to see everything in person instead of seeing the pictures in my Latin book." Other people said that the shopping was the best part of the day.

Because the train service out of Chicago is much better than the service into Fort Wayne, the train departed on time. The trip home was spent discussing what was seen or done during the day.

—Star Firnhaber □



Members of the Junior Classical League, all Latin students on varying levels of instruction, held monthly meetings in Mrs. Janet Weber's room and

had parties to celebrate several ancient Roman holidays. —John Ribar

More Than Just Books



Working with instructor Don Weaver, Helen Burnett videotapes a home girls' basketball game. —Brenda Jones

Running the check-out counter, librarian Ken Crague signs books out to a group of students. —Gregg Householder





From the spiral staircase leading to the study halls, the vast expanse of the media center can be viewed. —Bob Crosby

Watching two sets instead of one, Mark Campbell views channel 5 programming in the AV studio during his lunch period. —Shannon Johnson

"The Media Center involves more than just books, it includes all media—printed, audio, visual, and a combination of all three," librarian Ken Crague stated.

Containing 15,000 volumes, 1,100 records, hundreds of video tapes and nearly 40 different magazines, the Media Center is a vital resource for every student.

Also available is a well-developed vertical file containing some very valuable old material, (unusual for a new school), cassette-filmstrip combinations on a variety of subjects, eight different newspapers from around the country, and the beginnings of a micro-fiche library. (Micro-fiche are pieces of micro-film in card form with magazines or newspapers printed on them).

But many students are unaware of what the Media Center can offer, and all too often it is viewed as a "lounge," according to Crague. "Talking and wasting time" in the Media Center goes on all too frequently he feels.

Two new classes have been

developed to promote further education about the Media Center. What used to be library and AV service workers will now be students learning about various library and audio visual procedures and helping in their respective areas as before, while earning one credit a semester. These courses are limited to six students per period.

Both Crague and Mr. Don Weaver, AV department head, feel the classes will enhance the media center on the whole, while particularly enriching those students directly involved.

Although not directly a part of the centralized Media Center complex, the AV department operates their television station on channel 5 out of E-101. Programming consists of educational shows from public and commercial TV along with films produced in the studio or classroom using AV equipment.

Another important role of the AV department is the video-taping of athletic events, drama productions, television programs teachers wish to show in class, lectures and classroom activities.

—Kim Schwab □



**relevant
in today's society**



Peering through the eyepiece of a technical piece of apparatus, senior Linda Haley does lab work in Mr. Bernie Richardville's fifth period physics class.
—Marc Straub



Far from the noise of the Commons and the attention of the uninvolved, a Northrop minority presses on up on the top floor of the C and D wings—the math-science student. Frequently labeled “brains” by their classmates, these students plow through a myriad of courses for a variety of reasons.

Allowing freedom of choice by providing diversity, these departments offer classes at every level—they're not just for the “brains.” Modern equipment and resources make available courses such as astronomy and computer math, classes that would be unheard of in many schools. Chemistry, physics and biology lab materials are adequate for teaching these classes on a college prep level. Everything from the fundamentals of arithmetic,

Precision measuring, as shown by junior Kent Scholz, is an essential part of lab work in chemistry class. With a modern lab stocked with nearly everything necessary, lab work is a vital element of Mr. Bernie Richardville's chemistry 1 & 2 course.
—Bob Crosby

With the word “think” hanging on the board behind him as a constant reminder to his students, Mr. Art Schwab conducts his advanced mathematics class, with senior Randy Eisenach in view. —John Ribar

to geometry, to pre-calculus math is taught, while life science and physical science are studied on varied levels. Earth science, biological-environmental science, applied physical science and aeronautics are some, just to name a few, besides the basic biology, chemistry and physics courses.

The link between departments is not merely existent because of the way other students view math and science majors. A bond exists because frequently you can't have one without the other—science without math. Courses such as chemistry have math pre-requisites beyond the required ninth grade level. According to Mr. Jake Baker, “the language of physics is math. You hafta know your math before you can begin applying it.” The departments feed off each other—students need to know math before they can apply it in the science classroom, and science to provide reason for students to continue their upper-level math courses.

Although the science-math student is still viewed as a “brain” by many of his peers, this is slowly changing. As the world we're living in becomes more technical, fundamental knowledge of the natural, physical and mathematical sciences is necessary in order to be a responsible voter, job-holder and member of society.

For those who feel one should learn things in school that they can “use” in life, no better courses could be taken than math and science. The logical thought processes learned can be used every day and applied to every subject matter.

As one teacher stated, “I think one purpose of taking science and math would be to earn a living, but of course only a small fraction of students will go on in the sciences. The larger purpose is gaining an understanding of the problems of our society.

“For example, the energy problem. In a democracy we need to make decisions. We need to decide if the politicians are making good decisions. The main reason to take these classes is so we can use scientific method and mathematical reasoning to solve the world's problems.”

According to science department chairman Dick Levy, “the sciences should add to a well-rounded background. These students aren't going to be expert biologists, expert chemists and expert physicists, but they can pick up a paper and read what it says and know what's going on in the environment around them—the world around them.”

—Kim Schwab □

Finishing up a lab after class, advanced chemistry student Gary Brooks works in the silence of an empty science room. —Marc Straub

Gazing up into "space," elementary school students view the night stars in the controlled environment of the planetarium. Classes of various grade levels from elementary and junior highs visit the planetarium throughout the year. As an editorial in the "upfront" magazine pointed out, far more non-Northrop students use the facility than do Northrop students. —Ross Houser



Ecology club

"All year long we study 30 basic topics, such as conservation of world resources, pollution and national parks," said Mr. John McCory as he explained the format of his biological environmental science classes. "I don't say anything about it purposely, but eventually the students start putting it all together and one of 'em says, 'Hey, this all has to do with human population.'"

"So what I did this year is bring in a gynecologist, a nurse, new parents, an insurance person and a hospital administrator to talk to the kids. The cost of raising a kid, hospital bills and prenatal insurance was discussed, and the kids got to ask questions and hear it the way it really is. I think it really made an impression on them. They'll at least think a little more about the consequences of having a child."

This is just one example of McCory's struggle to inform students of the environmental situation and then spur them on to positive action.

His class is the starting point, but his enthusiasm reaches around the school as teachers and students help with the almost monthly paper drives conducted by the ecology club. The ecology club is more or less an extension of the class. "But it's more far-reaching than the club," McCory says proudly. "Kids from other classes come in and ask for materials since they've found out we have files on nearly every environmentally-related issue."

"I think we're helping," McCory concluded, "but I want to involve still more people."

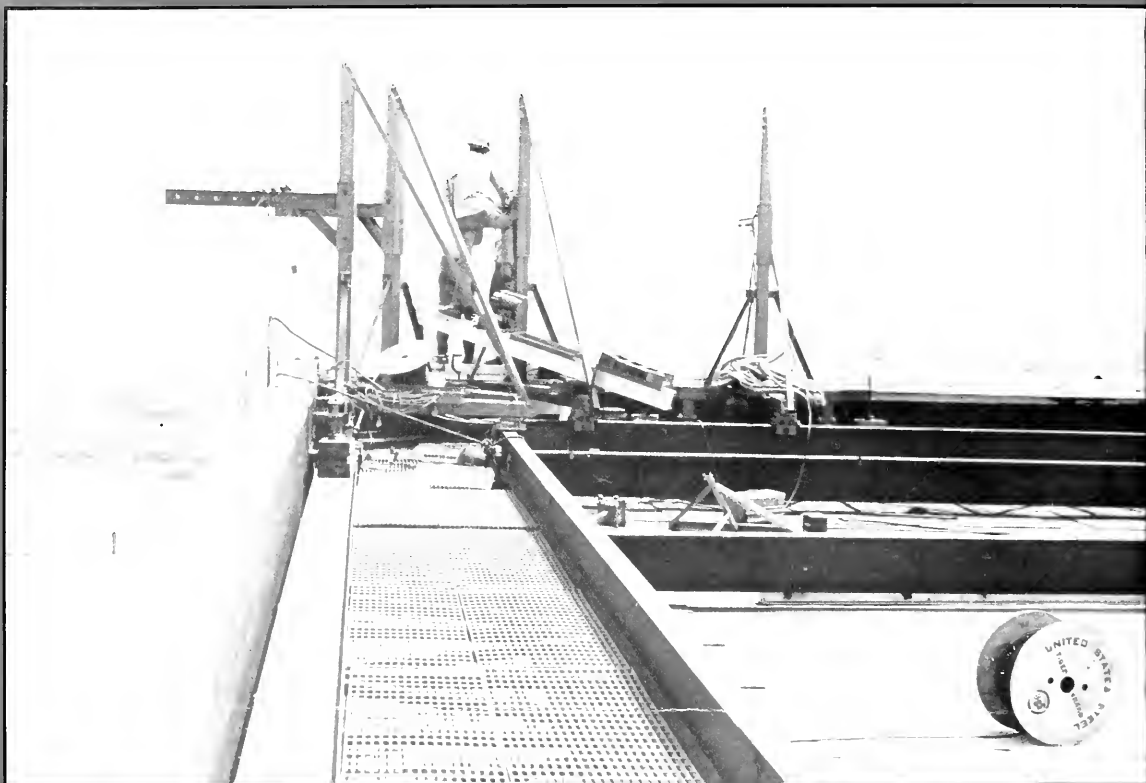


Not limited to just computer math students, the math department's computers provide a resource for individuals such as Mr. Barrie Peterson, as shown, who know how to operate the computers. Computer math is offered by the department and is taught by Mr. Al Rupp. Next year, for the first time, an advanced computer math course will be offered. —Ross Houser



DOWNTOWN REDEVELOPMENT,
MIDWESTERN LANDSCAPES
AND A BEVY OF INDUSTRIES...

cityscape





(Opposite page, top to bottom) Framed between metal braces, a construction worker looks out over the city from the top of a downtown building. As revitalization sweeps the downtown area, whole segments of blocks are being torn down to make way for modern structures. —Bob Crosby

Largely an industry-oriented city, Fort Wayne supports a number of large manufacturers, such as Dana, International Harvester and Magnavox. Cast in an early March drizzle, the sprawling General Electric plant is a familiar downtown sight. —Chris Nault

Under a stormy midwestern sky, Fort Wayne's sub-divisions appear placid regardless of the characteristically rainy March weather. In this view of Northcrest's Brighton Drive, the homes of two Northrop students can be seen—junior Cathy Martin lives in the white two-story, and senior Tina Galloway lives next door. —Chris Nault

Although Fort Wayne may be referred to as a "city of parks and churches," residents might be more likely to label it as a city of traffic and by-passes. This night view, taken from the International House of Pancakes parking lot, pictures Coliseum Boulevard, one of Fort Wayne's most heavily trafficked roads.

Symbolic of a "growing" Fort Wayne, the painted side of the Republican headquarters building is juxtaposed with a re-election advertisement for mayor Bob Armstrong. The father of a Northrop grad, Armstrong will defend his post in November of '79, campaigning heavily on his redevelopment proposals. Downtown revitalization has been the subject of much political debate, as the boom in suburban shopping centers poses serious threats for city businesses. In what amounted to the year's best example of this condition, department store L.S. Ayres closed its downtown store in July, counting solely on the sales from Glenbrook and Southtown mall locations. —Bob Crosby



WELL-KNOWN ACTORS,
A GROWING SUBURBIA
AND THE GAS CRISIS...

cityscape





(Opposite page, top to bottom) Veteran actor Vincent Price talks about "show business" and his own career with area high school students. Price, best known for his work in horror films, was one of several actors to visit the Embassy Theatre during the year.
—Shannon Johnson

The apartment tops only an outline in the distance, a late afternoon sun angling through the trees casts a reflection on the river which runs through Canterbury Green. The largest and most well-known apartment complex in the city, Canterbury has grown, in less than a decade's time, to cover a wide expanse of land, which also houses the complex's own shopping center. —Bob Crosby

A midday June sun reflects off the windows of the downtown Fort Wayne National Bank building. According to a power study conducted by the Journal-Gazette, three Fort Wayne bank presidents, including Fort Wayne National's Paul Shaffer, are among the top ten most influential individuals in the Summit City. —Bob Crosby

Hoosiers are only beginning to feel the effects of the country-wide gasoline crunch. Although tales of California's over-a-buck-a-gallon prices and two and three hour waits in line remain legend here, the local problem can be expected to stiffen as Fort Wayne is renowned for its disproportionately high number of motorists. For the present, though, consumers simply have to contend with higher prices, decreased accessibility and an occasional "out of gas" sign.
—Marc Straub

Removing the top soil layers and restructuring the land for commercial purposes, workers driving Caterpillar bulldozers transform yet another woods and field into a sub-division. Pictured is the future edition, "Paper Mill Bluffs," located on St. Joe Center Road. —Chris Nault



CRUISIN' FOR A BRUISIN' DOWN JUNK FOOD STRIP

"Wanna eat?"

"Yeah... sure..."

"Where?"

"I dunno..."

I'm only seventeen, and already I've had this conversation at least a million times. It's enough to make a person feel positively ancient.

Flash tri:

Unlimited choices, but how to decide?

It's no simple matter when one considers that there are over 60 restaurants and fast food outlets within a three mile radius of Northrop.

For the record, this estimate includes two Arby's, three McDonald's, two Azar's, three other "hamburger joints," and seven pizza places. Needless to say, feeding the masses isn't just *big business*... it's **BIG BUSINESS**.

In fact, it's ridiculously **BIG BUSINESS**. I mean, some people make a heckuva lot of money, and for the rest of us... well, life goes on.

And we support this elitist empire. Our small fries and chocolate shakes and cheeseburgers built it.

Wanna eat?

Jump in your car, cruise a block or two, and you can munch literally any kind of junk food you can think of... for a price, of course.

Flash to:

Coliseum Boulevard, certainly one of Fort

Wayne's most prestigious Junk Food Strips.

The Strip!

At the very sight of this wall-to-wall conglomeration of carbohydrate pitstops, I am overcome with waves of... is it nostalgia? Or is it something else?

Roaring down this heaven-on-earth for the Pepsi Generation; being flooded with the iridescent neon light of a thousand signs—red tubes that spell out "Bob Evans" across the skyline, the traditional golden arches, and a day-glo ten gallon hat that proclaims, "Arby's Roast Beef Sandwich Is Delicious."

I've had coconut crema and apple spice at Dunkin' Donuts, "Fish and More" at Long John Silver's, hero sandwiches at Shakey's...

I've had a "big-wholesome-fresh-juicy-delicious-change-of-pace"... I've let myself go to Pizza Hut... Super Style.

I've had Big Boys and Hamchys, Whalers and Whoppers, Super Sheds and Great American Hamburgers...

I feel like *The Experienced*.

Flash to:

"For the last time, where do you guys wanna eat?" Annette yells from the driver's seat.

Dead silence.

"If someone doesn't pick a place, I'm gonna pull into McDonald's," she threatens.

Everyone moans, but no one suggests going somewhere else. We park slowly.

(Usually, you can go into any place along

The Strip and find a Northrop student working there who is more than willing to tell you everything you never wanted to know about the food you're going to eat.)

I think I prefer ignorance. I decide to ignore the backline person who is nonchalantly heaving Fishwiches and Quarter Pounders into the chrome silver rack. I likewise ignore the girl in the corner who is busy wringing the grease out of my french fries.

Flash to:

Sliding into a bright orange plastic booth... setting down my brown, woven-textured plastic tray... removing the endless layers of styrofoam and paper from my munchies...

Slurp! Slurp!

Cautiously, I bite into my Big Mac...

The whole big "two-all-beef-patties-special-sauce-lettuce-cheese-pickles-onions-un-a-sesame-seed-bun" mess begins to fall apart in my hands. Across from me, Annette is dousing the end of her french fry in a big red blob of ketchup...

Slurp! Slurp!

I stare vacantly out the window at a short girl in a striped uniform who is dragging five leaking, hefty trash bags full of pure solid waste across the parking lot... semi after semi zooms past on Coliseum... and I have to wonder what a nice kid like me is doing in a place like this.

—Phoebe Nault □



TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS

2072170



Raising both her hand and her pencil, junior Connie Claxton prepares to answer a question in her first period accounting class. —Kim Ford

Biting her lip in frustration, a typing student grips her eraser tightly as she corrects a mistake. —Brenda Jones

With his five-minute "timed writing" scale in the background, typing teacher Buzz Doerffler flips through his assignment folders. —Kim Ford



Northrop's business department operates on two levels. The first of the two could be labeled "basics"—teaching students the skills they will need to cope with the demands of day-to-day living. Courses such as record-keeping, typing and employee preparation fall into this category. The benefits are long-range: students learn proper typing styles, how to handle personal business records, and important tips on everything from filling out applications to grooming in order to help them find jobs.

On a second, more advanced level, Northrop's business department has proven itself to be very well-developed. Realizing that an ever-increasing number of students will be attempting to find jobs in business-related fields, the department has branched out to meet a wide variety of needs.

"Practicality" is a key word as almost all of the courses teach marketable skills, providing a sound base in areas such as accounting, clerical and secretarial work. Supplementary classes such as shorthand, business law, data processing and office procedures round out the business education.

As one teacher explained, "Business must be conducted by people who have gained an understanding of the characteristics, organization and operation of business."

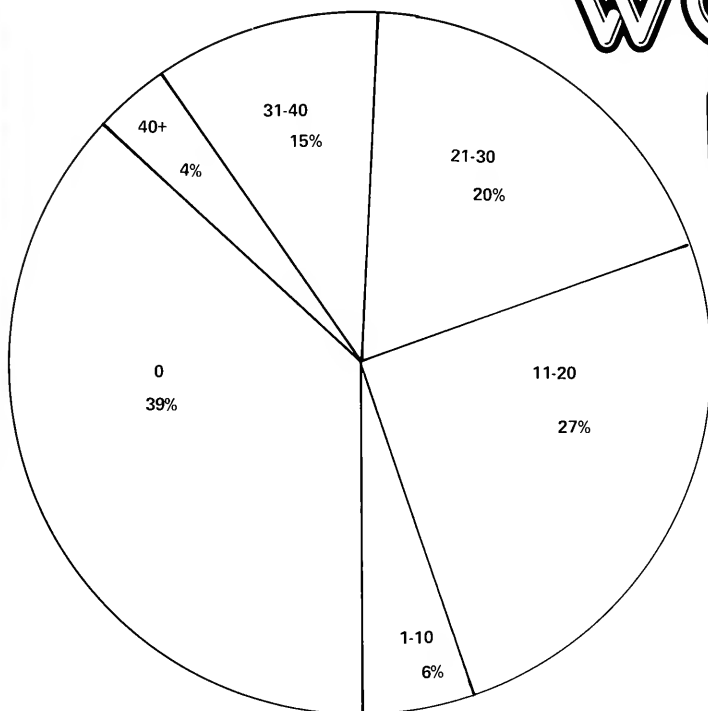
—Phoebe Nault □



The lure of money has been pressuring students into working since the days when lemonade stands and weekly allowances were nearly the only sources of revenue available. A natural progression from babysitting, lawn mowing and paper routes kept students who wanted money occupied through junior high. But upon reaching high school, the pressure intensifies and the job options have increased. With parents unwilling to hand over limitless money, prices high, and desires for entertainment, clothes and cars soaring, the student wishing to supply his wants has little choice but entering the part-time job market. The checks begin to come in, possessions pile up and bank accounts start to add up, but it doesn't end there. The sacrifices involved in earning money are many, and working students are forced to ask themselves . . .

IS THE PAYOFF WORTH IT?

Conflict 2: working



With the question, 'to work or not to work?' facing nearly every Northrop student, the *Bear Tracks* staff attempted to analyze aspects of the job situation through polling a cross section of Northrop students. A roughly even distribution of sophomore, junior and senior students were surveyed from selected basic skills, U.S. history and government classes. With the results tabulated, the statistics speak for themselves . . .

SLICING UP THE TIME

Shuffling hours spent at school, on the job, doing homework, being with the family and simply having some fun is the greatest challenge facing the working student. The pie graph on the left illustrates the percentages of students working in the different hours per week categories shown.

Average amounts spent	15	16	17	18	19
CAR	0	17.83	15.00	13.87	27.40
GAS	3.00	8.83	8.62	10.73	22.00
ENTERTAINMENT	5.83	8.76	8.16	12.56	11.11
FOOD	4.86	5.63	5.65	12.52	13.75
CLOTHES	16.86	13.43	18.89	15.66	15.00
OTHER	5.60	24.36	12.67	14.29	12.50
TOTAL	19.85	28.81	26.50	34.50	53.50

WHERE DOES ALL THE MONEY GO?

Earning money is just the first aspect of being a working student—spending it is the second. The bottom chart displays the facts on the average amount of money spent by students in the five age categories per week.

THE 3•D ATHLETE



Precariously perched on the back end of his donkey, Mr. Eric Beebe waves and heads for the floor as the animal's hind legs start to rise. In a three-game winning streak, the faculty proved their superior "jackassmanship" by beating the seniors, the varsity athletes and the coaches. —Marc Straub

(Opposite page, top) Tugging at his uncooperative partner, Mr. Ron Dvorak attempts to pull his donkey down the court as Mr. Eric Augsburger gives him a hand on the other end. —Marc Straub



"FCA affects my life, and my life affects the athletes I coach," Miss Deb Hockemeyer explained, in reference to the organization she is a part of—the Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

This group is open to all athletes who consider themselves Christian and who would like to share themselves and their ideas with others. The role of the group is to provide an opportunity for Christian fellowship and to act as a support group.

Started two years ago by Mr. Arthur Schwab, the group has 15-25 members and is a branch of a national organization that has groups in junior highs, high schools and colleges across the country.

Also leading the FCA are Miss Vicki Whisler, Mr. Barrie Peterson and Miss Deb Hockemeyer, along with student leaders John Moss, president; Glenn Moore, vice-president; Karma Tom, secretary, and Deanna Bates, treasurer.

The leaders and group members have bi-monthly meetings—one in which the women and men meet separately, and one in which they meet together.

At these meetings, according to Schwab, they have guest speakers or discuss certain topics that tie Christianity with athletics. Each discussion is designed to present a life-like situation that may confront an athlete. For example, at one meeting they talked about the concept of honesty in athletics.

Direct involvement isn't the only way this group influences athletics. "For example," Hockemeyer explained, "in basketball this year we had a group of Christian athletes and we were definitely a fellowship. Despite the fact that none of the players attended meetings during the season, it was still a fellowship of Christian athletes. This is exactly what FCA is striving for."

FCA sponsored a donkey basketball game as they did last year. The money raised at this event went towards sending interested group members to summer leadership camp. Money was also given to various charities.

The group also sponsored a drive to collect baseball equipment on behalf of the Peace Corps in Honduras.

When asked if the group accomplished what it set out to do, Schwab felt that some people got more out of it than others, but he was pleased on the whole.

"I would hope that FCA would get influential," Hockemeyer stated. "I'd never force it on team members, but people should be exposed to the three-dimensional athlete."

—Kate Bahr □

Varsity club: (front) Mr. Barrie Peterson, Larry Simpkins, Chris Phelps (middle) Julia Shelton, Marilyn Stewart, Deanna Bates, Janine Gunder, Vicki Michels (back) Cordell Eley, Anita Jackson, Caryn Bauermeister, Kim Graber, Denise Kreienbrink.

FCA: (front) Julia Shelton, Elise Kreienbrink, Karma Tom, Denise Kreienbrink, Deanna Bates, Marilyn Stewart (middle) Kim Graber, Sue Middleton, Chris Phelps, Mark Campbell, Glenn Moore (back) Mr. Barrie Peterson, Miss Vicki Whisler, Mr. Art Schwab, Miss Deb Hockemeyer.

Seated facing the council, president Julie Riley, vice-president Jackie Puterbaugh and treasurer Dave McConiga discuss '79-80 homecoming details and a proposed cheerblock at the last meeting of the '78-79 school year. —Buddy Webber



Largely a spirit generating group, the student council is not inactive. When asked about the council, however, the typical student's reply is:

"WHO?"

"Student council does everything for themselves . . . they never ask what we want," commented junior Sue Mortimer. Many students seem to share her view. The majority of those questioned felt that they were not well-informed on the actions of student council. The fact is, students have no idea what student council is doing.

"Student council is a joke," stated Chris Byrde. "They don't do anything!"

This situation is far from new. According to Mr. Bill Brown, student council faculty advisor, it is an annual problem.

"A lot of people don't know much about student council," Brown shrugged, "but it's their fault." He pointed out that much information is given on the morning announcements. Student council minutes are distributed to teachers to be posted in each room, and a copy is also put on the main bulletin board.

There are numerous details "behind the scenes" that students overlook, but that student council cannot forget. Whenever someone needs paper and paint for hall or room decorations, they find these things at their disposal, provided by student council.

With back hunched and head dunked, junior Twyla Scott attempts to sink her teeth into an elusive, floating apple. The student council sponsored apple-bobbing during all of the lunch mods on Halloween. —Bob Crosby



The homecoming queen and her court received flowers, paid for by student council. Popcorn and cider was given out at the bonfire, made and paid for by student council. Balloons were sent up at the homecoming game, paid for by student council. Firewood for the bonfire was obtained, and the fire and police stations were contacted by student council. Referees were needed for the powderpuff game, along with PA announcers and other field workers—all arranged by student council.

With this in mind, it is clear that the problem is not that student council doesn't do anything, but that the students are not aware of their accomplishments.

"I don't know if it's our (*What's Bruin?* staff) fault or student council's but . . . have they done anything?" senior Robin Fay asked. "I'm not putting down student council, it's just that I haven't heard of anything they're doing. I don't think it's the paper's fault—it's just a lack of communication."

Not only is there a lack of communication, but there is also definite confusion as to what activities student council is responsible for. When asked how they felt about the events

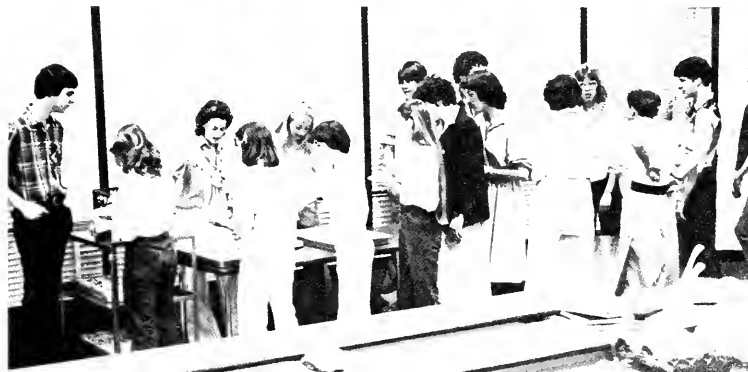
sponsored by student council this year, some students commented on the senior breakfast, which was sponsored by the senior class, not student council.

"Student council usually gets blamed for a lot of things that aren't even our responsibility," Brown acknowledged. He felt that because he gives the morning announcements, students often connect him with the activities taking place.

One of the few outsiders sympathizing with the council's problems, senior Sue Burton stated, "They have limitations on cooperation from the student body." Another student added, "They do a lot of busy-work they don't get credit for."

Despite the lack of outside support, the group struggled throughout the year to fulfill the definition given by vice-president Jackie Puterbaugh—"Student council is a number of students elected to represent the ideas of every student in the school."

—Annette Resor □



Armed with a brown and orange "spirit stick," junior representative Jill Lemna attempts to make a sale for the student council. The oversized candy canes were sold during the last weeks of school before Christmas break. —Bob Crosby

After several cries of "let's eat," council representatives file up to the front of the lecture room to get their donuts and milk. Graduating officers and members enjoy their last cinnamon rolls on student council at the May meeting. —Buddy Webber

A QUESTION of self AWARENESS



There arose some question as to the exact purpose of the sophomore Basic Skills class which was offered this year.

Many students walked into Basic Skills expecting to be bombarded with practice in basic academic skills, as the name suggests.

The course, however, was essentially a tenth-grade-survival-catchall, where just about every subject pertaining to sophomores was covered.

The focal point varied from teacher to teacher, but the underlying aura of Basic Skills remained the same: students discussing feelings—feelings about themselves, school, home, current events, social problems—anything.

Basic Skills was not a one-semester group therapy session, however. There was an extensive career planning study that proved to be very informative for the students, as well as other “self-concept” studies.

The attitudes among sophomores toward Basic Skills were mixed, with many students simply not interested.

Instructors Mr. Ron Barnes and Miss Nancy Linn both felt the disinterest was largely due to the fact that Basic Skills was a required sophomore class. By being made an elective next year, for full credit and a grade, (Basic Skills this year was on a Pass-Fail basis for no credit), student interest will improve along with participation in the class.

“It would be more worthwhile as an elective,” Linn commented. “Kids need to talk about these kinds of topics.”

Barnes, who will be teaching the only Basic Skills class to be offered next year, explained that Basic Skills tries “to get the student to think positively about school, to understand life, and to develop self-esteem.” Although Basic Skills did not reach every student, Barnes feels that the course did help a few to better understand themselves.

“That’s what it’s all about,” he said. “You know what I mean? That’s what it’s all about.”

—Colleen Thorne □

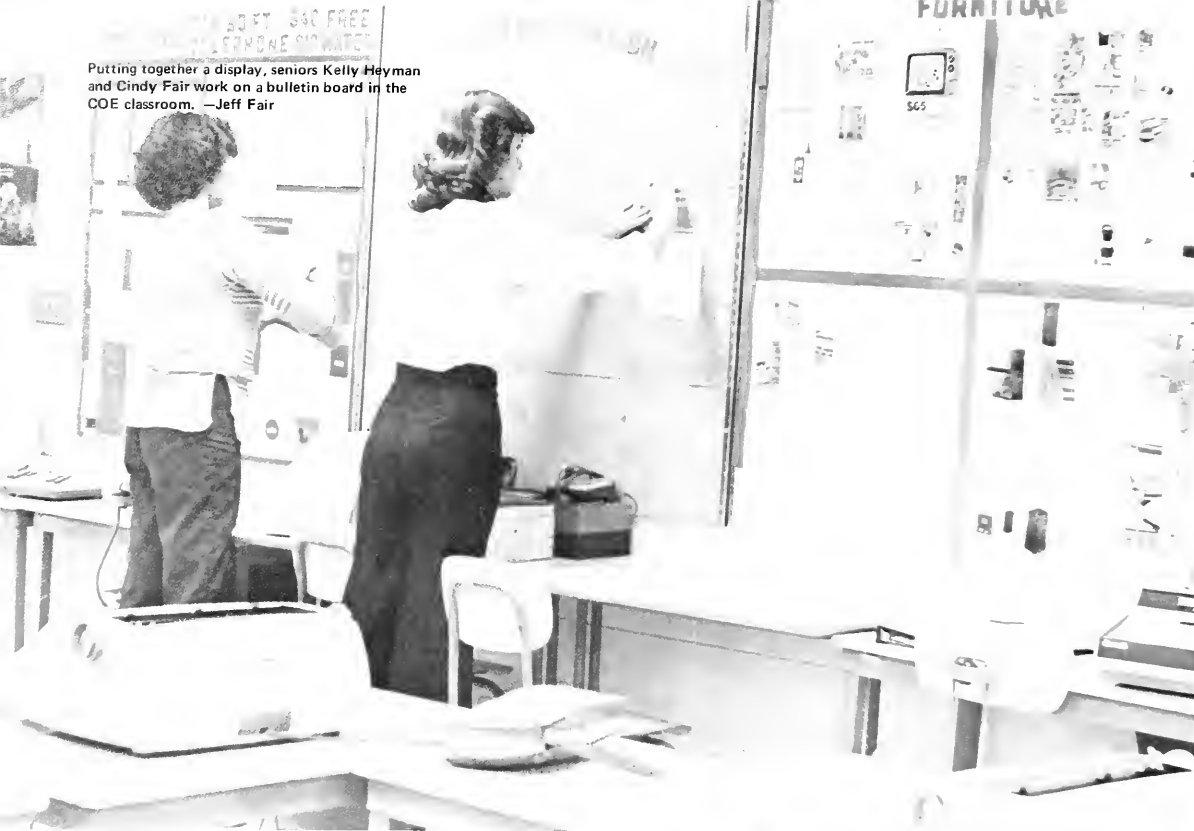
Three basic skills scenes: (top) Mr. Ron Barnes and Tom Madden; (middle) classroom faces—bored or interested? (bottom) Portrait of a class, taken by Scott Thibodeau, who is sitting in the front row. —Scott Thibodeau



A REPORT ON FOUR INNOVATIVE EDUCATION PROGRAMS:

ALTERNATIVES

Putting together a display, seniors Kelly Heyman and Cindy Fair work on a bulletin board in the COE classroom. —Jeff Fair



For students interested in the workings of offices, marketing and retail business, Northrop offers two innovative courses which provide . . .

on the job training



"I didn't get it done 'cause I had to work last night" is a standard excuse for incomplete homework among the more ambitious of us who juggle school and a job. But, for a member of Northrop's Cooperative Office Education (COE) program, that excuse doesn't stimulate too much sympathy.

COE is a career-oriented program for seniors interested in business. The program consists of half the day spent in regular classes, with one period of COE class, and the other half spent on the job.

The classroom portion of COE includes training in office-related procedures and machinery. COE students also plan and participate in money-making projects like the Christmas coloring book sale, the donut sales before school each morning, and the publication, sale, and distribution of Northrop's own mini phone directory, the "Buzz Book."

In addition to the fund-raising projects the profits of which went to an end-of-year banquet, Northrop COE students also made a civic contribution this year by collecting, along with other District Three COE students, between four and five thousand dollars for the local Special Olympics. The fund-raising event was a twelve hour Rock-A-Thon, in rocking chairs, of course, at Southtown Mall.

COE provides opportunities for job placement, but the student must apply and be hired on his or her own merit. Work performance is evaluated by the employer, and, along with classroom work, these two factors determine the COE student's grade. Students receive high school credit for working, as well as pay.

"COE gives you a good opportunity to find a job you like," commented senior Liz Schweizer, who got her job at North American Phillips Credit Union, as a teller, through her COE class.

"I get paid well," Liz said, "and my future looks pretty good. I'll definitely advance."

Liz feels that through COE, she's getting solid footing in her sought-after career in a business field. "I'm getting experience," she explained, "like dealing with people."

"They're learning what's expected from an employee," stated Mr. Richard Housel, COE instructor, "like promptness and accepting responsibilities."

COE is a federally funded program, and has individual competition up to the national level, the events of which deal with business skills.

Liz Schweizer advanced to national level competition by placing third in state-wide competition in the job manual category.

Liz travelled to Cincinnati, Ohio for the competition from May 11-15 to submit her job manual. Her visit was funded by the Office Education Association (OEA).

Checking out the array of munchies, two students decide what to purchase before feeding the machine their quarters. A DE sponsored service, the "junk food machine," as it was dubbed by many, was put out for student use before and after school.

The four days included a seminar with other COE students. "There were a lot of people there," said Liz. "It was pretty fun."

Liz spent her spare time seeing the Cincinnati sights, including a Reds game and a trip to King's Island.

At the awards banquet at the close of the convention, winners were announced in each category. Liz didn't place, but she still felt good about the trip. "It was a nice experience being with all those people who are getting into the business field."

And with participation in competition on the national level, Liz should have no problem getting into the business field—whatever she decides to do.

—Colleen Thorne □



Senior COE students ham it up for a group shot.
—Jeff Fair



The distributive education program expanded this school year in order to involve all students with a genuine interest in business. The expansion began last year with the addition of a sophomore DE class. This year, the enlargement included the addition of a new teacher, Mr. Dick Bullerman. DE coordinator Tim Mathias now only works with seniors, as Bullerman teaches the underclassmen. As of yet, no program has been planned for the incoming freshmen, but by the second semester a ninth grade course may be offered.

The DE students earn all of the program's money through fund-raising projects such as dance marathons, the selling of decorative candles and Arby coupon books, and, along with COE, selling donuts in the cafeteria before school. The money is raised to defray the cost of trips around the country to competitions and conferences at the regional, state and national level.

Qualifications for becoming involved in DE are interest in business and marketing, along with good attendance. Mathias never looks at a student's grades to see if he is fit academically for DE courses. "If a student really has interest in marketing, the student will receive good grades no matter what he is doing in other classes," he stated.

For those students looking into the field of business and marketing as a career, the DE program creates an understanding of how the business world operates through study and actual job involvement.

—Cindy Moon □



‘hands-on’: a direct benefit

The radio blares incessantly, penetrating every corner of the automotive complex at the Regional Vocational School. Students mill around the building at their own pace—getting pop from the vending machine, heading for a cigarette break, or “just messin’ around” as some put it.

Cars are scattered throughout the paint and body components, fundamentals and brakes departments with student mechanics clustered around each one. They show the usual range of interest present in any classroom. The most enthusiastic project seems to be preparing a Triumph Spitfire, one of the students cars, for painting. “Won’t it look great when we’re done!” the likely owner exclaimed. “Won’t it look great!”

I could almost hear the words assistant principal Ormiston said as he began directing a tour of the Regional Vocational School. “They learn practical applications here,” he stated. “The students can actually see how what they’re learning is benefitting them directly.”

There is no doubt that the RVS program is relevant to the student interested in learning a vocation. It is also a classic example of “learning by doing” education.

Ormiston proudly touched on some of the “hands-on” projects in action.

“Construction—they’re often on-sight, doing plumbing and masonry,” he began. “Now they’re on Fifth Street, rebuilding an old house from ground level up. At other times they’ve built new homes. They just go into a naked

field, pour concrete and start from there . . .”

“In graphic communications they work on light tables and run offset presses, food service students work preparing food, and in early childhood development they work with kids,” he continued.

“In electronics they work on sight-wiring a house or perhaps in the classroom,” he added. “Their classroom has a telephone pole in it that they must climb for learning about installation and repair of phones. Even the fat old instructors hafta do it.”

These are just a few examples of what happens on a day-to-day basis at RVS. And not only do the students benefit from the direct learning experience, but, in the case of horticulture, the community does as well. Students are helping to rebuild the fire-damaged city greenhouse, which supplies flowers to the parks.

RVS is not an alternative to traditional high school for alternative’s sake—it is a practical way for a student to learn a vocation while fulfilling high school requirements.

“RVS is not a hobby program,” according to Mr. Bill Brown, Northrop’s RVS coordinator. “It is a career-oriented program; students graduating from RVS are pretty well employable.”

—Kim Schwab □

Entertaining children with a puppet, Debbie King puts into practice what she has learned in her RVS early childhood development class. Working in the RVS automotive area, Bill McDonald adjusts brakes. —Color photos by Marc Straub



The FACTS behind the MYTHS



*The setting:
Room E-207, headquarters of the Community Base section of the SWAS program.
A glance inside the door provides a view of one of Northrop's most unusual classrooms.*

The instructors, who seem to be known exclusively as "Marge" and "Greg," are not immediately distinguishable. They sit at tables with the students, and they always seem to be in the midst of some sort of mass communication exchange.

Everybody appears to be involved, whether they're sitting on cushions in a corner, working individually, or engaging in any one (or two) of the million very animated conversations that happen to be going on.

But Community Base only begins in this classroom. As the title implies, the goal of this group of people is to make use of the most resource-filled learning center available—namely, the community itself.

Senior Paula Clifford explained the Community Base concept of education: "Anything we want to learn about, we take on as a project." An open, flexible format enables students to tackle subjects with a degree of depth and intensity that is rare in the typical classroom situation.

The multitude of problems associated with the older members of our society could be termed the group's major project of the year.

"Oh, it's gonna be boring," a few lamented at first, but, according to Paula, "we wanted to get past the stereotypes of what old people are."

Chaired by senior Connie Davidson, the student taskforce approached the topic in several ways.

First, the group got in touch with the Northeast Indiana Area III Council on Aging, which conducts a program that consists of running a network of federally funded nutrition sites for senior citizens.

"They can get a good meal at least once a day," Paula commented. "They pay whatever they can."

"Often times, older Americans don't eat right," she added. "They think, 'I can't afford to spend so much money to feed one person.' They get malnutrition."

Becoming acquainted with the program led the students to adopt Wallen Methodist as their own site.

"They're our grandparents," Paula explained. "Once a month we get together . . . We alternate . . . We go there and they come here."

1975 Senior Citizens' Queen Lydia Kurtz and senior Bill Deakin exchange a hug at the group's Christmas party. For a present, Mrs. Kurtz wrote the students a poem entitled "Belles and Beaus," (Girls and Boys). Mrs. Kurtz not only serves as a spokesperson for the Wallen Methodist group of older Americans, but she also plays the drums in a band. —Shannon Johnson

Nicknamed the "Kissing Bandit" by Community Base students, Mr. Ralph Bilger seems to be thinking things over at one of the many lunches the young people shared with their adopted grandparents. Mr. Bilger earned his title by displaying his affection for the female members of the group. As senior Sandy Witche commented, "They don't treat us like we're punks and rowdies. I've learned they're a lot sharper than people give them credit for being." —Jeanne Madden

Corny as it may sound, Paula's eyes seem particularly expressive. "If you saw a bunch of older people in the cafeteria one day, it was just us . . . They came to eat with us," she remembers, smiling.

In order to "bridge the generation gap," research proved to be as vital as firsthand experience.

The group did reports on "everything"—a generality that includes the federal aspect of programs for the aged, and the actual physical aging process, as well as a variety of other myths and realities pertaining to older Americans.

Finally, the students created their own pilot program, which examines "what the problems are," as Paula put it.

"You know," she specified. "Nursing homes . . . emotional things."

"We gave it to the Council on Aging," she continued. "We got some stuff stirred up."

Community interest was sparked by their efforts. Both the *Journal-Gazette* and the *News Sentinel* covered the SWAS project. Ms. Marge Slabach, Mr. Greg Pressley, and two students appeared on a local talk show to discuss some of the typical but incorrect assumptions people make about older Americans.

"People think that they can't remember anything," Paula says, criticizing the exaggerated stereotypes. "They think that they're 'dirty old men' . . . That most older people live in institutions . . ."

At this point, Paula stops her list of misnomers to interject the fact that only five per cent of the over-65 population is actually institutionalized.

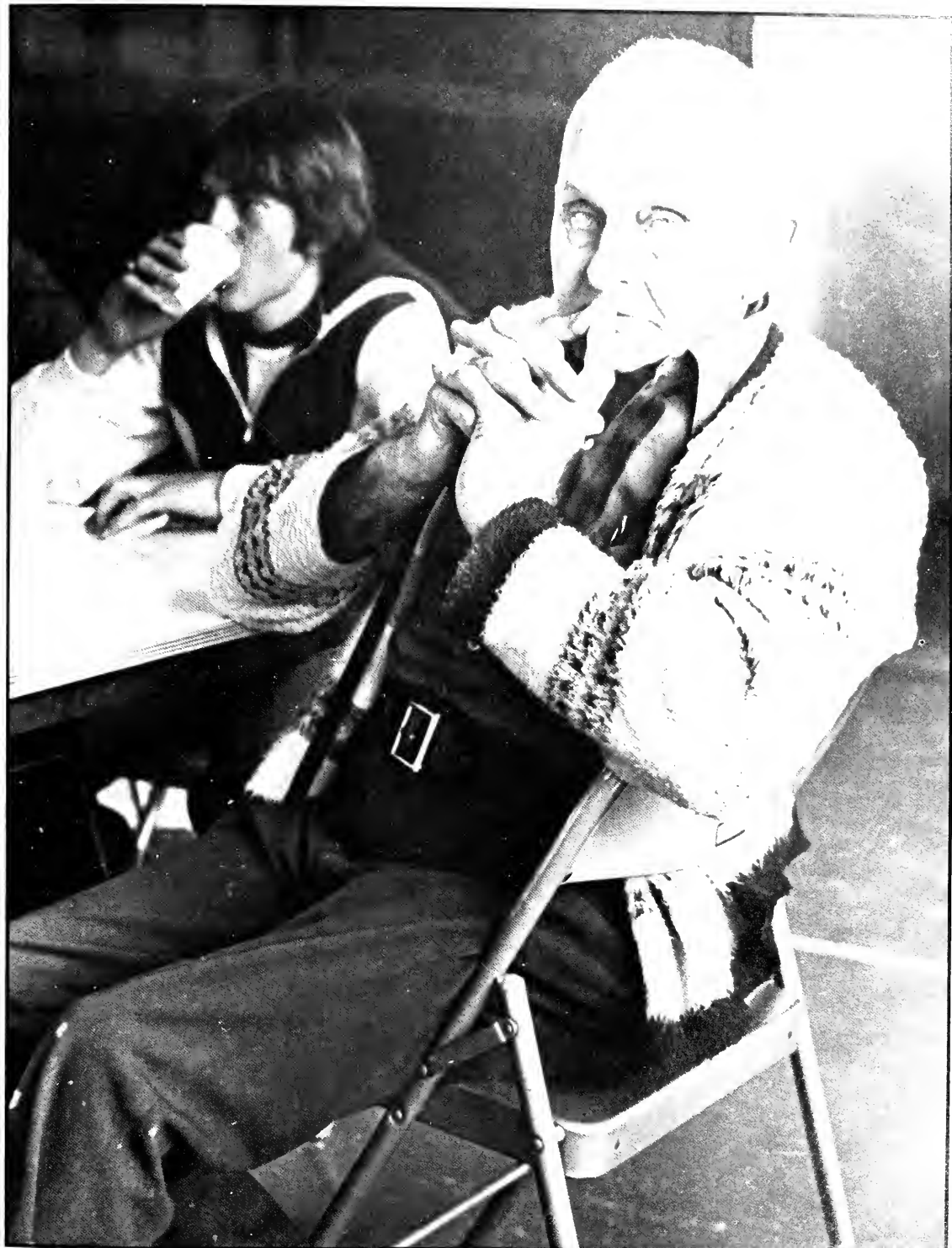
She picks up where she left off. "People think that they're useless . . . That they're no good . . ." She pauses. "They think that they're not worth anything once they're over 65."

By exploring an often neglected segment of our society, the students disproved what is perhaps the most common misconception of all—that the old and the young are unable to relate to each other.

"Now when people talk about 'old people,' we tell them what we learned," Paula explained.

Although the grandparents had plenty of "when I was a kid" stories to tell, their conversations were by no means limited to this "stereotyped" subject. According to Paula, "They like what's going on now . . . They really got close to us."

Never mind the differences. The language is still the same. —Phoebe Nault □



“a death in the family”

Due to an increase in enrollment, the 1978-79 school year will mark the end of Northrop's School-Within-A-School (SWAS), including the Community Base and Inquiry Center programs.

The space problems that will inevitably result when the freshmen arrive necessitated the demise, (although partial integration), of one of Northrop's most progressive concepts of education.

The freedom of teachers to develop unconventional methods of teaching is called “alternative education,” and has been the motivation for SWAS since its inception three years ago.

The Inquiry Center is aimed at students in the top ten per cent of their class. It offers advanced level courses on a schedule that more closely resembles that of a college student. Along with four hour classes two days a week, guest speakers, field trips, and individual assignments are all part of the Inquiry Center routine.

Community Base, on the other hand, is more involvement oriented. The program provides students with the opportunity to participate first hand in the community.

Fortunately, the Learning Center, which is SWAS's answer to the Opportunity School, will still be in operation. The Learning Center is offered to students who find themselves in trouble during the school year, and is a chance for those who would normally have been suspended to continue earning credits. This program is coordinated by instructors Mr. Greg Pressley and Ms. Marge Slabach.

Perhaps one of the most intriguing of all the SWAS Inquiry Center courses has been the World Affairs class taught by Mr. Nat Wittenberg.

This class, exclusively for seniors, more closely resembles a United Nations session than it does a conventional social studies class. Each student is an ambassador from a prominent nation, while Wittenberg acts as a parliamentarian.

Important world socio-political issues are addressed with articulation and level-headedness. The class deals with international propositions with the same attitudes that their sovereign countries would express.

Next year, this will end, (in a sense). While the class will survive, it will be open only to juniors, who will be unaccustomed to and unready for a class so advanced.

—Greg Burroughs



Working on his “functions,” senior Brad Swing conducts an experiment in Mr. Ron Dvorak's advanced chemistry class. —Marc Straub



Stretched out on floor cushions, Community Base student Connie Engle works on an assignment out in the hall during first period. —Terri Haag

BURGER, FRIES AND A COKE TO GO

OR: THE ILLEGAL LUNCH SAGA

There I was . . . surrounded. They were to the right of me, to the left of me . . . They were behind me, in front of me. They were . . . students.

I was in the lunch line. I quickly looked at the menu. "DeLuxe Hamburger" . . . Oh no, they must have lettuce today. "Finger Foods" . . . I wouldn't mind if they'd just clean the fingernails.

I glanced down the list and saw that Johnny Marzetti will be served as tomorrow's main dish. (He was in my sophomore comp class). Enough is enough. I can't be forced to ingest these items. (I would've called them food, but I'm not sure that's what they are).

Cannibalism is the limit. Johnny wasn't that bad of a kid. I decided that there would be no more school lunches for me.

Having made such a decision, a dangerous situation presented itself. The current "closed lunch" policy was being enforced by the Dean. Anyone caught "going out for lunch" would be shot. Taking my life into my own hands, I decided to skip . . . tomorrow . . . definitely tomorrow.

The next day, as lunch time approached, I became nervous. My knees grew so weak that I could hardly walk out of psych class

when the bell rang at 11:35.

In order to let you know exactly how it feels to skip lunch, (if you haven't already), I have put the next thirty-five minutes on a precise timetable.

11:38. My pulse is racing as I grab my coat, stuff my books into my locker, and head for the doors.

11:40. I've just walked past the school academic wing and I'm heading down the main hall. The Dean is sitting on a stool by the student services office in front of the "lunch barricade." He leans at me, tilts his head sideways and speaks, "How's it going Poo-foo?" I'm sure he knows that I'm on the way out. I can still turn and go to the cafeteria. But no, I'm going all the way this time.

11:42. I just walked past the school cop, who was busy guarding the H-wing door. Now that he's seen me leaving, how will I get back in? His gun scares me half to death.

11:45. I'm in my car, which is stuck in all the snow in the parking lot. I wish they would plow around here more often. I'll never make it if I stay stuck here for long. My quick getaway has been ruined.

11:53. A friend helped me get unstuck, and I'm on my way.

11:59. I just placed my order at Burger Chef's Drive Thru. My trip here took so long because I hit both lights on the way.

Oh no, what if I don't make it back in time . . . ? The consequences I'd have to face. Even if I make it back into the building without being detected, I'd still have to get back into psych class . . . with no pass. I hope they don't set the dogs on me.

12:01. I receive my order and floor it. I run the yellow light in front of Northcrest. 60 in a 35 mph zone . . . I must be crazy! What if I get a ticket? Then I'll really be late.

12:06. I've eaten all of my food, but didn't have time to consume my orange drink. I conceal it in my coat and run for the building.

12:08. What do ya know, the cop abandoned his post, I muse as I slide in the H-wing door. Classes are passing. I'm safe. They wouldn't risk shooting any innocent bystanders. As long as I stay in this crowd, I can make it to psych.

12:10. Back in class six seconds before the bell rang. Talk about close whew. In the back of the room, I unload my orange amid ooo's and ahhh's and "Wow, you went out to lunch?"

—Matt Merriman

Don't count on miracles— rely on them.

With the 10,000th blown deadline, the 1999th nervous breakdown, and the last globby, scrape-the-bottom-of-the-bottle rubber cement, we hold one journalistic truth to be self-evident. In the words of Jack Buck and Eric Ramsey's most prophetic "Thought for Every Third Day"...

Take a look...

The door to D-109 is flung wide open, to accommodate the hoards wandering in and out. Traffic is heavy—staffers traipse back and forth in their quest for sources, photographers roam, editors charge about frantically, interviewees nervously poke their heads in, and a few total strangers mosey around adding to the confusion.

The phone rings and a minimum of three people barrel into the tiny office cubicle screaming "I've got it! I've got it!"

Suddenly librarian Ken Crague materializes, wearing a threat on his lips and a grim countenance. "For the last time today," he says, "TURN THAT RADIO DOWN!"

Someone inches over to the miserable heap of junk that passes for "music" and switches it off—crash!—jarring the whole mechanism *just enough* to knock over the makeshift antenna constructed out of a huge pair of broken scissors.

Mr. Crague stares in disbelief and leaves quickly. Everyone disrupted by the incident resumes whatever they were doing...

Except for the "total strangers," the non-journalism students. They are easily identified because they appear somewhat disoriented. To put a label on their frame of mind, they seem to be thinking, "Can this bedlam be real?"

Because, of course, to the unaccustomed eye, D-109 seems to be nothing less than a madhouse.

Follow this stranger's eyes... See what he sees...

His line of vision is immediately drawn to the poster-plastered wall alongside the door. An almost life-size Clark Gable gazes suavely at him. Although ripped, the poster has been personalized with a (sentimental?) note done in purple marker: "Clark Gable died on Nancy Bruce's birthday."

The rest of the wall is a scream of color—Coneheads, Samuri, Roseanna Roseannadanna and a taped together jigsaw of a zebra. "Put a little stripe in your life!"

Next he notices a *weird* collage thumb-tacked to the side of a monstrous yearbook cabinet. If he stares at it long enough, he will notice pearls of wisdom such as "Now is

Biting the corner of her story as she concentrates, editorial editor Jeanne Myers consults with adviser J.P. Sweeney about opinion page copy for an issue of the bi-monthly "What's Bruin?"

—Bob Stadelmeyer



the time for all good men to come to the aid of their publication," and, "I never get anything done without the pressure of some impossible deadline," attributed to "Hunter Thompson, Ultimate Journalist."

Beyond the aforementioned piece of atrocious furniture, and beyond several files covered with stacks of apparent "junk," lays a darkroom about the size of a shoebox. The heavy brown door is shut; people standing on one side of it yell to people on the other.

Following the perimeter of the room, this bewildered student's eyes now reach the office. Inside, Laurie Lyons patiently turns stories that look like chicken scratch into columns of copy. Ad salesman Tim Timbrook talks on the phone. Margo Parr and Laurie Fleck paste "clumps" of names on layout sheets for the album section of the yearbook.

Bedlam . . . and, at the same time, a certain sense of organization . . .

Back out in the main room, the stranger's eyes continue their journey . . .

Past the recalcitrant headline machine, which has just failed to work for the 968th time this year . . . Past broken down typewriter stands . . . Past overflowing wastebaskets . . . Past empty donut boxes and pop cans . . .

Till he comes to the layout tables. Perched on stools, several newspaper editors are in the process of designing their pages. They clutch area markers known as "invisible pens" and emit occasional groans.

A nervous Chris Byrde tries to keep his cool even though the lead sports story has disappeared. Laurie Lyons brings some finished copy out and Annette Resor hands her a wad of news briefs. Jack Buck gets the ads together and someone divvies them up accordingly, while top salesman Eric Ramsey promises anyone listening that he'll sell *thousands* of column inches for the next issue.

The stranger is in awe . . . He simply stands and stares . . .

The man of the hour, adviser J.P. Sweeney, appears out of nowhere with a gallon container of rubber cement and a few spare pica sticks. He is immediately besieged with no less than a million questions. Highly respected by his students, Sweeney is the kind of man a person can count on for *answers*.

In a pinch, Sweeney is also the kind of man one can count on for a little bit of humor to keep everything running smoothly.

Glancing over Darren Robinson's shoulder, he takes a peek at the editorial cartoon. Offering a few words of encouragement, he proceeds to discuss techniques, cameras and lenses with the photographers, layout possibilities with the newspaper staff, and minute points of yearbook journalism with the *Bear Tracks* editors.

It is assumed that he learned to concentrate on a million things at once long ago, for he handles it like a pro.

Meanwhile, the stranger has focused his attention on the far wall. He stares at the newspaper staff bulletin boards, not realizing exactly what they are. Desperately scrawled notes tacked under certain names read, "Where in the (obscenity deleted) is your story???" and "I didn't write such and such because I could never find so and so," and "To whom it may concern . . ." But what shocks him is not so much what he sees, but what he hears . . .

Kate Bahr keeps up a constant stream of terrible jokes as she pastes corrections over typos in the copy. Ross Houser matches her terrible joke for terrible joke as he neglects to shoot yearbook pictures.

Buddy Webber engages the multitudes in a debate over musicians and music, arguing patriotically all the while for Paul McCartney and Wings. At irregular intervals he stops to complain about having to cut choice parts of his "Misfits" column.

Editorial editor Jeanne Myers stares at the

light from the layout table coming up through her page and tries to figure out *how in the world* to fit the whole thing together, thinking, "*I can come back here and finish up after track practice, get home around 7:00 or 8:00 and still have time to do THE REST of my homework . . .*"

Stirring up some excess commotion by goosing nearly everyone in his path, Bob Crosby makes his way through the room, his wet photographs leaving a trail of drips on the floor behind him. He spreads them out in



Holding a staff meeting out in the hall, in attempt to get away from the noise and confusion of fifth period advanced journalism, news editor Annette Resor discusses story assignments with writers Jo Dell, Mary Dressler and Kelly Gordon. —Ross Houser

front of yearbook editors Kim Schwab and Jill Harris, remaining silent until they express their satisfaction.

"Wonderful, Bob," Kim says.

She looks at the table where he placed the photographs. It is a basic table, nothing unusual, except that there is no exposed surface area at all. The entire top is covered, end to end, with a mis-matched assortment of photos, negatives, arttype catalogues, layout sheets, scraps of black paper, markers, typed copy, handwritten copy, magazines, text books, purses—you name it.

"What a pit," she sighs. "We never get anything done when they're laying out a newspaper."

The stranger is suddenly disrupted by a cry of "OH YOU PINHEAD!" He turns in the direction of the noise, realizing that he has heard nearly everyone in the room say "pinhead" at one point or another.

But Kate is simply giving someone, (he can't tell who), the good old Bronx cheer, also known as "raspberries."

"P-P-L-L-L!"

Succumbing to laughter, the stranger reads the re-enacted "Mr. Bill" scenes on the blackboard, still keeping a curious eye on activities around the art desk . . .

Scribbling furiously with his pencil stub, Buddy Webber finds himself overwhelmed by a compulsion to satirize the chaos he is caught up in. From his warped point of view, he begins to create a (surprisingly accurate) "Misfit" that goes something like this . . .

"Jeanne Myers, our fearless editorial



A debacle on four wheels, hardcore newspaper and yearbook staffers squeeze into all available room in sophomore Gary Guillaume's car to head across Franke Park. Christening the event the "Publications

Picnic Classic," journalism students congregated in the park on the last day of school to celebrate living through 1978-79. —Buddy Webber

Don't count on miracles—rely on them.



editor, gives us our assignments: "Kate, write that piece about St. Jude . . ." And the usual reply is: "Oh be serious!"

"Once assignments are handed out, the artist(s)—whoever is there at the time—is told to draw a cartoon for the lead story. The artist(s) tucks the paper with the assignment on it away in the drawing table and then does his homework for another class or sits around wasting time.

"Photographers, who are busy playing Euchre, are told to get contacts in and print up the pictures. They say they will and continue to play. Someone could rush in at any time and scream, "THERE'S A RIOT IN THE LUNCHROOM!" and the photographers would say, "Okay, we'll be there . . . just a couple more hands."

"After everything is given out, there is a lengthy period of "nothingness." Artist(s) are playing frisbee, editors sit around and make jokes, photographers continue to play Euchre. Mr. Sweeney is home sick and substitutes are lost. Without fail, everyday someone walks into the room and asks, "Where's Ribar?"

"Finally the last few days come up and the mad rush begins. Artist(s) who were playing

A few of the people behind the words and pictures: (front) Kelly Gordon, Mary Dressler, Jo Dell, Laurie Fleck, Jill Harris, Laura Claypool, Laurie Lyons, Mark Damerell, Ross Houser, Scott Thibodeau (back) Margo Parr, Shannon Johnson, Annette

frisbee suddenly realize they haven't done their assignments. They storm back into the room, risk any further use of their hands by rushing through a drawing, then step out the door silently before the pictures need to be redrawn.

"Photographers cram themselves into Mr. Porter's darkroom and produce a minimal amount of photos . . ."

The stranger wonders why he hasn't left yet; he can't for the life of him figure out why he has stood here and watched these people for so long. Although progress is slow, time does, in fact, seem to be moving—the once blank sheets on the layout tables now sport copy, ads and a few picture holes. Even to the untrained eye, the staff is obviously in some intermediary state of half-doneness . . .

"Kate, write headlines while I'm gone," Jeanne instructs as she heads out the door. Kate's reply is typically unprintable, (no one seems to get any pleasure out of writing headlines), but she will probably do it anyway.

Resor, Brenda Jones, Kim Schwab, Phoebe Nault, Mrs. Barb Lawrence, Sandy Landman, Shelly Jordon, Darren Robinson, Diana Jordan, Gary Guillaume, Kate Bahr, Jeanne Myers, Bob Stadelmeyer, Buddy Webber. —J.P. Sweeney



The last bell of the day rings and the Euchre-playing photogs take off. Matt Merri-man ambles in and exchanges pleasantries with Kim as he whips his leather motorcycle jacket out of a file drawer. Someone singing *horribly out of tune* produces a raucous medley of Rolling Stones and Rocky Horror lyrics.

"I've gotta get out of here," the stranger mumbles to himself. He moves inconspicuously toward the door, trying to act like he's not walking fast even though he is . . .

"What a weird, weird place," he thinks. "Unreal . . . unreal that this is going on, here, in this school . . . I've never seen anything so . . ."

He can't think of the words to describe it. He's not even sure he has fully comprehended the mayhem he has witnessed.

Our mercilessly singled out stranger has company. At one time or another, the journalism department has managed to confuse nearly everyone this year. (Take heart: we confuse ourselves as well).



The table strewn with the remains of a junk food feast, staffers crowd together around a Franke Park picnic table to look at and sign a "journalism" scrapbook made for adviser J.P. Sweeney. After eight years at the helm of the Northrop journalism program, Sweeney was granted a sabbatical leave for the '79-80 school year. —Buddy Webber

Challenging the Clark Gable machismo, senior photographer Ross Houser goofs off in sixth period advanced journalism. —Buddy Webber

Explaining 13 months and three publications . . . Explaining a crazy odyssey that will never happen again, never be forgotten . . . Explaining a segment, a growth cycle, in the lives of some hundred-odd journalism students—a cycle that affected each one of them differently . . .

Hard but not impossible.

In the June 5th issue of the *What's Bruin?*, (which was never printed due to the death scene staged by our headline machine), editorial editor Jeanne Myers offered some insights on what all the D-109 jokes are a cover for, and why they are so necessary.

"We were not writing for one special group—not the honor students or the band or the jocks or the teachers or the administration. The What's Bruin? was printed for the whole school—every single person—

a task which we realized to be, (pardon the word), damn near impossible.

"The coverage afforded different groups or departments—coverage which often involved a great deal of outside work—rarely evoked appreciative responses from our readers. The reverse, however—some "lack of attention," or a misquote, or an ill-chosen phrase about a particular group or department—seemed to bring the "trampling hoards" down upon our heads. We realized that this was to be a fact of our existence, a fact we sometimes bemoaned with less than saintly language, but it did not change the purpose of this paper.

"The editorial page of the paper, as far as I was concerned, was the place that should have reflected the attitudes of the school. It should have presented issues and ideas—not necessarily ones that everyone would agree with, but concepts that were current and relevant to this place and situation.

"The only way we could decide what went on that page was from student input, and since there was not a great deal of such input, we were on our own.

"I would like to take this opportunity to point out that each page of our paper—news, opinion, people and sports—had a different editor who was responsible for his or her page. This was established in our masthead, but it seems many people did not understand the distinction.

"News had to get the details—quickly, accurately and completely. Frustration ran high when people (both in school and out) weren't in, couldn't be found, or wouldn't talk.

"Sports had to be there, at late games, long matches and cold meets. Possibly possessing the greatest readership of our four (or six) pages, sports faced the problem of omitting something important due to lack of space.

"Lack of space was occasionally a problem, but a larger, harder wall we all frequently smashed into was a lack of time . . ."

After smashing into so many walls, a person has to stop and wonder whether he isn't rather masochistic to keep doing so. The answer is a simple 'yes.'

Logic is defied once again.

THE FINAL CHAPTER: A million miracles later

Working on a publication demands putting one's grit on the line. One must face constant battles against all elements, both known and unknown . . .

Photographers who won't shoot . . . Writers who won't write . . . Writers who need "just a little more time" . . . (And vice versa, editors who demand copy when you just can't can't, no matter how desperate the situation, get it together with your words) . . . Broken down composers . . . cracked artype, one letter short of what you need . . . lost pictures,

stolen pictures, nonexistent pictures . . . inter-staff bickering . . . paperwad baseball games . . . irate readers . . . ("You're going to put a GREEN cover on MY yearbook??") . . . letters to the editor proclaiming that the journalism department is "THE SCUM OF THE EARTH," in all capital letters at that . . . the elusive typographical error . . . pain-in-



Business as usual in the ad staff "office" finds salesmen Eric Ramsey and John Blacketer talking over prospects while manager Jack Buck does some paperwork. The sunglasses sported by Ramsey and Buck were purchased to add humor to late-night layouts. Off to the side, student teacher John Broome hangs around adding his thoughts to the conversation. —Shannon Johnson

Combining a little craziness with serious work, senior Annette Resor edits some news briefs her staff turned in while wearing a "halo" of gold tinsel. —Shannon Johnson



the-neck, gloppy, smeary rubber cement . . . crunched composer "fonts" . . . censorship, both self and otherwise . . . blown deadlines . . . ("But I thought it was going to be done three weeks ago!") . . . staying up for days and nights on end in attempt to make a magazine or yearbook deadline that'll get blown anyway . . .

Of course we counted on miracles. Nothing less woulda done the trick.

—Lieutenant Word □

Regardless of whether one defines "fashion" as what attractive young men and women are modeling in the magazines, or as what a diverse combination of 2,000 young people are wearing to class, a glance around the halls offers proof that fashion at Northrop runs the gamut—from blue jeans and T-shirts to designer styles, students are wearing . . .

a little bit of everything



An essential part of any good wardrobe, blue jeans were the staple of everyday life. Juniors Shelly Weller and Lauri Rudig wear two popular straight-leg brands—old reliable Levi's and D.C.'s. Later in the year, designer jeans achieved instant success in Fort Wayne, particularly those bearing the Calvin Klein label. —Bob Crosby



All the right details add something extra to senior Frankie Myatt's appearance, even when he's dressed casually in jeans and a tab collar cotton shirt. "I'm not funny," he says, admitting that he likes to wear "lots of gold jewelry." Some of his other favorite accessories include a blue tweed cap and big-framed plastic glasses decorated in gold with his initials. —Marc Straub

I got a lot of ideas in my head, and I wanna get them out," Frankie Myatt explained, trying to describe the whys of his decision to pursue a career in fashion design.

"I've always liked to wear clothes," he continued, "and I feel comfortable in art. I thought, why not design?"

Seeing Frankie, however, tells you almost as much about him as hearing him does.

His day to day wardrobe is composed of skinny ties, small-collared dress shirts, pleated trousers and numerous vests and jackets, in addition to the more standard jeans and cotton shirts.

He's the type of individual who doesn't just wear clothes.

"I read *Gentlemen's Quarterly*," he says. "It gives you ideas . . . It's mostly older clothes coming back."

According to Frankie, the best vintage garments can be found at rummage sales and the Salvation Army.

When adding new clothes to his collection, Frankie says he shops at Silverman's, Maers, Gemini and Ayres. "If you're gonna buy," he advises, "buy the best."

"The field is open," Frankie commented, reverting back to the subject of design. "If you're good, you can make it."

Ideally, Frankie would like to go to the Fort Lauderdale College of Fashion Design, but he adds that there are a num-

ber of good schools that he wouldn't mind attending.

To pay for his education, Frankie is trying to win a four-year scholarship from his church, Union Baptist.

Hitting upon another favorite subject, Frankie begins to digress again. "I'm in two of my church's choirs," he says with enthusiasm, "and I'm assistant youth director."

"We have this youth choir," he continues. "It's bad, it's bad!"

He points to his collar, where he wears a gold "TRY GOD" pin. "If it weren't for Him," he says, "I wouldn't be anywhere."

Before long, fashion comes to the surface again.

Describing his style as a mixture of California design and his own personal ideas, Frankie elaborates on the creative process: "I look at a book and a lot of things run through my mind."

"I just pick something up, look at it, and think about what you can do with it . . .

"Color . . . design . . . just the way it all looks to me," he continues, "it makes me wanna mix it up."

Running his hand across the top of his afro, he sighs and says, "You can't even explain half of it—you've gotta be really into it."

—Phoebe Nault □



Open-backed mules and clogs, such as the "Candies" worn by sophomore Gwen Gulliksen (left), were by far the most common footwear styles, for casual as well as more dressy outfits. Warm weather heralded King Cotton, who appeared in every shade and shape—typified by Gwen's sleeveless, tiered gauze dress. Combining convenience and good looks, the clutch proved to be the year's most popular purse. On a cotton kick of her own, Becky Leininger's (right) basic school duds include cuffed-up pegleg jeans, a loose, detailed flannel shirt worn over a T, and wedge-heeled Bass shoes. —Bob Crosby

Marking the return of the "classics," senior Julie Norris models her wool blazer and plaid skirt for the fashion section of the November issue of "up-front." She mixes her basics with a ruffled-collar shirt, a sweater vest, knee socks and loafers. Modified versions of the "Annie Hall look" appeared on campus throughout the year as layered dressing took on new dimensions. Blouses, sweaters, vests, blazers, ties and scarves were all teamed together in distinctly individual styles. With safari shirt belted and tie tucked, senior Jeff Popplewell demonstrates his sense of fashion-consciousness. He adds light color cords rolled to mid-calf and chunky-heeled boots. —John Ribar

Crackdown



Two girls in blue jeans and jackets made their way through the crowd at the H-hall door.

Dozens of conversations could be heard emanating from the small clusters of students standing out in the cool fall air, smoking cigarettes and socializing.

The two girls went from group to group, searching for someone who could answer "Gotta joint?" affirmatively.

At last they approached a lone male who answered their question with one of his own—"Gotta bowl? If ya do, I'll smoke with ya."

Jackpot—the lunch time buzz had been secured. Glancing around for the long, light blue car of Officer Ananias Brooks, one of the girls removed a small wood and brass pipe from the zippered compartment of her purse. She handed it to the boy.

Taking a tiny plastic bottle out of his jeans pocket, he proceeded to tap the finely crushed greenish-brown "shake" into the bowl.

Scoping the situation out for himself, he spied Brooks sitting some 200 yards away. The boy flicked his disposable plastic lighter and fired up the bowl, torching it till the whole surface area was glowing orangish-red.

He exhaled a cloud of smoke that disappeared instantly as it hit the wind. Inside his head, he could feel the tingly beginnings of a high.

A year later, in the fall of 1978, the administration and campus police would try to eradicate scenes such as this from the Northrop building and grounds.

Their attempts would yield mixed success; the change from a very relaxed atmosphere to one in which drug laws are strictly enforced would be a drastic one.

As one student commented, "The smoking areas had been like supervised party areas, with Shultz and Brooks there to make it look legal."

Somewhere along the chain of command, it was decided that things would be different this year.

The word "crackdown" surfaced everywhere as the previously ignored situation became the number one item on the new Dean's hit list.

By the end of October, both Dean Gary Shultz and Officer Brooks were gone; in their places were Mr. John Weicker and Officer Russ York.

Stating that his purpose was "to eliminate illegal use of prohibited substances on school property," Weicker declared that the crackdown was "not dropped as a bomb on anybody."

"At the beginning of the year, I told people, 'Go somewhere else, don't do it (party) here,'" he explained. "If I see it, I've gotta do something . . . It has to go."

cont. page 60



A familiar figure, Dean John Weicker mans his post at the "lunch barricade" which separates the commons and the academic section of the building. —Bob Crosby

Was Shultz's departure sudden or expected?

I'd been with him over the summer . . . He'd talked about getting out of the dean's job . . .

Most deans do it two or three years, then get out . . .

All you're dealing with is the negative . . . You have to do things that you don't want to do. You're dealing with very negative people.

Why were you chosen for this job?

First of all, they had to make a decision within a matter of days . . . The administration wanted to stay within the building . . .

Most people wouldn't want to do it . . . You're dealing with problem kids . . . I've worked in the Learning Center for three years. I can get along with young people in problem situations . . .

Did your appointment have anything to do with your military police background?

DISCIPLINE: the price of real freedom

I would think so.

Was Brooks removed from the scene because he was known as a "soft cop"?

He would've changed . . . It was gonna be different . . . But it wasn't fair to have juniors and seniors who knew he was easy-going . . .

You have emphasized several times that the crackdown was instituted because of conditions this year. Exactly what kind of situation did you and Blanks see the first few weeks of school?

I didn't want to see what I saw . . .

Unless you know what you're looking for, there is no problem. I think we've probably had worse problems in past years . . .

I know what the problem is, and I know where to find it . . . I can't fault the administration and parents for not knowing about it—if you're 30 years or older, it's all new . . . Your parents don't know what's going on . . .

How flagrant was the partying in September?

It was very flagrant . . .

Did this surprise you?

Yeah, sort of . . . But don't get the wrong idea. It's no worse or no better than any other school . . . This kind of thing (publicity) infuriates me . . . Parents start thinking Northrop's a dirtbag school.

95 per cent of the kids aren't doing anything . . . They're just messing around . . . They're kids. But, because of the other five per cent, we have to make you knuckle under to petty rules . . .

From what I've seen, it seems that this year's sophomore class is pretty heavily into doing drugs at school. Is such a claim substantiated?

The sophomores now aren't in bad shape . . . Everyone had to adjust to some drastic changes. The sophomores fought it the longest . . .

Do you have any idea how many drug busts you've made this year?

Two people were arrested for

selling, and another student was arrested for interfering with a law enforcement officer. I mean, they were taken downtown and charged.

Three outsiders were arrested—one for selling, and two for trespassing, disorderly conduct, and resisting arrest.

It slackened off a lot . . . Early in the year, there was a lot—20 or 30.

How much pot did you confiscate?

I have no idea . . .

The drugs went downtown. The paraphernalia was used by Blackhawk Junior High for a drug awareness program.

What other drugs did you run into?

Valium . . . blotter acid . . . purple microdot . . . hash . . . thai stick . . . orange sunshine . . . brown and clears . . . strawberry and chocolate mescaline . . . PCP. That stuff was just here—we knew it was here.

What did you do to those caught with "harder drugs"?

Two went to jail for selling—one for hash, one for blotter. If they're caught in possession of one hit, they're removed from the scene . . . They don't get to school here for a semester.

In October you stated that you thought only a small percentage of the students were involved in drug-taking. Did this viewpoint change after the newspaper poll results were released? Did you still believe it was confined to a hardcore five per cent?

Yes . . . I'm talking about (doing drugs) at school . . .

A vast majority of young people are smoking marijuana, or have tried it anyway.

It's a peer pressure thing . . . Only a super small percentage is involved in anything else.

Did the problem with unauthorized people in the parking lot taper off?

No. Yesterday we had three adult males in the building who were intoxicated. They called York and I everything in the book for about ten minutes.

Not a day goes by that I don't come across some adult in the parking lot with no business being there.

We've had stereos stolen, tires . . .

We're in a unique situation . . . The building sits on 79 acres . . . We have a 1000 space parking lot . . .

How close have you come to your goal of eliminating "illegal use of prohibited substances on school property"?

We've made a big dent in what goes on around school. We haven't eradicated the problem, but you don't see the space cadets walking around that you used to see . . .

Do you feel that you learned any crucial things this year that only this experience could teach you?

Very much so. My outlook—it has changed. I'd like to do what he (Barker Davies, FWPDP Public Information) does . . . Just to educate people to the fact of what they are ingesting into their systems. It (the drug problem) has to be approached educationally.

Kids think they're so street-wise . . . They don't know nothin' . . . Unfortunately, they know more than a heckuva lot of adults.

The bottom line is this: I think the majority of kids want discipline. He quotes a newspaper clipping tacked to his bulletin board. 'Discipline is the price of real freedom.' I believe that.

As the most visible crackdown enforcer, a great deal of the students anger, tension, even out-and-out hatred was leveled directly at you. Did this bother you?

Very much. Quite frankly, I shed some tears over it.

The phone calls, the threats . . . It does get to you. But it's a job I agreed to do . . . I did the best I could.

A lot of it is a front. I'm sensitive, maybe too sensitive. I get too involved with the kids, with their own problems . . .

“Nobody wants to look at what’s going on. They don’t want to find out...They think long-haired, hippy, freaky people take drugs.”

—Dean John Weicker

Student commentary cont. from page 58

Tactics considered questionable by the student body were employed to find the “trouble spots.”

When it became a well-known fact that Weicker and Mr. Fred Blanks had been observing the smoking areas and the student parking lot from the roof of the school, binoculars in hand, the conversation in the halls turned from a low rumble to more vocal displeasure.

“The Dean of Boys is overdoing his job. It is not to make enemies of the students. He is not a policeman.”

Even non-smokers were upset over the administration’s actions, which were labeled by one student as being “a total invasion of privacy.”

But Weicker and York stood firm; the rigid enforcement policies continued. With the issuance of an all-school memo on the binding “Rules and Regulations” governing student behavior, loitering in cars and outside the building became strictly outlaw.

Next the car searches began, and the growing student outrage multiplied. “My car was searched for no reason” became a frequently repeated phrase, and a lot of people could be heard debating exactly what constitutes “probable cause.”

“I wish the officer patrolling the parking lot would make sure of the situation before getting red. My car was searched for no reason...”

Linking unexcused absences with drug use, Weicker announced the second item on his agenda—“declaring war on skippers”—at the November student council meeting.

By the end of the first quarter, there was no doubt that a change had occurred—the administration’s active stance against illicit drug use brought the controversy out into the open.

There is no clear picture of the “norm” for high school drug use. Only guesses can be made about what’s “average”; only guesses can be made about how Northrop compares to other schools.

Perhaps the only indisputable conclusion that can be drawn is simply that drugs on campus are nothing new or unusual.

Admittedly, the smoking areas may be part of the problem. Unlike other city schools, Northrop students have the freedom to go outside between classes and during lunch; consequently, it tends to be an abused privi-

lege.

“I think it is very stupid that people don’t get caught when they are right outside the doors of the building!”

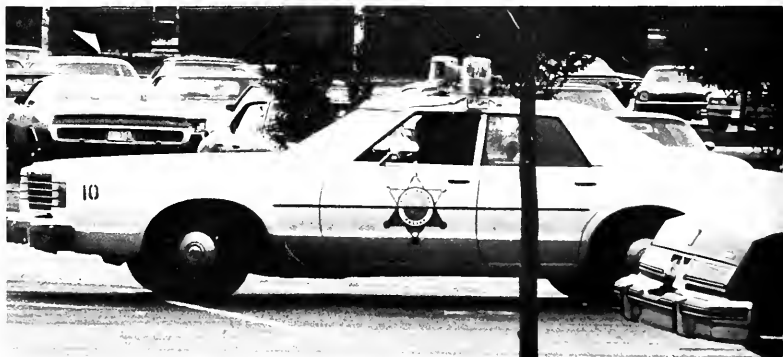
This circumstance is supplemented by the fact that pot smokers are a rapidly growing minority, particularly in the teen age bracket.

According to a poll taken by the *What’s Bruin?* staff, roughly 60 per cent (735) of the 1225 students who answered the questionnaire admitted to at least having tried marijuana.

Taken in context, this is an interesting figure. Although some 700 students chose not to respond to the poll, 735 by itself constitutes a little more than a third of the total student body—an awesome number.

But not a surprising number, all things considered.

After all, pot is readily available to almost anyone who wants to buy it, and smoking has become such a commonplace occurrence that its illegality borders on the farcical.



Furthermore, the bulk of student smokers are middle-class kids who hold down part-time jobs and are able to afford marijuana.

Add this to a school where the majority of students are on “modified schedules,” and a community which provides little else for its young but minimum wage jobs, and a picture does emerge—what’s happening is indeed a condition of societal erosion.

In recent years, the media has been bombarded with a proliferation of articles, studies and commentaries on the teen drug problem. For the most part, they all seem to emphasize one basic truth—drug use among the young knows no socioeconomic boundaries.

Nevertheless, the “not my kid” attitude held by many parents has lost little, if any, momentum. Frequently, a kid must go through the ordeal of getting “busted” before his parents realize that he has a problem.

As Weicker pointed out, “Nobody wants to look at what’s going on. They don’t want to find out... They think long-haired, hippy, freaky people take drugs.”

This lack of awareness is compounded by what seems to be a growing trend toward expecting the schools to shoulder at least part of the responsibility for developing and enforcing society’s behavior standards.

“Parents are willing to give the school the power to do anything they want (discipline-wise),” Weicker commented. “It scares me.”

Expanding on this statement, one student added, “Parents don’t want to play the heavy. They don’t know what to do. They don’t want to get involved ‘cause they’re afraid it’ll make their kids rebel even more.”

Merely shuffling the blame from the kids to the parents to the schools, however, is per-

On the prowl in the parking lot, officer Russ York keeps an eye out for skippers and other unauthorized persons. —Ross Houser

haps more destructive than constructive. The proverbial “generation gap” widens, communication seems to be either strained or non-existent, and the problem not only continues to grow, but it also becomes harder to deal with.

Despite the apparent success of Weicker’s crusade, he is still fighting a one-sided battle. A solution (if, indeed, there is such a thing) requires the united support of the entire community.

Meanwhile, the controversy wears on and the casualties add up. —Phoebe Nault □



**GOTTA
LIGHT?**

Smok'-ing ar'-e-a n. A flat, ground-level concrete surface found directly outside of the C and H-hall doors, used primarily by students as a place to congregate and inhale carcinogenic substances, (ie. cigarettes), more or less legally.

(Note—more or less, a qualifying phrase which encompasses the following exceptions: 1) Smoking at any time other than passing periods. 2) Going out several minutes before the bell. 3) Indulging in substances other than tobacco. 4) Finishing one's cigarette after the bell to end passing period, and 5) Disregarding official signs which state, "Do not open this door. Closed till further notice.")

Jokes aside, the smoking areas are just one of those *things*. Although they have been in existence at Northrop for five years, they are still a never-ending source of controversy.

Smoking, by the administration's definition, falls into the "privilege" category—students may do so in designated areas, *if* they play by the rules.

Smokers themselves defend the areas zealously, while some teachers and students openly oppose them.

The majority of the school, however, seems to regard them as a reasonable solution to the age-old "problem that won't go away."

As one student commented, "Keep the smoking areas open and keep the smokers out of the bathrooms."

learning a perspective

It is ironic that in a story concerning the "exercise of creativity"—otherwise termed "art"—it should be necessary to define just exactly what kind of "art" is to be discussed.

Over the years, people have argued, debated and fought over what constitutes "art," over what intangible quality entitles a creation to that label.

The need for a definition here, however, is not so much philosophical as it is practical.

The bounds of the Northrop art curriculum can seem as loose and undefined as any abstract concept of beauty.

While not intending to slight the music department, which is, of course, termed "fine arts," it is more realistic to say that the art department encompasses the applied arts, the commercial arts and photography, the industrial arts, and the home economic sewing division. With that established, the object of this story can be pared down to specifics—the applied arts.

"I don't like it when I'm told what to draw. Art should not be graded—a grade is just someone's opinion. Effort should be what counts."

—Laurie Fleck, senior

Applied arts, the actual classroom study of painting, drawing, ceramics, sculpture, jewelry and the like, are what the average person thinks of when they consider "art." At Northrop, two rooms are designated for this pursuit.

The rooms, H-110 and H-112, are connected to a central work-

The combined efforts of instructor Bob Johnson and a student makes producing silk screen iron-ons a little easier. The iron-ons, as shown, have a portrait of Ms. Sandy Todd on them, in addition to the abbreviation STP, which stands for "Sandy Todd Principal." —Shannon Johnson



room which houses a kiln, a jig-saw, a sander, and various other pieces of equipment. The rooms are situated at the far end of the H-hall. Approaching them requires walking down a hall surrounded by the sounds of drama classes, band practices and choir sessions.

Room H-110 is the dominion of Miss Peg Whonsetler; H-112 belongs to Mr. Bob Johnson.

In the high-ceilinged rooms, the array of desks accommodates students who differ both in the attitude and the technique with which they approach their work.

"There's a big difference between basic and independent study . . . The basic classes are very structured. Independent study lets you do exactly what you like, but it makes you work and create to meet standards."

—Joan Hagen, senior

Northrop art students seem to be a vocal group—at least when their feelings about art are concerned. For the person outside the applied arts department to immediately grasp its overall atmosphere is not easy. The department's unique style is the product of a conglomeration of both students and teachers.

When the students speak, similar concepts recur again and again; concepts which form a sort of common meeting ground for the separate individuals.

"Relaxation" is a prime consideration cited by the student artist—not a stagnant, indolent relaxation, but instead a time for creativity and experimentation.

The student who cares about art will flare angrily at the suggestion that art is a "goof-off class" or an "easy A." As one person commented, "Sometimes it takes a lot more drive to make,

"I think too many people goof off in art . . . This school thinks that art is just a "class" . . . that it's not important. There should be more varieties of art classes . . . Clothing design . . . People make careers out of art . . ."

—Frankie Myatt, senior

to create something from nothing then to follow what has already been set down. Our department is an incredible place to try, to experiment until you really discover something . . . maybe just something inside yourself that you never realized before."

The word "expression," another rather vague term, also reappears. In high school, many students reach out for a place to belong; for a way to leave a mark on their surroundings.

The individuality of the students is readily apparent in the applied arts classes. As they work on their own projects, the students examine each others' work. This composition or that sculpture can strike home the difference, the uniqueness between the styles of different people.

The students are half the combination; the instructors make up the balance. But here the question arises, if the students are so happily exploring and expressing themselves, why is there a need for teachers?

The students will reply, although not in so many words, that every exploration needs a guide.

Both Johnson and Whonsetler are practicing artists; therefore,

"Some of my serious students spread themselves too thin."

—Peg Whonsetler, teacher



they are often in tune with the problems of their students.

While a person can experiment on his own, he often finds that inexperience and a simple lack of knowledge brings him up against a wall of confusion. Our art instructors are a vital link

"You don't copy what you see . . . You copy what you think you see."

—Chris Nault, senior

for their students.

In the interest of authenticity, it must be acknowledged that not all art students are intensely devoted to their craft. There are a few who are disinterested, but every department suffers from this disease.

Applied arts does, however, reach many students who have no intention of making art a career. Art touches these students as a form of relaxation and enjoyment, while it subtly enriches their everyday appreciation.

The applied arts seek to sharpen everyone's powers of

Seeking the aid of one who's experienced, junior Bonnie Wyss watches teacher Peg Whonsetler's hands closely as she explains how to do a wood and metal lamination on Wyss' jewelry project. —Shannon Johnson

casual observation. One who is aware can notice fascinating detail in all types of surroundings.

As Johnson explained, "If these people just learn to stop and see . . . To see the reflection of something in a hubcap, to see the way it's twisted and bent . . . To say, 'Hey, that's kinda neat . . .'"

"You should never underestimate yourself."

—Alan Burnett, senior

Many of Northrop's art students hope to continue their studies, to become practicing artists, teachers, cartoonists and designers. Many will perhaps never take another art course after high school, but they will still be more alert, more conscious of beauty in trees and rocks and sunlight and reflections.

—Jeanne Myers



In second period advanced commercial art, senior Dawn Rowlands draws over a photograph of herself with India ink. The photographic image was later removed in an iodine solution, leaving only the drawing.

Across the wide expanse of the school Commons, far from the H-hall smells of firing clay, melting wax and paint-smeared canvas, is a place known to the more familiar as "Geno's Room"—E-105: commercial art and photography. The classroom, a windowless cubicle in the midst of Northrop Academia, is out of keeping with the lessons and lectures of B, C and D halls. And yet, the atmosphere of E-105 is unlike that of the fine arts rooms. The students of commercial art and photography will attest to it—E-105 is virtually in a class by itself.

To one who happens into the class, apparent turmoil seems to dominate. Seldom will more than several students at a time be seated at the two rows of low, heavy tables that fill the room. Most will be either processing or printing in the makeshift darkroom, out taking pictures, or traveling back and forth between E-105 and the fine arts wing or the journalism room.

There are four different courses taught by Mr. Gene Porter—photography 1 & 2, photography 3 & 4, commercial art 1 & 2, and commercial art 3 & 4.

In photography, students, who are required to supply their own 35mm or 120 camera, learn the basics of camera operation and picture taking—and then move on to various related areas such as photo silk screen, cinema and slide production.

Commercial art, originated at Northrop by Porter, is in its second year here, (it's first with two different course levels). Concerned basically with the graphic design used in advertising, display and layouts, it combines aspects of both fine arts and photography. Using "anything available to get the job done," (according to Porter), students utilized both published and original photos, along with skills in drawing and design.

—Story and photos by Jill Harris □

Posing for a photo she will use in a commercial art project, senior Tye Chester waits as Mr. Gene Porter focuses in.



**IN A
CLASS
BY
ITSELF**



THE EASY WAY OUT?



In classes which encourage "learning by doing," Mrs. Darlene Yoquelet assists a student with her sewing project (above), while another student presses the seams in a garment she is constructing (below).
—Brenda Jones

Stereotypes spring to mind at the mere mention of home ec. Despite a reputation for being an "easy credit" taken by "Suzy Homemakers," Northrop's department offers a variety of classes at any level of competency. When the myths are stripped away, home ec can be viewed as what it truly is—an art.

Using a lecture-lab combination of teaching, foods and clothing remain the most popular classes offered by the department. Beginning with a study of nutrition, foods covers all aspects of food preparation from the basics to gourmet cooking. Clothing classes also offer instruction at every level from stitching a seam to creating designer fashions.

Joining foods and clothing in the curriculum are housing, home management, singles living, human development, and a new innovation—needlecraft. Described as a one-semester class teaching knitting, crocheting, needlepoint and basic embroidery in the course listing, this addition prompted a variety of student opinions—

virtually all positive.

"I thought it would be neat to learn all that stuff," stated one student, as her reason for signing up for the class.

Pointing out an important fact, another commented, "It's cheaper than taking classes in stores. I learned how to crochet and needlepoint for free."

Constructive criticism was also given. "I think it should be longer in order to learn more," one student stated. "It should get into different crafts."

Although one half of the credit is earned from the art department, few people outside the department recognize this fact. "The class should be recognized as artistic," declared a class member, voicing the opinions of many.

Supporting the opinions of students involved in other arts in the music, drama and art departments, one girl asserted, "It's supposed to be an 'easy credit,' but it's sure not easy."

—Kim Schwab □

Non-Stop Theatre

—Stories by Phoebe Nault and Kim Schwab

Only faint outlines can be seen in the darkness. People are moving about, whispering to each other, or simply pacing back and forth.

In a few short minutes, the curtain will rise and the closing night performance of Edward Chodorov's *Kind Lady* will begin.

Isolated in the shadows, each individual generates an overwhelming sense of nervous energy. The intensity level is high.

Off in the wings, Dan Harth shifts his balance from one foot to the other and waits impatiently. Julie Riley and Phil Ehinger sit quietly on grey metal folding chairs, fully costumed in 1930's attire.

Pre-performance pranks and jokes have given way to seriousness. The cast members seem withdrawn, concentrating . . . They don't want to talk . . . They want to rehearse; they want to get into character. Steve Martin impersonations have been replaced by English accents.

The stage crew hangs around backstage, anxiously checking and re-checking the props. Becky Leininger stands nearby, fidgeting with her jewelry and mouthing her lines to herself. They seem to be going over all the things that could possibly go wrong.

"You're almost like a musical instrument . . ."

Director Del Proctor's well-chosen words of advice, spoken some fifteen minutes ago, seem to pervade the atmosphere still.

"You have to be very, very careful . . . You have to be very, very careful . . . You

Perpetrating an illusion of charity and concern, "Kind Lady" crooks Henry Abbott (Mike Clark) and Mr. Edwards (Dan Harth) help the doctor (Rich Hill) carry the weakened body of Mary Herries (JeMae Gulliksen) off the stage.

—Shannon Johnson

have to be very, very careful.

"Keep your ears tuned to listening to the performance.

"Keep your ears tuned . . ."

Witnessing the traditional "pep talk" that precedes every Northrop production gives one an enlightening view of the drama department. It is obvious that a unique relationship exists between directors and students—a relationship that is built upon mutual respect.

"Last night I think we had a good dress rehearsal, but I was not satisfied with it as a final product," Proctor told the cast, in reference to the opening night show.

"You have to work a little harder to do a better job with it . . . The audience will be larger tonight; they'll be more relaxed and responsive . . . That's to your advantage."

The message is understood. Clearly, professionalism is the name of the game.

A study in concentration, JeMae Gulliksen silently prepares herself to take the stage prior to the November 17 performance of "Kind Lady." —Shannon Johnson

"Northrop, you know, is a cut above your normal school," Proctor continued. "We attempt things your average high school doesn't dare . . ."

"There's not a high school in Indiana or the midwest that can give the effective show you can . . ."

"As they say in the theatre, 'break a leg.'"

Every second counts. Timing, like awareness, is

crucial. The individual must make himself immune to the pressure.

According to Julie Riley, "You are too amateur if you respond to the audience."

While following these ground rules is an important part of any good show, strict adherence is particularly essential to a fairly sophisticated piece such as *Kind Lady*.

Billed as a "psychological-



mystery melodrama," *Kind Lady* recounts the story of Mary Herries, a rich, elderly woman who is gradually overtaken by a group of swindlers.

Spanning a period of several years, the play is every bit as much a character study as it is a tale of suspense. Since a great deal of the action takes place beneath the surface, the audience must be as alert as the performers.

"We're (Northrop) the only ones who have done such a complicated play," explained Becky Leininger. "A lot of people don't understand it."

"It's very difficult being so subtle," lead actress JeMae Gulliksen commented. "It's really challenging."

Sustaining a character's personality is not the simple process it appears to be from a seat in the auditorium.

"I'm supposed to be weird and crazy and everything," remarked Sandy Anderson. "You have to convince people that you really are that weird and crazy . . . You have to be that way on stage all the time."

As the evening progresses, there is no doubt that a month and a half's work has paid off—a smooth flow from scene to scene has been achieved.

"The show's going so much better tonight," student director Kelly Roberts exclaimed. "I don't believe it it—the audience is responding."

Ushers dressed in authentic sailor uniforms escort the last stray members of the audience up the steps to the stage.

Spying a few empty seats, the latecomers carefully make their way up one of the crowded platforms.

As they melt into the row of faces, the spots come on. Solid beams of light pour down from the catwalks, illuminating the stage on top of the stage.

The ultimate in simplicity, it is a small, 12x16 foot wooden platform. Looks are deceiving, however—it is not only designed to accommodate six actors and actresses, but

it can also change from a Broadway theatre to the deck of a naval ship in less than a minute's time.

As the characters make their first entrances and the plot begins to unfold, the most striking thing about this play becomes evident—a whole new perspective is gained when one is so close to the action that it can almost be touched.

Seeing facial expressions and body gestures up close magnifies them, makes them

come alive. The voices sound clearer, the dramatic tension is increased, and the intricate make-up and costume detail can be fully appreciated.

"In-the-round is my thing," director Denny Bechtelheimer commented, explaining the evolution of the new January production.

"I wanted to do it big," he continued, "and I wanted something kind of light-hearted." He chose the musical, *Dames at Sea*, and adapted it

Pointing a conceited finger, Broadway star Mona Kent (Sue Bloom) harasses director Hennessey (Rich Hill) about losing the theatre.
—Shannon Johnson

to the in-the-round mode.

"The flavor, the style of show," he enthused. "It's a different kind of theatre experience."

The audience wasn't the only guinea pig, however.

When going through the elimination process known as "cuts," Bechtelheimer made





Skilled in the art of exaggerated expression, a guest speaker lectures on pantomime to the drama classes. —Julia Shaffer

his second major experiment—he purposely selected a cast of students who had little of no experience with lead roles.

"I had to learn how to act—I'd never acted before," admitted senior Steve Hatfield.

"None of us had tapped before," he continued. "It was hard—we were on stage all the time. There were only six of us," he added, pausing mid-sentence. "Everyone was main."

Although musicals often have large casts, *Dames* is trimmed to the bare essentials; the seven part acting load is carried—equally—by six people.

"They have to work like 50 to do the work of that

many," Bechtelheimer commented. "You learn doing that show what's worth a whole semester of lectures on in-the-round."

A nostalgia-crammed flashback to the 1930's, the play itself is a combination of uniquely American motifs.

The setting is a small New York theatre, where a harried director known simply as "Henessey" (Rich Hill) is producing a Broadway show.

First one meets the Dames": Mona Kent, the uppity, demanding star (Sue Bloom); Joan, the bleached-blond veteran show girl (Sherri Stratton); and Ruby, the shy small town girl who left home to dance her way to fame and fortune (Teresa Pond).

In short order, catastrophe strikes—Henessey receives

notice that the theatre is about to be torn down, leaving them without a stage only hours before opening night.

Enter the sailor half of the cast. Lucky (Jed Freels), who is Joan's old beau, and Dick, (Steve Hatfield), a song-writer who has fallen in love with Ruby, save the day by convincing their captain to hold the show on the deck of the ship. "We need Dames at Sea," they croon.

Meanwhile, seductive Mona tries to lure Dick away from Ruby with her exaggerated affection.

Dick shows her some of his songs, and Mona sings the lyrics while he accompanies her on the piano. Ruby walks in, sees them together, and leaves quickly, obviously crushed.

In the nick of time, Dick's

superior enters the scene. As it turns out, he happens to be one Captain "Kewpie Doll" Courageous (Rich Hill), an old sweetheart of Mona's.

After a song and dance number in which they hurl each other around the stage, Mona and the Captain reunite.

Things seem to be proceeding smoothly when Mona gets a sudden case of seasickness and cannot perform in the show.

With the plot resolved, the play ends happily—Ruby not only gets her man, but she also gets to be the star.

Certain challenges are inherent when doing in-the-round theatre.

Although the experience is intensified when actors and audience are only a few feet apart, the cast had to adapt to the more distracting atmosphere.

"It bugged me if I couldn't hit a certain note or if a kick wasn't right," Hatfield commented. "You had to concentrate all the time."

"You had to get to where the audience was a part of your setting, as if they were a character in the play," Pond explained.

"One night Denny told us, 'You'll never do a harder show in your entire life,' " she continued. "It's true. You're responsible for your props, your costumes . . . I had a couple of 30 second changes that were ridiculous."

During performances, cast members never left the backstage area. Numerous costume changes were all done in the wings, with the help of dressers. Timing, of course, was down to the second.

As with any production, the illusion is all-important. Performers need to literally become the characters they are portraying. The audience must be convinced, drawn in.

"I got to know her morals, her reactions," Pond said, explaining how she psychs herself into her role. "You have to sit down and seriously think about your character."

"The character gets stronger as you go," she added. "I analyze her in my mind . . . She's a real person to me, she's still with me."

The real process of learning to act, of coming out of yourself, happens here in community theatre."

The words are enunciated softly, clearly, yet there is a certain authority to them, a certain sense of *knowing*.

Experience backs them up. In his mid-20's, Mr. Denny Bechtelheimer is one of Fort Wayne's premiere "theatre people."

He is the man about everything—an actor, a director, and, as he is known at Northrop, a teacher.

Although he was not born here, he is, in a sense, true Fort Wayne blood—he is community-oriented, a contributor.

The list of credits attached to his name seems endless.

While in college, he directed 30 some shows. Locally, he acted in *Superstar*, *Godspell* and *Man of la Mancha*, worked on *Hair* and summer shows at PIT, and directed at the First Presbyterian Theatre.

He's done some music direction and summer stock, he's been involved with the Arena Dinner Theatre and the now defunct Second Story Theatre, and, he adds, "Once in awhile you go out of Fort Wayne."

For an area that's industry and business oriented, Bechtelheimer feels that "you can get good quality theatre" in the sum-

mit city. The local involvement, he says, "helps keep the teaching alive."

"The one problem with Fort Wayne," he begins, then pauses. Two words sum it up: "no money."

Without dwelling on the aforementioned point, he quickly adds, "There's a lot of volunteer theatre, and some experimental stuff at PIT."

"The First Presbyterian," he continues, "has the best theatre seating in the city—322 seats, you never have to use a mike . . ."

He shakes his head. "A lot of people don't even know it's there."

This remark seems to coincide with another statement made by Bechtelheimer: "A lot of the kids in my classes have never been inside a real theatre."

"I try to get the kids involved," he commented. "I bring in things from the community . . . The school has to be aware of what's going on in the community."

Bechtelheimer's life seems to move in a continuous cycle; teaching, acting and directing are all natural extensions of his self-defined interest in "performing and outgoing things."

"I'm teaching things that I've done," he explained. "A lot of what I'm talking



Gesturing with his make-up covered hands, Denny Bechtelheimer talks to "Kind Lady" cast members. —Bill Amidon

about I've experienced.

"You have to find a door for each student," he continued. "We've got the ability above and beyond—that's what makes it worth it to stay in high school."

After a few moments of quiet introspection, Bechtelheimer offered the insight, "I don't consider myself to be a 'theatre person.' It's more than theatre," he says. "That's too limiting . . . I like to communicate."

It's the only production that's open to the whole school," commented director Bechtelheimer, in regard to the annual Etc. variety presentation.

"We theme our shows," he continued. "Budget-wise, we're able to rent scenery and costumes. It's more of a production than a conglomeration."

The Old West provided the setting for this year's

Stealing the scene, Rich Hill gets doused with a bucket of water during a skit. —Buddy Webber

talent display.

Comprised of two acts and four scenes, the numerous songs and dances took place in "Sandy's Spotlight Saloon," "Melvin's Marvelous Opera House," and "Out Yonder on the Bear Tracks Trail."

Involving some 70 students, Bechtelheimer described Etc. as being a "training ground" for prospective Northrop actors and actresses, as well as an outlet for student energy and creativity.

"It gives you a chance to

let loose and do what you want," explained senior Brian Aikins, who participated in "Chuckwagon Confusion," "Kansas City," and "Along Came Jones."

"We always have a big choreographed number, or a big singing number," added Bechtelheimer. "It gives students a chance if they want to audition but don't have an act. It provides an opportunity if they simply want to dance or sing."

"We use people who have the interest," he concluded. "If they've got something to share, they have a chance."

Nervously checking details and making last minute adjustments, the director traced and retraced her steps from the light booth to the stage to the wings and back to the light booth again. Gels . . . props . . . actors . . . costumes . . . scenery . . . all had to be pulled together, molded into an art form—a drama production.

It was the final scene, the closing act of the second year drama class. Culminating two

years of drama study, the students were assigned to create an original play, from the paper stage to actual production, using the information and skills learned.

Essentially, the drama program is a building process from the rudiments of acting and bookwork to, eventually, the complexity of directing.

Students worked on pantomime, monologues, improvisations, and every acting technique in between. Technical aspects of putting on a production were studied along with different staging methods—from the proscenium stage to theatre in-the-round. Reading plays as literature complimented the students direct involvement in the areas of the theatre.

"We started from the beginning," one student explained. "Then we went to Shakespeare and have come all the way down through the history of drama to our own works now."

"There isn't anything we haven't at least touched on. We got a real good overview of the theatre from the past to today."



Opening the second half of the show with a colorful, high-energy number called "Shapoopie," the cast immediately brought the audience back into the action after intermission. Color-coordinated costumes and precise choreography gave the scene an air of professionalism few high school productions have. Perfection in the dancing was as crucial as precise acting in this show in which the dancers "rehearsed more than anyone," according to one cast member. From the first day of dance try-outs to opening night, choreographer Denny Bechtelheimer led the dancers through complex combinations of kicks, dance steps and turns in preparation for creating "a moment," a scene in which the details work precisely.

With Robin Riley pointing the way, the gossipy women of River City ostracize Marion Paroo (JeMae Guliksen) in a song for activities they consider questionable, such as reading the works of Balzac and Chaucer.





ACT ONE

Scene 1: Northrop backstage—Evening, April 28, 1979

The last minute pep talk, a Northrop drama tradition, begins. It is the opening of every production, the closing of months of rehearsal. *The Music Man* is no different. As the directors lecture on, only a canvas curtain separates the audience from another time, another place, another world.

"The whole show is a unit—you're part of it, it's about everybody . . . Every night is completely different. There's new people that have to see the picture, that have to be brought back in time . . . Make the moment . . . Theatre is the only art form where the audience is in the present—no other art form can do this . . . Make the illusion happen . . ."

The stage is set. The curtain rises; a new reality is ushered in.

Scene 2: River City, Iowa—Morning, July 4, 1912

"I think about Iowa, fields, knickers, 1912 . . ." the actress began as she explained the process she went through in order to step back in time. *"I try to feel all those things super deeply; I try to feel that person I am going to become. The adrenaline is flowing; energy is up. Then I can become one with another era."*

The stage is filled with people, no longer Northrop students, but the citizens of River City, Iowa.

Carrying the tattered suitcase of a traveling salesman, con-artist Harold Hill (Curt Ewing) chooses River City as the target for a swindle. Naive and vulnerable to his plans, the townspeople eagerly agree with him that a boys' band is necessary in order to prevent city-wide corruption. After collecting money for band uniforms and instruments, Hill lingers in the town, attracted by the librarian, Marion Paroo (JeMae Gulliksen).

Eventually, the townspeople discover his plans and Harold is arrested. Marion, who in the meanwhile has fallen in love with Harold, is his only defense. But she isn't enough. The Mayor (Carlton Mathias), his wife (Sue Bloom), and the citizens of River City want evidence—the band. To the surprise of the town, the

cont.

Handcuffed and hopeful, Harold Hill (Curt Ewing) prepares to give the band its opening cue in the climax of the show. To his surprise, the children manage to play a tune to the delight of their parents. At the conclusion of the play, the audience is left with the question: did Harold's "think system" enable the children to play, or did Marion, out of her love for Harold, teach the boys to play on the sly?

According to director Del Proctor, the cast was to leave the bumper sticker slogan he saw prior to the closing night show, "I love barbershop quartets," on the lips of the audience. The quartet did prove to be a highpoint of the show, with several viewers claiming it to be the best aspect of the entire production. In this scene, the members of the quartet, once argumentative and uncooperative with each other, sing "Lyda Rose" in perfect harmony.

—Photos by John Ribar and Marc Straub

band emerges. Handcuffed and hopeful, Harold directs the boys, who perform to their parents' delight and his relief.

With Harold and Marion in love, the townspeople happy, and the idyllic lifestyle of River City preserved, the curtain closes.

Scene 3: Backstage—Immediately following scene 1

Searching for the "behind the scenes" story, *Bear Tracks* reporter Kim Schwab fills an opening in the stage crew. Trying to find out what it's really like to be a part of a Northrop drama production, she becomes involved.

I don't want to disturb them. I feel like an intruder. I'm out of place—not a member of the cast or crew. Merely an observer, I watch, wait and wish I belonged.

The play opens. While the audience focuses on the actors, the orchestra plays on, virtually unnoticed. I study Rice directing, molding the music with gestures of his baton, keeping everything together—the orchestra and the actors. Watching him creates an understanding—music is the cement holding the whole show together.

The scene ends and I'm caught up in the synchronized chaos of a scene change. I flow along with everyone else—pushing, pulling, quietly preparing for the actors' return to centerstage, and our retreat into the darkened, unseen recesses.

During the change, the cast and crew members are aware of my presence—they sense an outsider—but I feel a little respect coming from them. Now, in my own small way, I'm a part . . .

Before I realize it, the show is over. Applause resounds through the auditorium. The clapping makes me feel warm, happy. Selfishly I think, I helped—some of the claps are for me.

EPILOGUE

Outside Northrop Commons—Afternoon, May 25, 1979

Just as her character, Marion, was real, with a definite identity, JeMae Gulliksen portrays JeMae with a strong sense of self. No longer reliving other people's lives, she looks back at a crucial time in the life of an actress: when reality is no longer confined to a stage, and applause is an indistinct echo in the past.

It never hits until the last night. Before that, you're still thinking the show—all the time. It's a real, real emotional kind of let down. It was there, we worked on it for two months, then it just sort of disintegrates. After the last show, I cried for about an hour—everyone did. I just had to drain everything out.

Before each performance, there was a part of me saying, 'JeMae, you can't go on.' I was exhausted. The actor has to overcome this; you know there is a job to be done. But a person can't do that forever—you can't run on false energy. Eventually you've gotta stop.

There's kind of a let down for a week. After that week of depression I get so I can say, 'Hey, that was good.' I can face what I did and accept it. Then there's the memories . . . the pictures.

You get lots of attention during a show. Then you get so you need it, you start to thrive on it, it keeps you going. It just overwhelms you that all that attention is for you. In a way, you want to keep it that way forever, but ya hafta leave it behind . . . I know I've gotta put Marion back on the bookshelf.



For all the students "behind the scenes" of the Northrop drama productions, both their goal and reward is a state of

Technical Ecstasy

After a scene or act, it becomes completely dark. Then the lights go up backstage. Mobilization begins; crew members scurry around replacing props, while the actors and actresses dash to the drama room for costume changes. Suddenly, the lights die down again. It is pitch black—the curtain rises, the stage lights go on.

It is a never-ending cycle for the stagecraft students. Play after play, from start to finish, they are there.

You might say they do the dirty work—but that is, of course, their choice. Building flats, constructing sets, sewing curtains, mending costumes, running the lighting booth, arranging props, and pulling the thick, heavy curtain ropes are only a few of their many jobs.

They are a crucial part of the total production; they synchronize and synthesize, practice and perfect.

Their love for the art is strong.

But when the final applause comes and the Northrop drama reputation has been upheld once more, the audience won't clap for these people—at least not consciously.

Make-up and costume details aided in creating the illusion of going back in time in "The Music Man." Here, Rich Hill assists two junior actors, children of Mr. Proctor and Mr. Peterson. —Julia Shaffer

Yet there is no bitterness, no jealousy. Although one crew member joked, "Maids . . . That's what we were," the work of the stagecraft students is an art in itself.

KIND LADY

"It had a really strong atmospheric effect . . . It put me in a state of technical ecstasy."

—Bennie King

"We did a lot of weird things we'd never done before. We had a ceiling on the set, shutters behind the windows . . .

"That's where 'technical ecstasy' comes from—it was so complicated; there were so many picky little details . . .

"There's a lot of odd stuff you've got to do . . . Working on little things for the sets, like the gilt frames for the paintings, and antiquing the furniture.

"We get into it because we get into the plays . . . You're back there with the actors—there's certain parts you really get to appreciate."

—Chris Nault

"Without us, the play wouldn't go on. Everything they (the actors) do is cued by us . . . We have to cue them when to come down the stairs, when to go off and on . . .

"We do all the props, all the lighting . . . If you'd take away everything the crew has done, you'd have a stage and some naked people . . .

"It's pretty boring (backstage) . . . We just sit here. About we get to do is listen to the actors practice and stuff. We listen for mistakes since we've heard it so many times. "Hopefully, we're never seen . . .

—Bill Amidon

"The sets usually don't have a ceiling, but they wanted a closed in effect. It's just like a house . . . It just makes you feel rich.

"These people (the stage crews) are so crucial . . . They come to every rehearsal now that we're doing dress rehearsals . . . I couldn't do a thing without those backstage people."

—JeMae Gulliksen

"We do fast sewing . . . They come to us two seconds before they're on and say, 'I've got a rip . . .'

"We iron . . . We help out with everything. Everyone works together—that's the way it's done."

—Diana Jordan and Denise Ghaster

"The price you pay for working a show is cleaning up," according to senior Phyllis Wiegmann. Crew members Phil Wiegmann, Tim Polley, Dave Woolems, and Bennie King dispose of the last remnants of "Dames at Sea" after tearing down the set.

—Chris Nault



DAMES AT SEA

"We had to move all of the lights off the first catwalk. Then we had to re-aim all the lights. We messed with lights more than anything. We had to . . . It had more diverse lighting than most of the plays done here."

—Chris Nault

THE MUSIC MAN

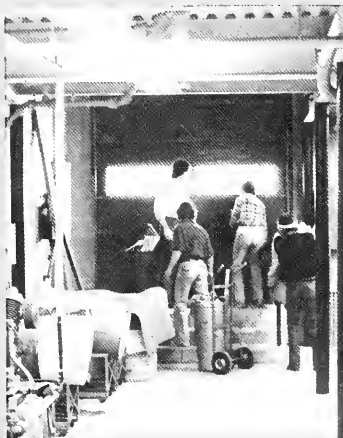
"Kind Lady was boring to work, but with the musical, there's always something to do. Kind Lady was harder to build; the musical was harder to put on.

"I think the actors are beginning to understand how hard it (stagecraft) is."

—Phyllis Wiegmann

When asked if the crews will always be the unknown heroes hiding in the wings of the Northrop stage, Wiegmann replied, "Oh yeah . . . It's always been that way . . . It always will be that way.

"Ya get more glory acting," she added, "but I just like this kind of stuff."



"It seems like we do 60 hours of sewing a day," one student exaggerated. Amidst the well-stocked shelves of the costume room, sophomore Jenny Dell and director Del Proctor work on an on-going April project—making clothes for the citizens of River City. —Scott Thibideau

Shaped from wood and papier mache, the statue of Mayor Madison receives finishing touches from Cathy Walker and Louann Mass. The musical stage crew moved the handcrafted statue several times each performance on a rickety stand. Despite the crew members' doubts, the structure held together all three shows.

—Julia Shaffer



the music makers

Stories by Jo Dell
and Jill Harris



Accompanied by director Bob Rice and his orchestra, junior Dave McConiga solos in "The Typewriter." The piece was one of three the group played for the Pops concert, their final performance of the year. —Shannon Johnson



Orchestra: (front row) Tanya Seslar, Narciso Solero, Jeanette Cooper, Mark Henry, Cheryl Cook, Terri Hopper, Kirsten Donnelley, Rita Espinosa, Don Guy, Jill Harris (second row) Linda Haley, Brenda Bishop, Kathy Wilson, Linda Murphy, Rhonda Jacquay, Diane Junk, Kim Moore, Stephanie Kidd, Lisa Arnold (third row) director Bob Rice, Brenda Studebaker, Becky Bryan,

Stacey Pearson, Sterling DePew, Jeff Blackburn, Julie Johnson, Michelle Mero, Chrisanne Bond, Darryl Friar (fourth row) Sherrie Piepenbrink, Rob Norwalk, Dave McConiga, Pam Allen, Greg Fawley, Kevin Cook, Bo Juergens, Jamel Weatherspoon, Richie Roberts, Dave Thorne, Tom Jaxtheimer, Tim McCrea, Cheryl Oliver, Rick Gerig.

After the yearly string of performances, including the kick-off, winter and pops concerts, an all-day tour to feeder junior highs, an overnight tour to Richmond, Indiana, and three nights of the musical had come to an end, orchestra director Mr. Bob Rice discussed some of the group's trials and successes.

Now that it's all behind you, how do you feel about the year?

It went pretty good. We did things in a positive direction. I was happy with the material we played, we came through with the tour...

The Richmond tour?

Yex. That was our major step. We didn't go out of the state or anything... but, in order to leap you have to step.

Some orchestra members I talked to felt that because the tour was such a high point of the year, that it was scheduled too early—that the orchestra "peaked" too soon.

In a lot of ways, it was the high point of the year, but I think we really peaked at the winter concert and during the junior high tour.

Richmond helped pull the orchestra together. If it had been later in the year, it would've prolonged disunity among the members.

You put a lot of emphasis on the tours this year—why were they so important to the orchestra?

A tour is different from a concert. In a tour you have to produce constantly—it forces you to play a lot of concerts—and that forces you to concentrate higher. Not only the tours, but also the preparation beforehand is crucial, to pull a group together.

This was the first time in the three years you've been director that the orchestra performed outside of regular concerts and the musical. Do you feel that the orchestra is often overshadowed by Northrop's other performing groups—that it has sometimes "gotten the shaft"?

I don't think the orchestra has gotten the shaft. With the caliber of groups at Northrop—excellent groups—we have to be able to not really compete with, but fair as well as the others. We're a representative of an establishment.

It takes a period of time for a director to become comfortable with an orchestra. It takes time to get moving—to form a tradition.

I could've gone (on tour in 1977), the first year I was here, but we weren't ready. I could've gone the second year, but we weren't ready. We were ready this year—and we did it.

About the musical, "The Music Man"—did you feel it went as well as it has in past years?

Every year you hope it's better. I felt it went well.

As well as it could've gone?

Well, I would've liked for the orchestra to be advanced enough by musical time to not have to spend so much time on it—to be able to work on other things as well. I didn't see that.

I think they were tired. We finished the winter concert (the main concert for orchestra), then went right into the musical—that's a whole lot of music.

Was it difficult for the orchestra to switch so suddenly from classical music to popular "show" music?

In many ways, yes. It's a whole different kind of playing. It's more professional—you have to play it over and over again in rehearsals—and, of course, you have the three performances.

I've thought of making the pit a volunteer orchestra—I know not everyone enjoys it. But I decided against it because—it's just a unique experience.

I know that the two major objectives of the year probably concerned the areas we've discussed. Did you set any other goals in September of '78—were there any other things that you wanted to see happen?

Those were my main goals—the Richmond and junior high tours, and playing a good musical.

Of course, a constant goal is for the orchestra to experience a variety of music, to enjoy it, and to improve. That's the way I always feel. I think we did it. I think this year—we grew.



Concert band: (front row) Stacey Pearson, Jeff Sabaka, Becky Bryan, Sue Bloom, Brenda Studebaker, Carrie Wellman, Kathy Staller, Mary Smierciak, Cherri Hobeck, Terri Hopper, Debbie Stevenson, Carol Fortier, Laura Ostregren (second row) Jeff Blackburn, Julie Johnson, Michelle Mero, Krisanne Bond, Phyllis Wiegmann, Don Oesch, Glen Staller, Tuesday King, Steve Scalf, Daryl Weatherspoon, Mark Lahey, Karen Reed, Robin Dillman, Brian Aikins (third row) Sterling Depew, Chris Roussey, Jenny Dell, Ron Titman, Pam Allen, Cathy Stefanski, Doug Cox, Daryl Friar, Mike Evard, Ken Furhman, Kirk Staller, Tom Jaxthimer, Larry Hindle, Bill Marcotte, Larry Whitesides,

Dave Thorne, Richie Roberts (fourth row) Jackie Donnelly, Joe Hershberger, Karen Stahley, Sandy Henline, Francis Kaufman, Dave Porter, Rob Retherford, Tom Enyeart, Jack Buck, Kevin Cook, Scott Brown, Doug Thorne, Jamel Weatherspoon, Bo Juergens, Jo Dell, Greg Fawley, Steve Souers, Ron Lee, Daryl Young, Guy Welty, Alan Kline, Terry Coleman (standing) Cheryl Cook, Sue Schommer, Cheryl Oliver, Dave McConiga, director Bob Rice, director Barry Ashton, Teddy Dunbar, Mark Faxon, Chris Alford, Tom Harris, Greg Fike, Mike Fredbloom, Rick Gerig, Kim Ford, Ron Minick.



Varsity band: (front row) Shelley Jornod, Val Miller, Jeff Sabaka, Cindy Schweizer, Noreen Dittich, Michele Rabbitt, Lesa Campbell, Marlie Geer, Theresa Casalmi, Lora Summey, Toni Roberts, Bill Yale, Sherry Culter, Caroline Gates (second row) Joe Hershberger, Jenny Dell, Sandy Henline, Karen Staley, Cathy Stefanski, Ruth Eppele, Jeff Roussey, Kirk Staller, Terri Rainbolt, Jona Bloom, Jeff Caso, Scott Collins, Renee Schantz (third row) Jenny Jones, Sarah Lee, Trudy Holloway, Melanie Markle,

Carla Slane, Kirk Swinehart, Doug Parker, Ken Dillie, Vance Holt, Steve Meyers, Danielle Zahn, Jay Weiler, Bryan Fry, Ross Stevenson, Bill Hopkins, John Belote, Bill Marcotte, Ryan Augsburg, Brian Brant (fourth row) Leslie Alford, Dan Jeppson, Jody Smith, Earl Dillman, Kathy Doster, Lisa Whitehead, Tammy Hayes, director Barry Ashton, Dave Freon, Steve Smith, Ralph Cook, Vince Wormbly, Louie Lombardie, Phil Wiegmann, Dan Ribar.



Jazz band II: (front row) Doug Cox, Paul Schuler, Ruth Eppele, Mark Lahey, Renee Schantz, Chris Roussey, Karen Reed, Cheryl Oliver, Jenny Dell, Ken Furhman (second row) Chris Alford, Rob Norwalk, Laura Ostregren, Guy

Welty, Ryan Augsburg, Brian Brandt, Bill Marcotte, Bill Hopkins, Ross Stevenson, director Bob Rice, director Barry Ashton (third row) Danielle Zahn, Doug Parker, Ron Lee, Greg Fawley, Steve Souers, Ken Dillie, Steve Meyers.

The biggest thing about this band is a great desire," commented jazz band I director Barry Ashton. "There is a real intense thing about wanting to do well. If they lose, they just bounce back and try again."

This statement proved true, for although it was a young band, they tied for first place in their first festival competition at Kokomo Hayworth. Tim McCrea was the recipient of the keyboard award for "most accomplished pianist."

At the Indiana State Festival, they were named an honor band. Jazz band I also received the award for the "outstanding sax section." The members of this group are Jeff Blackburn, Sterling Depew, Darrell Friar, Mike Evard, John May and Stacey Pearson.

Next they competed at Notre Dame, where they received an honorable mention for their fourth place finish. The stage crew gave Ashton an award for being the "most cooperative director."

In their final competition of the year, at the Elmhurst Jazz Festival, jazz band I outdid themselves—they won the whole contest and were named the "sweepstakes band."

Later on in the evening, when individual awards were given out, three members of the band were honored. Jeff Blackburn received the award for "best alto sax," Jamel Weatherspoon won the "best trumpet" plaque, and the "best drummer" award was given to Rick Gerig.

"This would have been the band we thought to be a building band," Ashton admitted. "The only section I knew would be good was the sax section. In the first festival," he continued, "they won and were surprised, but they began

to believe in themselves."

Looking back on the year, Ashton added, "It will be very difficult to repeat that."

The concert band played in three concerts at Northrop this year. The group also competed in the South Side Invitational band contest, which involved all of the Fort Wayne bands plus New Haven and Paul Harding.

Varsity band consists of sophomores and new instrumentalists, preparing them for the more advanced bands. This group

participated in the orchestra, band and pops concerts. They also aided the pom-pom corps by recording the music needed for their rehearsals.

During practice, jazz band II works on many different types of music, improvisations and styles. This band has performed in three major concerts in addition to competing in the Kokomo Hayworth Jazz Festival. At this competition, they placed seventh out of thirteen bands.

Director Barry Ashton and his student teacher work with the jazz band during one of their after school rehearsals. —Scott Thibodeau



Jazz band I: (front row) John May, Mike Evard, Stacey Pearson, Jeff Blackburn, Sterling Depew, Daryl Friar (second row) Dave McConiga, Rick Gerig, Tim McCrea, Terry Coleman, Tom Jaxtheimer, Dave Thorne,

Ritchie Roberts, Larry Whitesides, director Barry Ashton, director Bob Rice (third row) Scott Brown, Kevin Cook, Jamel Weatherspoon, Doug Thorne, Bo Juergens.



Along with the bands, the choirs have presented many successful concerts. The choir division of the department is divided into six classes taught by either Mr. Bill Heins or Mr. Mike Whitlock.

Northrop offers two training classes for prospective advanced choir members. Tenor-bass choir and two treble choirs are available. Both choir groups performed in the Yuletide and pops concerts. These choirs have developed many of the top vocalists here at Northrop. The members of these choirs learn how to read music, further their background on composers and music styles, in addition to becoming better singers.

The advanced girls choir, a more experienced group which uses choreography and is more technically advanced, performs in two major concerts at Northrop. This year they competed in the state contest for large ensembles, where they were the recipients of a second division plaque, missing a first division ranking by only one point.

The smallest ensemble at Northrop, the

Perfecting the repertoire of the largest vocal ensemble, the concert choir, requires the intensity and involvement shown by director Bill Heins as he prepares the singers for the Yuletide concert. —John Ribar

madrigals, sing acapella classical music unlike any of the other choirs. With Duke Rich Hill and Dutchess Laura Cobb, they have entertained at dinners and in many concerts. They also performed in the Yuletide and pops concerts. During these performances they wore 18th century costumes consisting of leotards and bloomers for the men, and long dresses for the women.

The largest vocal group at Northrop, the concert choir is made up of over 60 members. Under the combined direction of Heins and Whitlock, this group performed in outside concerts as well as the Yuletide and pops concerts. The choir competed in the state contest for large ensembles, where they received the highest award—a first division rating.

On Tuesday, May 29, these groups combined their talents to make a record, completing the presentations for the 1978-79 school year.

Advanced girls choir: (front row) director Mike Whitlock, Paula Conover, Lou Wenda Zeigler, Shari Strahm, Cheryl Levy, Kim Rose, Karen Janiszewski, Lina Landis, Jane Ann Timmerman, Robin Riley, Valerie Miller, Kim Jonasch, Cindy Moon (second row) Tammy Wilhelm, Amy Stark, Carrie Caso, Kelly Neely, Shawn Schwartz, Robin Byrd, Annette McKee, Gina Brame, Amy Gorsuch, Shelly Zimmerman, Sue DeCarlo, Deb-

bie Boyer, Pam Phillips (third row) Chris Turrin, Laurie Campbell, Tera Stanek, Jeanette Neuhaus, Peggy Arnett, Pam Runnion, Pam Westerhausen, Gwen Gulliksen, Terry Miller, Lois Dial, Anita Jackson, Tierney McHaney, Rhonda Lemmon, (not pictured) Becky Leininger, Trina Nahrwald, Sherri Hoy, Amy Patterson.



Concert choir: (front row) director Bill Heins, Lori Walborn, Teresa Pond, Shelly Weller, Lisa Hunter, Laura Cobb, Maureen Feeley, Sue Bloom, Jed Freels, Buckley Watson, Rich Hill, Brenda Hood, Sherri Stratton, Yvette Samaan, Pam Riley, Fran Sipe, director Mike Whitlock (second row) Carolyn Schweyer, Julie Waggoner, JeMae Gulliksen, Ann Radkoski, Jim Cook, Michelle Fults, Brent Burton, Damon Gregg, Mike Nagel, Randy Mettert, Dave Gibbons, Kathy Mueller, Jeanette Cooper, Connie Shaver, Laura Todd, Kelly Roberts (third row) Holly Kuhn, Kim Campbell, Patty Jontz, Suzette

Reed, Steve Hatfield, Craig Thompson, Bruce Gastineau, Brad Kennedy, Howard Hudson, Mark Haverstick, Robert Youse, Jerry Hammel, Mitch Riggs, Gary Brabson, Tim McCrea, Rhonda Lemmon, Diane Fisher, Cheryl Whetstone, Valeri Bess (fourth row) Tera Stanek, Sue Pettit, Laurie Campbell, Terri Miller, Curt Ewing, Chaun Martin, Bob Armstrong, Dan Harth, James Jones, Mike Powell, Mike Fox, Mike Clark, Brian Akins, Lisa Byer, Dottie Noehren, Sam Winchester, Brenda Vorndran, Pam Smith (not pictured) Marianne Holmberg, Cheryl Cook.



Tenor-bass choir: (seated) Vance Holt (front row) Peaches Noel, Jeff Brunson, Gerald Kelsaw, Chris Goddard, Jody Smith, Tom Adams, Earl Dillman, Ronnie McKinnie, Robert Huss (second row) student teacher Kim Durr,

Quintin Kelsae, Mike Hewitt, Ron Hoot, Cliff Schumacker, Dale Evans, Tim Koomler, Don Brown, director Bill Heins (not pictured) Gary Jones, Joe Grubb, Paul Stetler.



Treble choir: (front row) Judy Jackson, Patricia Duncan, Kim Helton, Lynn Rines, Jenee Dyer, Mary Schwyer (second row) Janet Messenger, Kathleen Johnson, Debra Butts, Laurie Dennison, Nancy Meyer, Annette Rainey, Cindy Masterson, Jacquelin Schwartz (third row) director Bill Heins, Carla Groves, Dee Dee Brase, Kelly Garwood, Amy Cade, Debra Grobis, Michelle Fufts, Les-

lie Fasick, student teacher Kim Derr (fourth row) Lisa Grisham, Kathleen Rockstroh, Tina Levy, Pam Winters, Erin Feeley, Marcia Batalona, Joan Patterson, Michelle Meyers (not pictured) Sheri Huston, Long Chau, Jacquelyn King, Paula Whitt.



Modern outfits, originality in style, an efficient crew, plus a new name added up to make Northrop's Charisma '79 one of the best swing choirs in the Midwest.

Directed by Mr. Bill Heins, and choreographed by Mr. Denny Bechtelheimer, the group performed in 25 to 30 concerts over the year.

Charisma '79 made their debut at the Bluffton Street Fair, where they competed against eight area choirs. Northrop walked away with the first place trophy, completely out-scoring the others by a sizable margin.

"I thought it was going to be a building year, but it just blew us away when we took first at Bluffton," senior Dan Harth commented. "From there on," he said, "there was no question in my mind that we had it in us."

Emphasizing the body language and expression required of swing choir members, senior Yvette Samaan performs "Sing me a Simple Song" at the Bluffton Street Fair. Despite rainy conditions, the group defended their title with an almost perfect score of 24 points. —John Ribar

The swing choir's major accomplishment of the year occurred on Saturday, February 26, at the Bishop Luers Midwest Invitational.

Twenty of the top choirs in the Midwest competed for the top six positions, which would be televised. This honor was achieved for the first time by Northrop's own swing choir.

That evening, after their best performance ever, Charisma '79 was named the second runner-up.

The year was summarized by Heins when he said, "Of all the swing choirs I've directed, this one is the closest socially. They worked together the best . . . It was the youngest, with only six experienced members, and yet their achievements over the year were numerous.

"We had the good fortune to be able to combine good music with the imaginative effects of Mr. Bechtelheimer's choreography," he continued, "which resulted in high quality entertainment for those in Northeast Indiana who were able to view our show."



Charisma '79: (front row) Robin Riley, Jona Bloom, Cliff Schumacher, Jenny Dell, Phyllis Wiegmann, Randy Mettert, Bruce Gastineau, Michelle Fufts, Jody Smith (second row) Mark Faxon, Steve Hatfield, Jim Cook, Brenda Hood, Jed Freels, Pam Riley, Teresa Pond, Maureen Feeley, Yvette Samaan, Craig Thompson, Fran Sipe, Brian Atkins, Curt Ewing, Sue Bloom, Lori Walborn (third row) Buckley Watson, Laura Cobb,

Shelly Weller, Dan Harth, Mike Clark, Jo Dell, Rich Hill, John Belote, Lisa Hunter, Sherri Stratton, Bob Youse, choreographer Denny Bechtelheimer, student teacher Kim Derr (fourth row) Michael Powell, Tim McCrea, Jamel Weatherspoon, Dave McConiga, Dan Ribar, director Bill Heins, director Mike Whitlock.



Girls choir: (front row) Lisa Geise, Elaine Wagner, Sue Stanberry, Trish Brown, Pam Workman, Anne Hambright, Amanda Moran, Chris Suarez, Deb Ungemach, Jerri Coffelt (second row) Suzanne Beitman, Sherri Huffman, Sherrie Kelly, Tammy Gleson, Robin Straub, Becky Stewart, Kim

Cochrane, Theresa Wetzel, Christine White, Paula Stetler (third row) Sherrie Kacsor, Alison Ross, Dawn Gaskil, Brenda Curry, Gina Lallo, Leslie Gossett (seated) director Mike Whitlock (not pictured) Ginger Porter, Peaches Hairston, Julie Fritz.



Madrigal singers: (kneeling) Earl Dillman, Howard Hudson, (standing) Ann Radkoski, Bruce Gastineau, Sue Pettit, Dan Harth, Dottie Noehren, Tim McCrea, dutchess Laura Cobb, duke Rich Hill, Fran Sipe, Mark Haverstick,

Brenda Vorndran, John Belote, Valeri Bess, Bob Armstrong (not pictured) Jill Geller.

'AN OVERVIEW OF INDUSTRY'

To the unaccustomed ear, all that noise in the G-hall may sound like an attack of killer bees, but it's really just the industrial arts students creating masterpieces, goggled and knee-deep in sawdust.

Northrop had an opportunity to view the product of all that noise and hard work at the annual Fine Arts Festival held in the Commons in May.

"We displayed a lot of projects from all areas of industrial arts," said Mr. Steve Steiner, industrial arts department head and drafting teacher.

"Industrial arts is an introduction to the many aspects of industry—it's an overview of industry," he commented. Steiner added that most industrial arts students at Northrop are there for hobby interests, with the

more career-oriented students attending the Regional Vocational School. "We have no vocational objectives," he explained.

The list of industrial arts subjects will include a new class next year—graphic arts. Steiner commented that graphic arts will be "well-suited" to Northrop students. This course will join drafting, architectural drawing, metals, woods, electronics and power mechanics to make up the industrial arts program.

"Northrop had good facilities," said Steiner, and judging from the quality of work being turned out by Northrop's students, this is obviously true.

—Colleen Thorne □



Precision work is essential to industrial arts students, as shown by soph Mike Tiffany in his electronics class.



Leaning on the work table, intent on the plans, department head Jim Lubbehusen instructs two of his woods students individually.

His lips pursed in concentration, junior Michael Lamb smooths his vise-gripped woods project with a file.

—Photos by Shannon Johnson



Spring signals two things: the end of the school year, and the annual prom given by the junior class as a sort of going away present for the seniors. Although prom attendance dropped noticeably in comparison with past years, those who chose to don long dresses and tuxes did so with sophistication undreamed of in past decades, as guys and girls alike spent upwards of \$100 a piece for one night of . . .

too much heaven



His "tails" flapping with the movements of his legs, senior Robert Youse dances the night away with senior Julia Shaffer.



A sea of couples dance cheek to cheek on the Indiana-Purdue Ballroom floor in front of Dick Seeger and his band.

With her sandals in a heap next to her, senior Patty Jontz rests her feet while juniors Jackie Donnelly and Mark Lahey take a cigarette break.



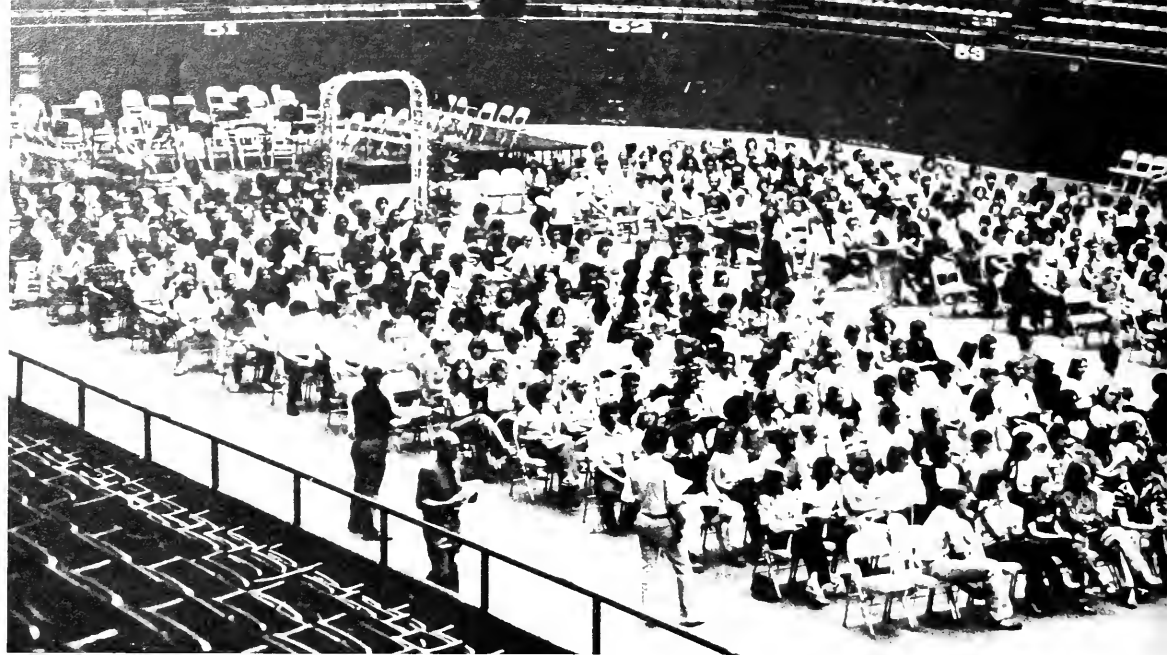
The promise of tender moments shared with special people provides the traditional prom's allure. Living up to the dance's theme song, "Too Much Heaven," Dave Youse kisses senior Kim Anderson.



Holding each other close, prom queen Paula Clifford and her escort, '78 graduate Jeff Linville, dance after the traditional crowning ceremony.

Smiling for the camera, a couple poses under the flower-covered trellis as a photographer from Watters Studio takes a formal shot of them.

—Photos by Gregg Householder



JUNE 5th, 1979:

BREAKING AWAY





Attendance at a mid-day practice was required of those who wanted to participate in commencement. Assistant principal Mel Zehner and several other administrators and teachers orchestrated a run-through of the ceremony so that all would go smoothly that evening. Several hours later, 579 students clad in brown caps and gowns came together to graduate as the Class of '79.

—Mark Damerell



Reaching out one hand to shake and the other to receive her diploma, Ann Klopfenstein takes the step forward that formally recognizes her as being a Bruin grad. —Mark Damerell



Clutching mortarboards, diplomas and carnations, Tambi Aikens and Teri Rowdon hug grad-to-grad after the ceremony. —Chris Nault

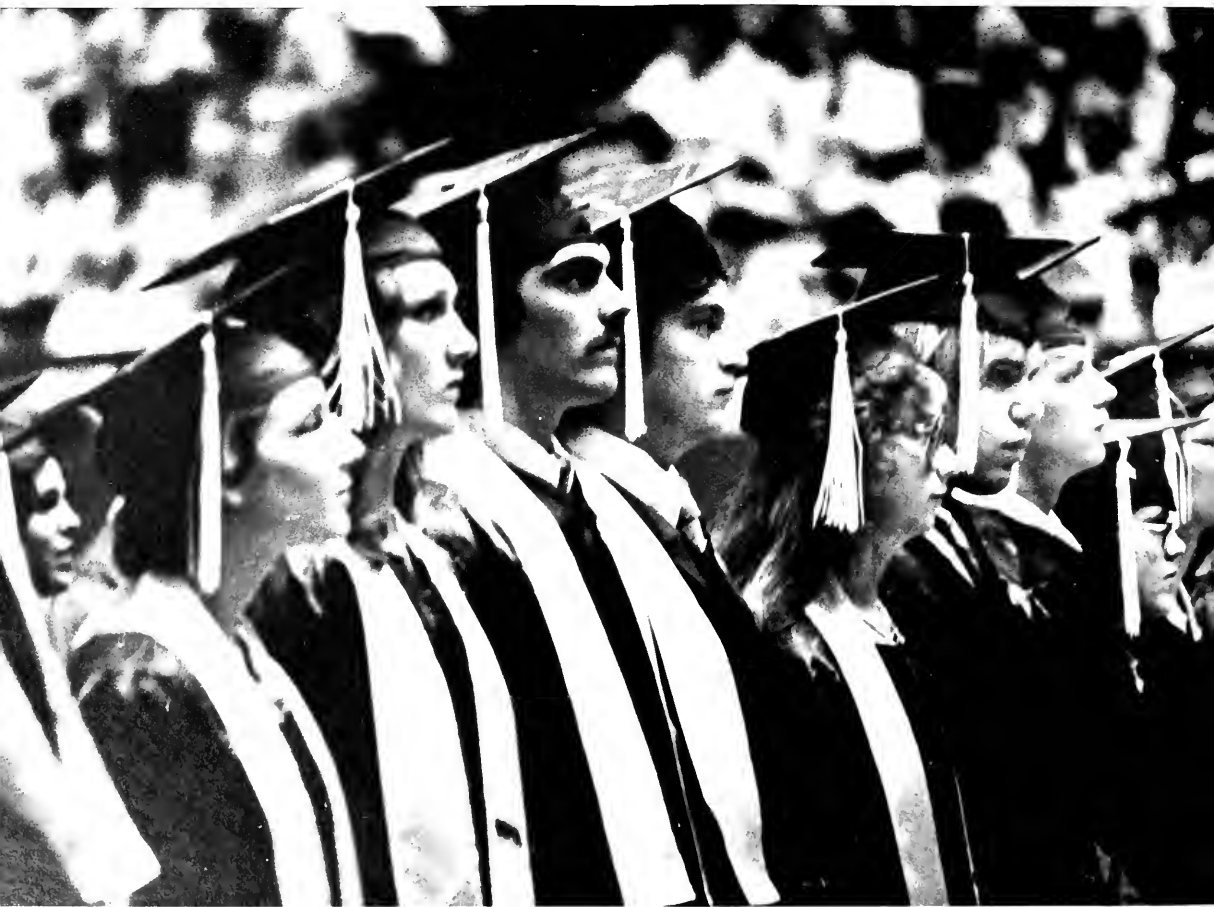
Cracking a smile as the camera records his mischief, Bill Deakin sneaks a game of cards with Jamie Davis. —Mark Damerell

Wearing gold stoles and white tassels to designate their honor student status, seniors who achieved the level of "Scholarship with Distinction" share

the front row with those in the top ten, class officers, and other "High Honors" students.
—Mark Damerell

BREAKING AWAY

cont.



Looking bored by the ceremony, the man in charge of microphone amplification and tape-recording wearily leans his elbow on the table as he watches the commencement proceedings. —Chris Nault

Spectators and students alike stand for the invocation given by Valedictorian Laura Claypool. All males were required to remove their mortarboards during the invocation and benediction, a feat which necessitated a little practice in the mirror at home. —Chris Nault

A highly efficient process, graduates filed up in two rows from the sides of the seating areas, enabling the passing out of diplomas to be completed as quickly as possible. Despite the size of Northrop's senior class, commencement lasted only slightly under an hour. —Chris Nault



An itch to see the world

When one thinks of early graduates, they're usually stereotyped as young men, eager to get out in the working world and pull down some big bucks. One of Northrop's early grads, Marcie Petrie, changed that image as she expressed her many ideas after January graduation.

The future appears very uncertain for Marcie. "If you asked me what I'll be doing in say, five years," she said, "I couldn't tell you . . . I honestly don't know."

"Of course I'd like to go to college," she continued. "You need a good education to get a good job. I would hate to end up being a housewife or something boring like that."

Still, Marcie isn't sure if she'll even go to school. But, if she does, she's sure she could "get my act together and earn a degree . . . in something."

Moving away from Fort Wayne has crossed her mind. "I hear there are a lot of jobs to be had in Arizona," she stated. "They're just hauling in people to build towns." Or, she muses, "California is always nice. I'd want to go somewhere warm."

If she moves, she'd like to do it soon. "If I stay around very long I'll get a lot of ties—a good job, friends, lovers, debts and stuff like that," she smiles. "Ties like that are harder to break later." But right now, at 18, "you could say I've sorta got an itch to see

the world . . . There has to be something better than Fort Wayne . . . Even if it's only better because it's different."

For the present, though, she's not going anywhere. "Probably not until this summer or fall," she explained. "Right now I'd like to find a full-time job somewhere and get some savings together."

Finding a job proves to be harder than it sounds Marcie discovered as she said, "I've been everywhere filling out applications. No one seems to be hiring right now." She laughed, "I could get a retail job but it's not enough money . . . besides, I can't B.S. people that good."

Looking back on her years at Northrop, Marcie stated, "I wasn't into school that much this year. My junior year I liked it. The school was pretty red this year. I mean, they hassled you for little things, like if you were in the hall during class. You know? Dumb things that they shouldn't have bothered you for."

Why did Marcie graduate in January instead of June? "I decided to graduate early because I wanted out," she said. When asked if she had any second thoughts, she replied, "For the last week or so, I had all these strange feelings that I was going to miss everyone. But now that I'm out, I love it!"

—Matt Merriman □



With only a mile to go, Glenn Moore and Scott Wareing stride toward the finish line of the sectional cross country meet.
—Mike DeFord



COMPETITION

- 92 Grades
- 94 Speech
- 97 Track
- 104 Cross country
- 106 Golf
- 107 Gymnastics
- 112 Tennis
- 116 Golf
- 118 Wrestling
- 122 Physical education department
- 124 Marching band
- 128 Football
- 132 Homecoming
- 138 Volleyball
- 140 School spirit
- 143 Basketball
- 152 Hockey
- 154 Baseball

MINNIE THE GRABBER

The classroom door stood open, in a futile attempt to catch whatever breezes the June day might have to offer.

Silence engulfed the atmosphere.

Scattered around the room, separated by empty desks, some 23 students sat hunched over their papers.

On the rack under each seat, there was a pile of texts and notebooks; except for papers, arms and pencils, the desks were clear.

A girl sitting isolated in the front corner shifted and leaned back in her chair. She ran her hand through her long hair, pulling it away from her sweaty forehead. She yawned slowly and strained her eyes to focus on the paper in front of her.

The expression on her face said all too clearly that she was taking a test.

It was June 5th, the next to the last day of school.

Caught in the time warp of a hot, dragging sixth period, the U.S. History class plodded on through their five-page freshly mimeographed semester final.

Column after column of multiple choice, matching and completion questions confronted them, compiled from the various chapters studied during the 18-week course.

The students themselves were something of a grab-bag, a catchall, U.S. History being an unlaned class all juniors are required to take.

Just as the students were all different, the exam grades would all be different—each would reflect, some more truthfully than

others, what attitude each individual had taken toward his last report card of the year.

1:50 Still struggling through page one, a girl with a pained look on her face stared at the clock to divert herself, then glanced quickly around the room. Everyone else seemed to be working intently.

"I just can't get into this," she thought, remembering yesterday's resolve—broken, of course—to study for several hours the night before. Instead, her boyfriend had picked her up after work, and they had gone out to the park to party and meet a few friends. Arriv Arriving home at a little after eleven, she decided that she was too tired to study and went to sleep.

She regretted it now—sort of, anyway. Thinking of all the test scores she had meticulously kept track of, she calculated that blowing the final would drop her average to a C or a D.

She fidgeted nervously; all sense of concentration was gone. She had hoped for nothing lower than a B on her report card, but she knew now—when it was too late—that she had screwed up again.

1:59 The minute hand was creeping, crawling. Everything was so still, so distorted, that it seemed as if time wasn't moving at all.

Using his arm for a pillow, a boy rested his head on his desk, eyeing the test questions from a neck-cramping side angle.

"What the hell," he muttered to himself, randomly selecting answers to the portion of the test he had appropriately labeled "multiple guess."

He knew that he was capable, with a little preparation, of pulling an A or an A-, but he also knew that he'd have no trouble passing regardless of whether he reviewed or not.

Getting the credit was all that mattered—he wanted to make it as easy as possible.

2:16 Turning over the fifth and final page, a tall boy quickly flipped back through his test paper.

Satisfied, he stood up, walked to the front of the room, and placed it face down on the teacher's desk.

Several pairs of eyes watched him with a certain air of disgust as he moved back to his seat. One of the top-ranked students in his class, he was inevitably stereotyped as "The Brain"—an assessment considered more insulting than complimentary. Ordinarily, the the contempt might have bothered him, but now he simply felt relieved—and tired.

Studying had kept him up past midnight, but the sacrifice had been worth it; he felt confident that he had aced the test, maintaining his streak of perfect scores.

Reaching under his desk for a paperback with a worn, faded cover, he thought of the A+ he knew he had earned, which would add another solid 12 points to his G.P.A.

2:17 Becoming even more tense as he watched "The Brain" turn in his paper, the boy sitting several seats in front of him began to attack page four hurriedly, drumming the desktop nervously with the tip of his pen.

He felt sheer frustration; his composure was blown. His primary goal had been to beat "The Brain" on the last test of the year, but he had breezed through it so quickly that he felt truly shaken.

He knew that he would miss a few questions here and there—his seemingly thorough review hadn't eliminated all of his uncertainties. Grudgingly, he resigned himself to the number two mark.

2:30 The stack of completed tests on the teacher's desk had grown.

Whispered conversations replaced the silence of 30 minutes ago.

Fatigued himself, the teacher kept an eye on his now restless class. "Show some consideration for those who aren't done," he said with authority, and the whispers subsided for a few moments.

He concentrated on the students stretched across the back of the room. They were all still working, eyebrows scrunched seriously, pencils moving at a more rapid pace now that time was running out.

Only one of them looked relaxed—a dark haired girl wearing jeans and thongs. He watched her slowly answer the last few questions, then go back and proof her paper.

She was taking it easy. After all, tests weren't any big deal, and what was a final but just another test? She took it in stride—she studied but didn't strain herself; she would do quite well, but she wouldn't be perfect.

She didn't find it particularly difficult to make good grades, and the benefits seemed to be worth it—her car insurance was cheaper since she made A's and B's, and her parents seemed to trust her more.

2:34 The bell to end class would ring in less than a minute.

Grabbing his beat up spiral notebook, The Skipper took his exam up to the teacher and went to wait by the door.

The teacher looked at his paper and smiled. Although the boy had an affinity for negligent attendance habits, he was intelligent, and the teacher couldn't help but like him.

They had struck a bargain; the teacher was relieved that he seemed to be playing by the rules.

Despite the fact that the boy had 16 absences, the teacher agreed to pass him—if he came to class everyday, and if he got at least a B on his final.

The conditions were more than reasonable, and the boy didn't exactly relish the thought of taking another semester of history.

—Phoebe Nault □

The build-up was slow. Competitive seniors who had been keeping close tabs on class ranks for three years just had to sweat out the final semester—one of the school's most closely guarded secrets was who placed where in the top ten. Guesses were made about who was first and second; although the rivalry was subtle, it was strong nonetheless. The countdown began with the first banquet, held at the Chamber of Commerce building by area businessmen for the city's three-year honor roll students. Shortly thereafter, scholars had to put their fancy duds back on as Northrop held its own senior honors banquet. After awarding 50 students who achieved High Honors, and seven who earned Scholarship with Distinction, the class sponsors were the focus of attention. In reverse order, the top ten students were slowly introduced. Curiousities were satisfied as the names were read into the microphone. "Annette Resor . . . Ron Tunin . . . JeMae Gulliksen . . . Pete Smith . . . Randy Eisenach . . . Ann Thompson . . . Beth Huston . . . Marc Straub . . ." Finally, principal Sandy Todd took the podium and presented the Salutatorian cup to Kim Schwab. FWCS superintendent Lester Grile came forward and, after a brief rundown of her accomplishments, pronounced Laura Claypool Valedictorian of the class of 1979. With a grade point average of over 11.3, she proved herself to be . . .

ON TOP OF THE CLASS

To Laura Claypool's classmates, she has a distinct reputation—she is the "brain," the number one student in the class.

But superficial images don't tell much about the underlying person.

Although her report cards show that she takes courses such as chemistry, physics, advanced math and upper phase English—and are always marked by solid streaks of A's and A+'s—there is much more to Laura than just her "brain."

The youngest in her family, Laura spent part of her childhood living in Germany. Because her father was stationed overseas in the Air Force, her acquaintance with Europe was not confined to just one country.

Athletic involvement is another aspect of Laura's character. In junior high she participated in various sports, and she has been a shotputter for the girls' track team during her three years at Northrop.

Her senior year, her involvement took

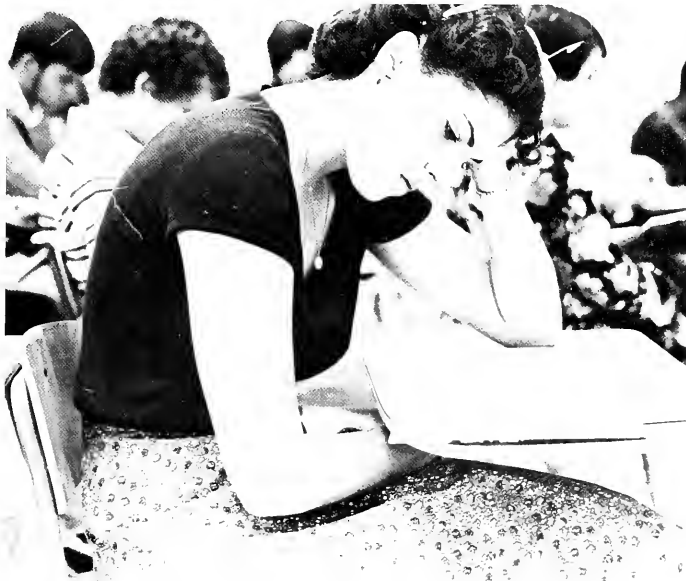
a different slant—she covered various sports events for the school newspaper.

Serving as sports editor, her job required that she do a little bit of everything—from managing, writing and type-setting, to choosing photographs and doing the actual paste-ups.

On days when Laura wants to dress "comfortably," she wears a pair of white painter pants and a navy t-shirt that says, "A Woman's Place is in the House . . . and in the Senate."

To those who know Laura, there is a certain significance in that statement. Next year, she will be attending Purdue University, to pursue a career in chemical engineering. She is going to be making her way in a world still alien to women, but . . . she belongs.

Intent on her "American Political Behavior" text, Laura Claypool studies during Mr. Howie Schneider's fourth period government class. —Jeanne Madden



Displaying a range of emotions, senior speaker Cathy Mueller performs her drama cut during a practice, just days before the final meet of the season.

—Photos by John Ribar



THE MIGHTY MOUTHS

"I hate you, I hate you!" the girl screamed, anger seething from her eyes.

As her rage grew more intense, four observers, seated in a patchwork of desks, watched in stoic silence. She stood in the middle of the classroom as they studied her, periodically jotting down notes.

Shattering this scene of violent emotion, the door slammed with a resounding bang. The girl started. The noise shocked her into momentary silence.

Switching character instantly, she burst into peals of laughter. "They do that to us every time," she giggled as the student that slammed the door headed back to his social studies class. "I still don't think they're quite convinced that I'm just acting."

Now the four watchers responded with smiles and laughter too.

It was just another day of practice in the Den of Speech.

But overhearing practice noise through the open door of B-104 wasn't all Northrop heard from the speech team this year.

Nearly every morning from October to April, speech coach Mr. Walt Cook listed a dozen or more ribbon winners over the announcements. Along with the individual placings came twelve firsts for the team, unheard of before for a Northrop speech team.

Undoubtedly it was the best year the speech team ever had.

"This is the first year we really stepped out," team captain Neil Herrberg stated as the long, exhausting season was drawing to a close.

Earlier in the year, prior to competition, Herrberg felt that the team "wasn't really that well-known." He noted,

"We're not that pressured since we're not in the spotlight."

Contrasting his comments provides evidence of the team's improvement and, in turn, increased visibility, proving true another prediction—"It takes success to make it (speech) known."

"I think that the kids set very high goals for themselves," said Cook, as he attempted to explain the causes of the team's excellent season. "First place always eluded them before," he continued. "Then they finally made it, and when ya get one, ya want another and another."

Predominantly a senior team, the experience and talent needed for a banner year was present. Speakers Neil Herrberg, Sue Paxton, Denise Robinson, Cathy Mueller, Julie Waggoner and

Neil Herrberg enacts the poker scene from his *Old Couple* cut.

Juila Shaffer are just some of the team members who had displayed their ribbon-earning abilities in previous years.

Along with the expected seniors, underclassmen rounded out the team, forming the backbone for future teams.





Speech team: (front row) Denise Robinson, Cathy McCowan, Annette Lott, Tami Easley, Sue Paxton, Linda Buttel (second row) Diana Lester, Neil Herrberg, Chaun Martin, coach Walt Cook (third row) Julie Waggoner, Lovita

Morris, Jim Engle, Eugene Johnson (fourth row) Don Poling, Marc Houser, Tom Harris (fifth row) Susan Jacobson, Lisa Moravec, Sue Ennis, Julia Shaffer, Dan Devine, Cathy Walker, Dave Hill, Dewey Witte.

But an "accident," as Cook refers to it, aided the team immeasurably.

Chaun Martin "discovered himself," according to Cook, as the virtually inexperienced speaker, (he competed minimally at the end of the season last year), captured first place ribbons in the humor and drama events all season long. To top off an outstanding year, during post-season tournaments, Chaun earned a berth in national competition. (See sidebar, page 96)

With individuals leading the way to team victories week after week, the season proved to be a little more than the "nice, comfortable year" Cook predicted in August.

Not only did the team compete successfully, but they also accomplished their goal of making students more aware of what speech has to offer. Increased visibility as a result of weekly announcements, recognition at a pep session, and performances in

English classes all contributed to making this possible.

"Northrop *does* know it has a speech team," Cook asserted. "I've never been quite sure before."

"But I wonder," he questioned, "if we would have won the state basketball championship if we would have gotten the support we got? It seemed there was room for us to succeed. Northrop wanted a morale booster."

Although the team was acknowledged this year, the question remains: will this "minor" activity receive its fair share of recognition sharing a jam-packed school schedule including such giants as the football team and the marching band, if subsequent seasons aren't as successful in terms of winning?

Only the following years will tell.

Not deluded by his team's success, Cook added, realistically, "I know it's going to happen every year."

—Kim Schwab □

"i live for variety"

"I was always considered different as a child," Chaun Martin stated, emphasizing the word 'different' with a touch of pride. "The other kids, they'd be out playing baseball and basketball and football, and I'd be acting things out in the mirror—like a scene from a movie I'd just seen. I'd try to get the feelings and emotions that they had across—recreate it completely from the voices to the gestures."

It was from this unusual childhood practice that Northrop's first national speech competitor began preparing for his future career in acting. Being a member of the speech team is just another step along the way.

Years later, the activity remains virtually unchanged. The gestures, voices and emotions all add up to create a scene, but with a crucial addition—an audience and judges.

"I'm never ready right before I give a speech," Chaun commented. "I'm always nervous."

"But then I start into the speech and it's like it's not me standing there," he continued. "It's like I'm inside myself. I don't worry any more 'cause the other person has taken over. I just sort of watch."

"But," he laughed, "I'm not schizophrenic."

Nearly every Saturday from October to April, Chaun went through four rounds of competition in humor and drama, repeating the process of getting "inside himself" every time. Most competitors perform the same speech or "cut" throughout the long season, but Chaun preferred to vary his frequently.

"Emotions have to be fresh for a cut to be good," he explained. "I live for variety. Every time I change I get a first. When I do something new I do it the best."

But winning wasn't limited to first-time cuts. First place ribbons and trophies became commonplace to both Chaun individually and the team as a whole. Because of this, school visibility increased although Chaun insists a lack of understanding about the speech team exists.

"Since we were on the announcements usually every week people would at least know about us," he commented. "But after the pep session we were in, people were being sarcastic. They were saying, 'Yea, we have the number one speech team, wow.'"

"But people like us to win—not particularly because they want us to excel

in speech, but just so they can say they beat the other schools. They like to think they're number one.

"It's really a lot like sports," Chaun noted. "There's a lot of competition, a lot of expectations. Mr. Cook is even called 'speech coach.'"

"But people really don't understand," he added, shaking his head. "We're *speech*, not a sport."

"Actually, I think it (speech) should be a required course. It really teaches you things."

"Last year, I was really shy, and it helped me a lot. I also have an outlook on what I want to do when I get out of high school and college because of it."

"Writing is a lot like drama," he continued. "You're trying to get an emotion

Northrop's own national speech competitor, Chaun Martin, was a consistent winner throughout the long season. —John Ribar

across. Drama is relating the words physically; writing is more to the brain. I want to do both.

"But I think the arts is a very unstable business. One minute you're a star, and the next minute it's 'who's that?' I'm prepared for that though."

But before his career as a writer-actor begins, Chaun must compete representing Northrop one last time at nationals on June 17.

Nervous but hopeful he concluded, "People think that when you're good you just know you'll win. That is *not* true. You're praying like everyone else, 'O please Lord, let me win.'"

—Kim Schwab □



The similarities between the male and female track teams were many. With team rosters loaded with sophomores, they both look forward to being super powers in the future. It was a year of standout individual performances, with a state champion for the girls' team and a state runner-up for the boys. But the most frustrating similarity plagued their every major city meet. In the North Side relays, the Bruin Invitational, and the sectional meets, the boys' team couldn't overcome South Side and Snider, and the girls couldn't surpass Wayne and South, leaving them both . . .

NUMBER THREE



Standing just one body length behind one of the area's top milers, stand-out sophomore distance runner Charlotte Cunliffe leads the young but powerful Northrop milers. Distance coach Deb Hockemeyer created a tough team where in past years there had been little strength.

Cunliffe, Jeanne Myers and Julie Riley progressed steadily through the season, shaving seconds off their times. Myers ran her best time in sectionals, just barely missing placing. Cunliffe ran a 5:31:0 in sectionals, good enough for third place, enabling her to compete in regionals, where she did not place.

Morning track practice became a new addition to training for the female distance runners. "It was such a radical change for the girls," Hockemeyer stated. "We averaged

three days a week just to get in the extra miles we needed.

Senior Scott Wareing led the male distance team as he generally doubled in the mile and two-mile races throughout the season. SAC cross country runner-up Glenn Moore could not compete in the spring season as he was plagued by a running injury. John Moss improved consistently throughout the season, running his best 8:80 of the year in post-season competition. A late addition to the event, Wendel Wilder came on strong in the 880 to gain crucial team points.

In sectionals, Wareing ran away with the two mile but did not compete in the mile. The cold, rainy regional was another story as Wareing, with one of the top two-mile times in the state, did not place.

Long jump was THE sophomore event this year. According to coach Barrie Peterson, Bobby Brown "outdid expectations." This sophomore leapt with the best in the city throughout the year, placed in sectionals and competed well in regionals. Much more is expected of Brown in the following two years.

But the biggest story is that of Sherri Dunn. "She progressed all season long," coach Howie Schneider stated. "She went from 16' 3" to 16' 4" into the 17's and just kept improving . . . 17' 9" to 18' . . . It was a definite progression."

Dunn's improvement is evidenced by her meet-winning leaps. She won the SAC with a 16' 10 1/2" jump, sectionals at 17' 1 1/4", regionals at 17' 9" and went 18' 5" to capture the state championship.

"The concentration in the two weeks before state is what did it," according to Schneider. "When you have so many individuals, you tend to neglect the better ones because they can work on their own," he admitted. "But to get the champions they need more individual attention and extra effort."



Exhibiting the hard to achieve passing form of relay races, Brenda Hicks hands off to Linda Root at the Wayne, Harding and South Side meet. The smooth hand-off was something of a rarity as the crucial baton exchange proved to be the downfall of all the relay team combinations on the girls' team.

"If we got the fastest people together, we weren't getting the exchanges," coach Howie Schneider lamented. "People kept goofing up."

The boys' track team was not only plagued by a lack of team unity, but also by injury. A crucial relay team member, Gary Hamilton, received an ankle injury late in the season, preventing him from competing in post-season meets. Losing Hamilton created a time deficit the Bruins couldn't make up, and the relays failed to place in sectionals.



Soaring up and hopefully over, Rod Putt strains to clear the high jump bar. The high jump season began optimistically as both seniors Marc Straub and John Ribar leaped school record heights in indoor meets. A pulled hamstring affected Ribar soon into the outdoor season, and his jumping crept to a standstill. Straub was not jumping up to his potential at this period in time either. But sectionals was the bottom line.

Both boys worked hard, with the rivalry between each other motivating them, but the day of sectionals "just wasn't our day," according to Straub.

"It's been a long season," Straub stated, almost with relief that it all ended with the sectional. "Everyday after school and most

Saturdays . . . I don't even know what it's like to go home after school.

"I don't think he's (Ribar) proud of beating me today," he continued, "but he did, whatever that's worth."

The biggest disappointment was that both Ribar and Straub had jumped inches above their sectional heights during the season.

The high jump wasn't the most publicized event of the girls' squad. Junior Anita Jackson, who jumped successfully the year before, had bouts with injury and illness that usually kept her from competing at all. Coach Howie Schneider is looking optimistically toward the future of this event, as both Jackson and Colleen Thorne, a steadily improving sophomore, will be returning next year.

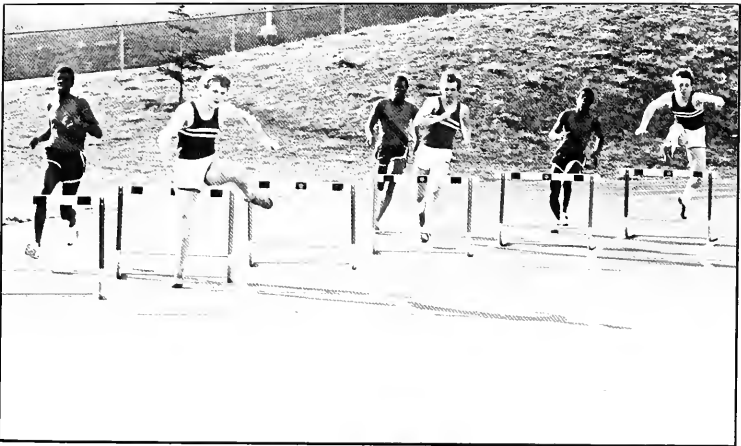


Getting out of the blocks quickly is the most crucial part of a sprint.

This series of photos, taken at a home dual meet, almost perfectly resemble the starter's commands: on your marks, get set, go!

Chris Welch, in the far left lane, and John Byrne, in the far right lane, both proved to be key sprinters for the Bruins. Vincent Wimbley was also a strong point in the 4:40.

Sherri Dunn was a tough 100-yard dasher, in addition to her long jump success. She held an area best time of 10:9 throughout most of the season. Despite her ability, she did not make it to the state meet in this event.



Northrop's hurdle tradition was carried on this year by sophomores Oliver Jackson and Lorna Russell. Jackson's times in his specialty, the 120-yard high hurdles, earned him a berth in the state meet and a fourth place finish there.

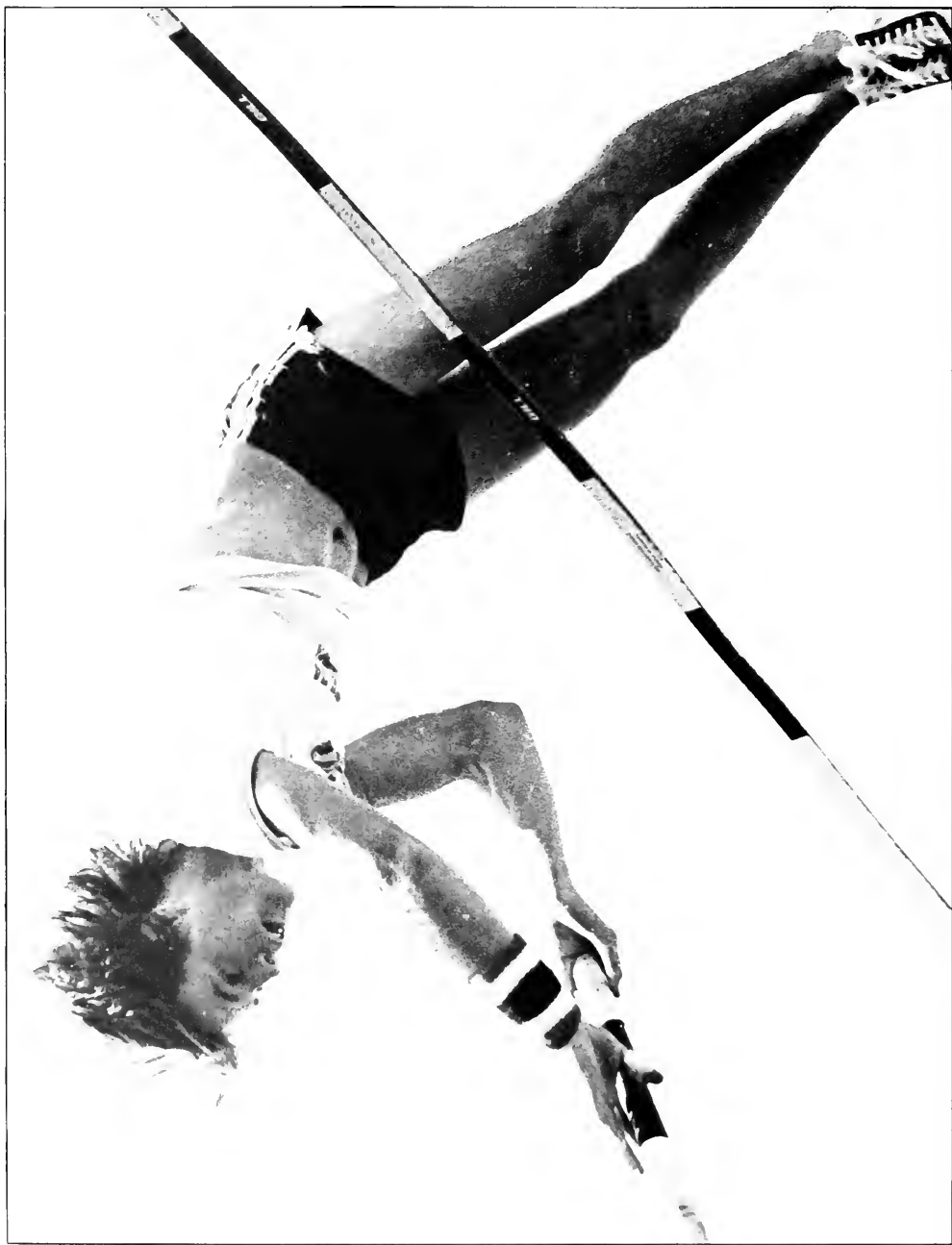
Russell pulled through in sectionals, enabling her to compete in regionals. She perpetuated Northrop's success as she continued the string of Northrop regional hurdle competitors. At least one hurdler every year has traveled to regionals from Northrop since 1975. With Russell only a sophomore, the string probably won't be broken in the near future.

Despite the unfavorable conditions of the March 29 home track meet, senior shot-putter Chris Phelps heaves the shot put amid the cold and rain. Phelps, a three-year shot-putter, performed with consistency throughout the year.

Shot put, discus and softball throw—events with limited fan interest—were steady point earners for both male and female teams. Seniors Beth Huston and Laura Claypool provided leadership in the shot put event along with Phelps.

The biggest surprise, (though only to some), was Lorna Russell's softball throw in the Northrop Invitational. After a disappointment in her first event, the hurdles, Russell felt she "had to do it in the softball throw," according to one teammate. "Doing it" was quite an understatement as an excellent heave of 213' 8" not only brought her first place in the meet, but also the area best and the Spuller Stadium record.





Propelling himself over ten feet up in the air with a fiberglass pole, Chip Chevillet twists up and over the pole vault bar in an early spring practice. Hours of training in the weight room, on the gymnastics deck and in vaulting practice made Chevillet another standout Northrop pole vaulter, perpetuating the five-year tradition started by Gary Hunter.

Hunter won the pole vault title in 1974, followed by Brian Kimball, who finished second at state as a sophomore, and won state as a junior and senior. Rick Rogers finished second in 1976. After this, it was Chevillet, or "Chevy's turn."

Excellence in Fort Wayne pole vaulting wasn't limited to Northrop though, as Chevillet's chief competition throughout the season was Kurt Siebold of Snider, teammate of last year's state champion.

"Gary (Hunter) deserves all the credit for Fort Wayne vaulting," said coach Barrie Peterson. "It (tradition) makes it easier."

"It all started out with Gary," said New Haven graduate Dave Butler, a former Ball State record-holder in the pole vault, and a meet official in the event at regionals. "He's the type of guy who would tell you what you were doing wrong and invite you over to his house for practice. He passed on what he knew."

"We've all become a fraternity. We practice at Gary's house, at Snider, at Northrop. We have vaultathons where we all jump and compete together. We exchange poles. We catch each other's steps."

Peterson admits pole vaulters are a different breed.

"They are a different kind of athlete," he commented. "They need speed, agility and

coordination. They have to be gymnasts practically. They will go over to our gym deck and do all kinds of things."

Despite the unusual aspects of the sport and the past camaraderie between Northrop and Snider, both Chevillet and his competitor Siebold strived to become the fourth vaulter from Fort Wayne to capture a state title in six years.

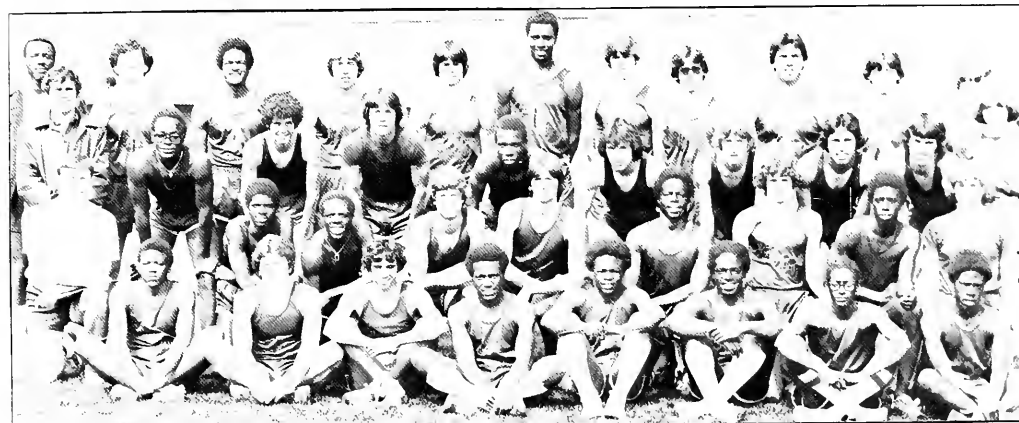
Chevillet and Siebold both cleared 15 feet at sectionals, but Chevillet's fewer misses enabled him to retain his title from the year before. They were even going into state as Siebold captured regionals, again by fewer misses. But Fort Wayne was edged out at state, with Chevillet receiving second and Siebold third.

But vaulting in the shadow of Chevillet lurked another hopeful, Eric Renbarger. The rich tradition lives on.



Track team: (front row) Laura Larimer, Denise Kreienbrink, Michelle Cahill, Tanya Smith, June Werling, Lisa Smith, Michelle McDowell, Kim Graber, Pam Riley, Cindy Schweizer, Brenda Hicks, Julie Riley, Linda Root, Sherri Dunn (back row) head coach Howie Schneider, Julia Shelton,

Paula Curry, Beth Huston, Lorna Russell, Charlotte Cunliffe, Jeanne Myers, Sherry Kelly, Colleen Thorne, Laura Claypool, Nadine Huff, Betty Dean, Karen Reed, assistant coach Deb Hockemeyer.



Track team: (front row) coach Barrie Peterson, Gary Hamilton, Ken Farlow, Ron Root, Wendell Wilder, Bobby Brown, Kenny Smith, John Byrne, Gary Brooks (second row) Jamie Curry, Scott Wareing, John Ribar, Michael Lamb, Chris Welch, Tony Guy, Justina Jacquay (third row) Mr. Bob Trammel, Darrell Gaines, Kevin Blanchard, Chip Chevillet, Oliver Jackson, Jim

Bickley, Glenn Moore, John Moss, Jeff Barnes (fourth row) assistant coach Ron Barnes, Mike Fox, Teddy Dunbar, Eric Renbarger, Todd Huston, Vincent Wimbley, Rod Putt, Mitch Stauffer, Chris Phelps, Marc Straub, Mark Campbell.



JUST RUN TO WIN

The regional meet was over. Just fifty yards away from the buzz of the crowd, the cross country team grouped around a tree near the starting line, ironically, with a no trespassing sign nailed to it.

Senior runner Scott Wareing lay stretched out on his stomach, staring at the ground expressionless. No one spoke until coach Barrie Peterson joined the group and softly said, "Well, we're done with now."

Someone asked, "Where's Glenn?" In a moment, Glenn Moore appeared, trying to conceal a limp as he walked from the crowd toward the tree. After running a two and a half mile course on an ankle he'd sprained the night before in practice, it was hard to disguise the pain.

When Moore reached the group, Peterson began, "There's not a whole lot I can say. If there's anything to learn, it's you've gotta be willing to believe in the race plan—and go through a little pain to do it." He paused. "One thing though, I think you ought to all congratulate this young man," he said as he looked at Wareing, the eighth-place finisher in the meet. "He'll be in the top ten in state."

Speeding through the finishing chute together, Scott Wareing and Glenn Moore end the dual meet season against Columbia City with a first place tie. Coach Peterson watches as the two runners lead the team to a 16 to 47 victory. —Mike Naselaris

Only Wareing could compete in the state meet the following week. For the second straight year, the cross country team lost their chance to go to state, this year with the lowest placing in regionals in Northrop history—tenth.

"When you finish tenth and say you could have won, it sounds kind of funny," said Peterson, a few days after the meet. "But we really felt like we had a chance to win it. Our attitudes all week were super."

Glenn's injury affected them "a lot" according to Peterson. "When the kids came in Saturday morning and saw Glenn sitting with his ankle up, their jaws just dropped. They didn't say it, but inside they were thinking, there went our chances."

"He wasn't upset," Moore said about Peterson's reaction to his injury, just "kinda disappointed. He was trying to convince me that I could run with the pain."



Coach Barrie Peterson holds a last minute huddle with his runners before the sectional meet he deemed "the toughest in the state." Although they turned in a "mediocre" performance accord-

ing to one runner, they placed third in the meet, enabling them to compete in regionals the following week. —Mike DeFord

at big meets. I'd like to see more people. A lot of people don't know what cross country is."

"People aren't into cross country," commented Moss. "People like to sit and drink beer and watch something. You just can't do that and watch cross country."

At the SAC meet, however, a much larger crowd gathered than at dual meets, and Wareing was no longer willing to settle for a tie. After striding to a 12:20 first place finish, six seconds ahead of third place Moore, he said, "I wasn't gonna share conference with Glennard. Say no, no Glenn Moore, next year is your year."

When Scott awaited the starting gun, Saturday, October 28, at the state meet, he was no longer plagued with worries about the rest of the team's running or placing. He could truly do what his dad said he planned

to do in regionals, that is, "just run to win."

"It wasn't as much pressure," Scott explained. "Just the pressure I put on myself... it was different. It was the most nervous I've ever been."

Managing to "keep under" his nervousness, he placed sixth in the meet, beating out runners who beat him at regionals. This place earned him All-State honors and the second highest placing of a Northrop runner in state. His time of 12:21 came one second away from equaling his personal best. Scott considered running in state his personal highpoint of the season.

After running over a thousand miles in training since the start of practice in June, never losing in dual meet competition, running away with the SAC championship, and placing sixth in state, it seemed that the team's finish, the lowest ever, might have been disappointing to Wareing.

"No, not really," he said, speaking for the whole team. "It's never disappointing. If it was disappointing, it wouldn't be worth doing."

—Kim Schwab □

CROSS COUNTRY RESULTS

	Won 8	Lost 1	
NORTHROP	18	East Noble	44
NORTHROP	17	DeKalb	44
Northrop	32	WAYNE	26
NORTHROP	15	Elmhurst	50
NORTHROP	23	Bishop Dwenger	36
NORTHROP	19	Huntington	42
NORTHROP	16	Columbia City	47
NORTHROP	15	Wabash	50
NORTHROP	24	Warsaw	32

Portage Invitational (3rd out of 10)

Bruin Invitational (2nd out of 10)

Huntington Invitational (2nd out of 8)

New Prairie Invitational (4th out of 18)

SAC (3rd out of 10)

Illiana Classic (14th out of 22)

Sectional (3rd out of 22)

Regional (10th out of 16)

"I wasn't pressured; wasn't really worried," Moore said. "If I could, I could. I was pretty disappointed though," he admitted. "It hurt, oh did it hurt. It was all taped; I couldn't flex it. It was awful."

Since they usually ran together in meets, besides Glenn, "it affected Scott most," according to Peterson.

"Scott ran bad in regionals," Moore said. "He was upset. You can tell when the team runs bad, ya just fall back. Me and Scott had to do well for the team to do well."

It seemed Moore's statement was true, as he and Wareing led the team throughout the season, tying for first in every dual meet except against Wayne.

But two runners can't make a team. After regionals Peterson said, "We competed well as a team only one time—in the Bruin Invitational," as they came in second to top-ranked Snider.

"We had a lot of problems this season," Peterson continued. "Losing three of our top five people, we had to fill the gap with young or inexperienced people."

"We're inconsistent," self-appointed assistant coach Joel Moss said after what Wareing described as "just kind of a mediocre performance" in the sectional meet. "If we run well we can run with anyone in the state, but if we don't we can't run with Shawnee Junior High."

Although Moore agreed with Peterson that the Bruin Invitational was the highpoint of the season, he added, "We ran our best dual meet with Columbia City." Besides Wareing and Moore tying for first, as usual, this meet was typical of all dual meets as there was only a handful of fans to cheer the runners on. Since it was a home meet and there were so few spectators, Wareing described the race as being "just like a practice." About the lack of fan support, he added, "Ya get used to it. If you're running or concentrating, you don't really notice."

"If I didn't run I couldn't picture myself going to, like the Columbia City meet," Moore said, "but I like it when fans are there



Cross country team: (front row) coach Barrie Peterson, Don Cuneo, Jeff Moss, Paul Knott, Gary Jeffries, Mark DePriore, Ron Root, Jeff Brunson (second row) Mark Campbell, Tom Enyart, Steve Kepler,

Gary Brooks, Jim Bickley, Keith Wilson, John Moss, Andy Witte (third row) Wendie Wilder, Scott Wareing, Tom Powell, Mike DeFord, Kevin Blanchard, Glenn Moore, John Pea, Mitch Stauffer.



"WE DID ALRIGHT"

They received a mere single story in the school paper. Their few devoted fans—parents and friends of team members—could find their statistics with a magnifying glass, deeply buried in the sports pages of the local papers. Only the occasional mention of match outcomes over the announcements prevented the golf team from being completely lost in the shuffle of a jam-packed spring sports schedule.

Plagued with lack of coverage, fan support and money, the team seemed to receive less than their fair share. It rivaled other low-interest sports for the unwelcome position of receiving the least coverage and support of any Northrop sport.

Despite competing in near oblivion, in coach Bruce Oliver's words, the team "didn't get the shaft."

"Other than the lack of coverage, we did all right," he asserted. "We received good support from the administration, and the kids worked hard with enthusiasm."

In addition to the lack of support, the group faced the problems of being a young team. Bill Deakin was the lone senior. Brian Thornson, a junior, captained the team and was the number two player. A sophomore, Todd Leyden, led the team. Only three players had previous varsity experience.

Despite this, improvement from the past year was noted by Oliver. "The team was much better balanced and closer together," he claimed. "They were usually all about three strokes apart, and we moved up in the sectional from twelfth to ninth."

Enthusiasm was the key word for this improvement. "These guys would go play after matches and just work really hard," Oliver concluded. "Their enthusiasm really paid off in terms of improvement."

—Kim Schwab ☐

VARSITY GOLF RESULTS

Won 16 Lost 18

Northrop	CARROLL	L
Northrop	Bellmont	W
NORTHROP	Harding	W
Northrop	GARRETT	L
NORTHROP	Concordia	W
NORTHROP	North Side	W
NORTHROP	Elmhurst	W
Northrop	HARDING	L
NORTHROP	Luers	W
Northrop	SNIDER	L
Northrop	WAYNE	L
NORTHROP	South Side	W
Northrop	DWENGER	L
Northrop	EAST NOBLE	L

Northrop	WAYNE	L
NORTHROP	Concordia	W
Northrop	HARDING	L
NORTHROP	Elmhurst	W
NORTHROP	Elmhurst	W
NORTHROP	Columbia City	W
NORTHROP	Elmhurst	W
Northrop	HUNT. NORTH	L
Northrop	NORTH SIDE	L
NORTHROP	South Side	W
NORTHROP	Luers	W
Northrop	SNIDER	L
Northrop	DWENGER	L
Northrop	ANGOLA	L
Northrop	DWENGER	L
NORTHROP	Woodlan	W
NORTHROP	Elmhurst	W
Northrop	DEKALB	L
Northrop	NEW HAVEN	L
Northrop	HOMESTEAD	L

North Side-Carroll Invitational (5th out of 6)
Angola Invitational (6th out of 8)
Sectional (9th out of 19)

RESERVE GOLF RESULTS

Won 5 Lost 5

NORTHROP	Carroll	W
Northrop	GARRETT	L
NORTHROP	North Side	W
Northrop	SNIDER	L
NORTHROP	Columbia City	W
Northrop	CARROLL	L
NORTHROP	North Side	W
NORTHROP	HUNTINGTON	T
Northrop	NEW HAVEN	L
Northrop	CARROLL	L
Northrop	North Side	W

Calloused hands, teddy bear mascots, a "no excuses" motto, and a real team were all components of what, athletically speaking, turned out to be the year's

CLASS ACT

B laring from its hidden spot, a tape recorder fills the Northrop gymnasium with the solemn, evocative sounds of the Olympic march.

The gymnasts file in slowly, toes pointed, chins up. Moving along the perimeter of the floor, they form a three-sided rectangle facing the spectator side of the bleachers.

It is a parade of colors and numbers, of strengths and weaknesses.

While each team is being introduced, experienced fans scan their scoresheets and pick out the real competition—Elmhurst's Laura Lewis, North Side's Tanya Traylor and Gwen Bahr, Snider's Laurie Wightman . . .

The announcer says "Northrop" into the mike, and twelve figures clad in brown sweats step forward, their arms upraised in salute. In the other hand, each girl is holding a long-stemmed orange carnation.

Their crowd applauds them loudly, some of them standing, some of them whistling. A sweeping glance confirms that everyone is here—their parents and grandparents, brothers and sisters, teachers, friends and boyfriends . . .

As the schedule adjustments—the drops and adds—are being read, fourteen unified voices suddenly break into a very loud chant of "B-R-U-I-N-S GO!"

The non-Northrop audience appears to be rather intimidated by the formidable brown presence.

Beginning the second night of Sectional competition, Northrop was, in fact, something more than a presence.

With the luck of the draw and a solid season of experience behind them, both the intermediate and optional squads grabbed an early lead the night before.

Junior Laura Larimer was judged first in the vault; sophomore Suzanne Booth placed fourth. Tanya Walker and Laura Larimer were second and third, respectively, in the intermediate bars.

On the optional level, Northrop dominated the bars competition. Junior Pam Riley took the event with a 9.2 score; she was backed up by seniors Janine Gunder and Kim Orendorff, who placed second and fourth.

This same domination characterized the vaulting competition. Riley, Northrop's only all-around performer, was judged third, while Gunder received fourth.

Vaulting last out of a field of 26, trump card Anita Jackson blew the meet away with a first place score of 9.7.

It was up to the team to prove that they could be at peak form for two consecutive nights.

Again, the depth was there. As head coach Dave Hey would later tell a *Journal-Gazette* reporter, "Everybody was hitting solid routines."

Floor ex turned out to be another Northrop specialty.

With a score of 9.1, Suzanne Booth took first place in the intermediate level, while junior Sue Middleton was a close second with an 8.85.

Jackson took an early lead in the optional floor with an 8.95; she was second only to Riley, who clinched the all-around title with her 9.0 floor ex score.

The finale was the 1979 Sectional trophy and a combined point total of 102.50.

No one could deny that the pinnacle of power once occupied by North Side and Snider now belonged to Northrop.

Even for skeptics, the time for believing had come. cont.



CLASS ACT cont.

You could pick a gymnast out walking down the hall," assistant coach Tom Tom remarked. "They're a different type of athlete."

"The grace, the fear . . . All of those things rolled up into one," he expanded. "It takes a special type of athlete."

This assessment seems to coincide with head coach Dave Hey's list of prerequisites.

"The things we look for when we're going after a gymnast," Hey noted, "are flexibility, body awareness and strength. Also, desire is important. They've got to want it."

Desire, translated, means commitment.

The season alone is a grueling three months, which begins with the first meet in January and (hopefully) doesn't end until the state championship at the end of March.

But preparing for three months of competition is a year-long affair.

Summer vacation is the first sacrifice.

Between ballet, classes at the Gymnastics Academy and workouts, team members put in some twelve hours of practice a week.

"We didn't require it," Hey explained. "We asked them if they would continue it (training). 100 per cent of them did."

The pace was kept up.

According to Tom, pre-season practices lasted "at least two and a half hours" daily. Once the meets started, they worked out "no more than two hours" a day.

"It's strenuous," Tom admits, "but a lot of that's talking time too."

(Preceding page) Clustered around head coach Dave Hey, members of the gymnastics team listen intently as he conducts a talking session—a part of practice which Hey feels is as important as the physical workouts. The closeness between coaches and athletes is a key reason for the team's success. —Mark Damerell

Practice suits and long afternoon workouts up on the gymnastics deck make up the daily routine for a member of Northrop's squad. With the first meet of the season a little more than a month away, junior Karma Tom works to polish a pose in her optional beam exercise.

—Bill Amidon



These talk sessions were responsible, to a large degree, for molding the 'team sense.'

"If someone has a complaint, we talk about it all together," Hey explained. "If I think a girl's duffing it, I tell her . . . If I feel disgruntled, I tell 'em . . . It's that open."

The physical aspect of the workouts was approached from the same perspective.



"She would've helped any team, any time," remarked head coach Dave Hey in regard to junior Pam Riley. A favorite subject of photographers from the city papers, Riley could be counted on to bring in scores in the 9.0's and first place finishes. In her premiere season of high school competition, Riley was judged first all-around in the SAC and sectional, second in the regional and fifth in the state. Mark Damerell

"Your whole body is drained," senior Wendy Wagner remarked, "and they say, 'One more . . . You might have to do it some day when you feel like this.'"

"You knew where you needed to work most," she continued. "If you worked on bars the day before, your hands were raw, so you'd do beam."

The pain factor is simply one of those things that must be delt with.

"Sometimes you just feel like crying and crying," junior Sue Middleton confessed. "One time Tonya was crying and Mr. Hey told her, 'Shut up or get out.'"

"We shut it off," responded Hey. "All or it revolves around the team approach. If you're crying, you're thinking about yourself. You're taking away from the team attitude."

When talking with either one of the coaches, "team purpose" and "team attitude" are phrases that

come up a lot.

Although Tom claims they "didn't do that much coaching this year," the evidence seems to suggest otherwise.

Beneath the easy-going exteriors, Hey and Tom are both serious coaches. Their team is a coached team, and their team is a team. They insist on it.

In fact, the number one "rule of thumb" for Northrop gymn-

nasts reads, *The coach is always right.*

"We want them to do it our way," Hey explained. "It's a dictatorship."

No one complains. The coaches are backed up by the team's phenomenal respect for them. It is not unwarranted, however; in this area of the state, Hey and Tom are considered by many to be *the* coaches to have.

"Any school would be lucky to have just one of them—we've got both," Middleton commented.

"They've taught me more than anyone other than my parents," she continued. "I can take it—if I can take what I did this year, I can take anything."

The gymnasts know what's expected of them; demands are made and met. As Tom said, "I treat 'em like athletes. Period."

"It's not the patting on the back," he added. "The coach-

ing . . . You never hear that." "They work ya hard," Orendorff expanded. "They know what you yourself can do . . . You're not afraid. If you mess up, they're gonna catch ya . . . You can try anything."

Even during meets, according to Tom, there is no "babying."

"It's a business-type approach," Hey asserted.

Tom agrees. They both feel that the odds are in their favor.

"We have a good practice area," Tom remarked. "We *should* have a good team. cont.

After an emotional defeat in regional beam competition, sophomore Suzanne Booth finds a spot to release pent-up feelings along the wall by the girls' locker room. Although she slipped off the beam on her mount and had to settle for fourth place, Booth regained her composure and reputation as she won the blue ribbon in the intermediate floor exercise. —Gregg Householder



GYMNASTICS RESULTS
Beginning Team 12-3
Intermediate Team 15-0
Optional Team 18-1

Northrop	Opponent	
77.35 (int.)	East Noble	60.40
77.80 (opt.)		71.10
81.70 (int.)	DeKalb	56.95
80.50 (opt.)		63.05
83.35	Bellmont	69.85
85.85		65.85
83.95	Concordia	70.60
90.35		69.40
88.00	Harding	71.25
80.25		72.60
82.40	Homestead	76.40
89.50		65.95
87.10	Huntington	68.20
66.40		5.90
87.15	Wayne	68.45
76.85		73.00
90.10	Leo	78.35
90.35		55.00
91.50	Snider	90.20
94.40		92.31
90.25	North Side	82.40
94.35		89.45
84.40 (int.)	Wabash	77.65
93.65 (int.)	Heritage	73.90
92.35 (opt.)		77.52
83.65	Elmhurst	66.40
90.55		64.70
88.10	South Side	55.70
96.80		60.35

Harding Invitational (1st out of 7 teams)
Northrop Invitational (2nd)
Sectional (Optionals 1st out of 10 teams)
Regional (Optionals 1st out of 18 teams)
State (Optionals 3rd out of 5 teams)

Number one. (front) Amy Whetstone, Rosemary Martin, Janine Gunder, Karma Tom, Sue Middleton, Caryn Bauermeister (middle) Pam Riley, Anita Jackson, Carrie Caso, Jill Wagner, Tonya Walker, Kim Orendorff, Laura Larimer, (back) Sue Booth, Wendy Wagner, mgr. Sue Pettit (not pictured) Kim Graber.

The sectional trophy clutched in their hands, juniors Anita Jackson and Pam Riley display their victory smiles as Northrop's point total—a crushing 102.50—is announced. The two optional performers led the team, splitting between them three scores of 9.0 or above, and four of the five first place ribbons. —Kim Schwab



CLASS ACT cont.

"If we don't," he emphasized, "we *should* have."

"Besides," he added, "I hate to lose."

After the sectional victory, Northrop was heavily favored to win the regional competition. As Leo's Sally Scudder commented, "We know we have to beat Northrop. Everyone is thinking Northrop." Elmhurst coach Jody Miller

Half turns and a high level of difficulty are the trademarks of senior Janine Gunder's optional bars routine. Gunder started the season well, but experienced a temporary slump when she suffered a bruised heel. By tourney time she was back in action, winning a second in the sectional and a third in the regional in this event. —Brenda Jones

stated that "Northrop is going into this (the regional) with a slight advantage because of their depth. The other teams are also deep, but Northrop's second and third people are so strong. The big contest," she added, "will be between second and third."

Miller's prediction proved true. Once again Northrop demonstrated that the host school was the power to be reckoned with.

But as the victories became harder and more meaningful, so did the defeats. "There were definitely disappointments," Hey explained, choosing his words carefully. "That hurt is gonna be there."

The first mishap occurred when Booth mounted the beam for her intermediate routine.

Slipping off as she came out of her forward roll, an otherwise solid exercise was only judged good enough for fourth place—one point away from a berth in the state meet.

"Suzanne was bawling and crying," teammate Middleton sympathized. "She wanted that beam so bad . . . More than floor, more than anything."

Although she continued to encourage Booth throughout the rest of the meet, Middleton had a not quite score of her own to deal with—her floor ex was judged a 7.85—again, only fractions away from qualifying for state.

Riley, who said after the competition that she was "very disappointed" in herself, came in second in the optional all-around, losing to Leo's Jenny Herenden by six tenths of a point.

But, as Hey was quick to point out, "the pain just wasn't there compared to the joy we felt."

Leading northeastern Indiana, Northrop claimed their second tourney title, beating out Leo 97.50 to 91.70.

In top form, Larimer took firsts on both the intermediate bars and vault. Walker was third in the bars, and Booth won the floor ex with a score of 8.25.

In optional competition,

With legs extended parallel to her shoulders, junior Laura Larimer eyes the horse during the pre-flight portion of her intermediate vault routine. Earning scores of 7.75 and 7.15, Larimer won top honors in this event in both sectional and regional competition. In her second trip to state, Larimer's vault was judged a respectable 7.4—good for fifth place. —Bob Stadelmeyer

Jackson repeated her outstanding vault performance, capturing a 9.5 score. Gunder was second with an 8.9. Scoring a 9.10, Riley was first in her strongest event—the bars. Gunder and Orendorff came through again, placing third and fifth.

By the evening's end, Northrop was definitely statebound. In one short week, the entire optional team, plus intermediates Booth, Larimer and Walker, would travel to Perry Meridian High School for the final meet of the year—the *championship*.

We set our goals—to get down to state. Things went pretty much as we had planned," Tom remarked.

Part of this plan included meeting the toughest competition before tourney time.

Indianapolis' Perry Meridian, who won the championship in '78, and had an undisputed number one rank throughout the '79 season, was, without question, the team to beat.

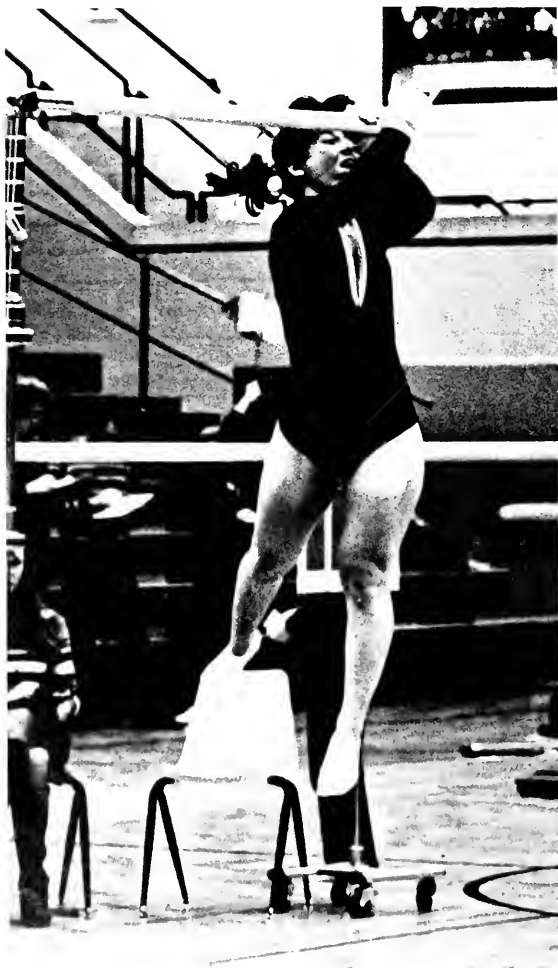
Northrop's first Optional Invitational provided the opportunity.

"The turning point was when we faced Perry Meridian here," Hey explained. "We ended up around four points behind them. That told us where we stood around the state."

"It wasn't a big point in Perry Meridian's season," he hastened to add. "They weren't up for us like we were for them."

Nevertheless, this single defeat seemed to fuel the team more than all of their victories combined.

"If we would have gotten beat really bad," Gunder commented, "the season could have gone the other way."





Regional champs Karma Tom, Janine Gunder, Anita Jackson, Pam Riley, Kim Orendorff and Wendy Wagner became Northrop's first optional squad to compete in the state tourney as a team. —Gregg Householder

Although Perry Meridian's Kelly Enright led her team by taking first all-around, Northrop demonstrated its competitive abilities. Riley was first on the bars, second on the beam, and second all-around. Other placings included Jackson, third in the vault; Gunder, fifth in the vault, and Orendorff, fifth on the bars.

But the meet was only a small showing of what was to come—for both teams.

"Bruins finish third at State." There wasn't much the *Journal's* Sunday morning headline didn't say.

Like the regional, only more so, the championship was a test of endurance—a long, drawn-out session of ups and downs.

Booth's floor routine turned out to be the high point of the intermediate competition. "Hitting her tricks to perfection," as Middleton described it, she

claimed the number two ribbon, edged out of first place by only four tenths of a point.

Larimer was judged fifth in the vault, and, although her bars routine didn't place, it was good enough to rank her as one of the state's top ten performers in that event.

The optionals performed with their usual consistency.

Displaying her characteristic precision and momentum, Riley took third in the bars with an 8.9 score. She won the fifth place medal in the all-around competition.

Orendorff didn't place, but her 7.9 beam score was a personal best, earning her a position in the state's top ten.

Perhaps the biggest let down of the all-day meet was Jackson's vault score. She was the sixth to perform out of a field of 30, and, although the crowd murmured before she went and cheered loudly afterwards, her score of 8.95 was, in the end, reduced to fifth place.

"We felt it was one of the best vaults of the year," Hey commented. "She vaulted what,

sixth? The judges were afraid to get into the nines that early."

As expected, Perry Meridian came out on top, winning their second consecutive championship. Enright won all five of the optional blue ribbons.

"They (Perry Meridian) really did well that day," Tom con-



Balanced on one hand, senior Kim Orendorff completes a quarter turn in what she refers to as "the handstand thingie." A consistent performer throughout the year, Orendorff was named, along with teammates Jackson and Riley, to the *Journal-Gazette's* All-Area gymnastics team. —John Ribar

ceded. "But," he added, "I don't mind getting beat if someone's better than me.

"We don't say 'I could have done better,' Tom continued. "That's a bunch of poppycock. If you *could* have, you *would* have. We don't have excuses on our team."

"What can I say about these kids?" Hey asked after the meet. "I'm very proud of them all. The girls did a good job. I couldn't ask any more of them. They did their best. What did we win, five medals?"

"We're not down," Hey continued. "It's been a long day, but there's no excuses at all. We did a good overall job. We learned a lot as far as experience is concerned today. We have a lot of kids coming back next year.

"We expect to be back here. I'll take third in the state anyway. And, we came very close to being second."

After countless numbers of interviews for stories throughout the season, Hey had one last comment on his team—"I hope it made 'em hunger."

—Phoebe Nault □

COURT TALK 1

*A post-season interview with tennis coach
Jim Keim, conducted by Kim Schwab.*

How did you feel about the season overall?
They (the team) did a good job—better than I expected. During the early practices in the summer, I thought if we hit .500, we'd be lucky.

With few players returning from last year's team, inexperience had to be a problem the team had to face. Were there any other problems that the team had to deal with?

Our two biggest problems were inexperience and lack of consistency. If it wasn't for those two things, we'd have won more matches.

The amount of off-season playing our guys get in affected us too. It makes it very difficult when you play guys who play year-round at racket clubs, when our guys just play during the summer.

Also, over the summer, vacations and illnesses hurt us. I didn't think we'd do as well

as we did.

But, having the ninth grade over here next year will help our program a lot. We'll be able to develop a reserve program. It will help kids start out sooner.

How does the reserve program operate now?

After the varsity, they (the reserves) get to play four sets of eight. They just played it by ear each match. It just depends on if the other team has reserves or not, if they play at all.

How was the reserve season?

They lost twice as many as they won.

I don't worry about reserve. I don't really have a team. I play everybody—that's why we lose. The most important thing about playing reserves is the learning, not the win-loss record.

How did you feel about losing to Snider



in sectionals for the second year in a row?
 I was very disappointed in that both times we could have won. With a final score of 4-1, it seems like we didn't belong on the court, but we really had a chance.

What was the high point of the season?
 A real good high point was Jay County. All the other matches were over except for one doubles, and we needed it to win. It was tied two to two and they had to go to a third set. Playing under very adverse conditions—metal nets and other things—the kids won it.

Wayne—we led that one—and North Side were good points too. We shouldn't have beat Wayne, but we did. We went straight to them. We played awfully good. We showed them what we should have done all the time. We were awfully strong against Concordia and Homestead.

How was the team skill-wise since you "shouldn't have" beaten Wayne but did?
 Overall, they were pretty good. The one thing they didn't do was take confidence onto the court. They seemed fairly loose in the beginning, but three out of the first five matches were lost 4-1.

Some kids can't take it when it gets tight. In tennis you're the only one on the court—the only one that can help you. There isn't anyone else on the team to help you out there, and that's hard to deal with.

People often hear about what type of training the football team goes through in the summer, but not too much is heard about tennis. I assume you had a summer program also. What type of training did you put the team through?

They worked four hours a day, five days a week. Two days they worked on weights. The rest of the time was spent on tennis fundamentals.

I talked to one of your tennis players who said that there were so few fans out watching you play that the players on the bench cheered for the players on the courts. Didn't this lack of fan support affect the team and its playing?

We don't worry about that. People don't want to stand out and watch us if they don't know what's going on. Not enough people understand tennis. If you can't keep score, you're just gonna be bored watching. We just don't have enough background in tennis at Northrop.

Since you don't really worry about the win-loss record of the reserve team, or if you get many fans, what would you say your philosophy towards tennis is?

The way I see it, the guys learn to play the game and improve their skills—preparing them to participate in the game of life.

Four of our losses made it to the semi-finals in the state tournament. We played some awfully tough competition. Snider ended up tied for fifth in the state.

We did our best a number of times—you can tell by the guys' reactions—and that's what it's all about.

Varsity Tennis Results

	Won 10	Lost 5
SAC Record 6-3		
Northrop	0	MARION 5
NORTHROP	0	Warsaw 2
Northrop	3	SNIDER 5
NORTHROP	3	Wayne 2
NORTHROP	3	North Side 2
NORTHROP	3	Elmhurst 2
Northrop	0	HOMESTEAD 5
NORTHROP	5	Bishop Dwenger 0
Northrop	2	HARDING 3
NORTHROP	3	Huntington 2
NORTHROP	4	Bishop Luers 1
Northrop	2	SOUTH SIDE 3
NORTHROP	3	Columbia City 2
NORTHROP	4	Concordia 1
Sectional Tournament		
NORTHROP	4	Bishop Luers 1
NORTHROP	5	Bishop Dwenger 0
Northrop	1	SNIDER 4



As he squints into the sun, varsity player Mark Germano serves in an away doubles match against North Side.

Straining to reach a backhand, senior Dale Lehman battles against an Elmhurst opponent at a mid-season home match.

COURT TALK 2

"Three and eleven," tennis coach Julie Hollingsworth sighed. "The record sort of speaks for itself. What can ya say?"

Fortunately, the scoreboard is only one aspect of the season.

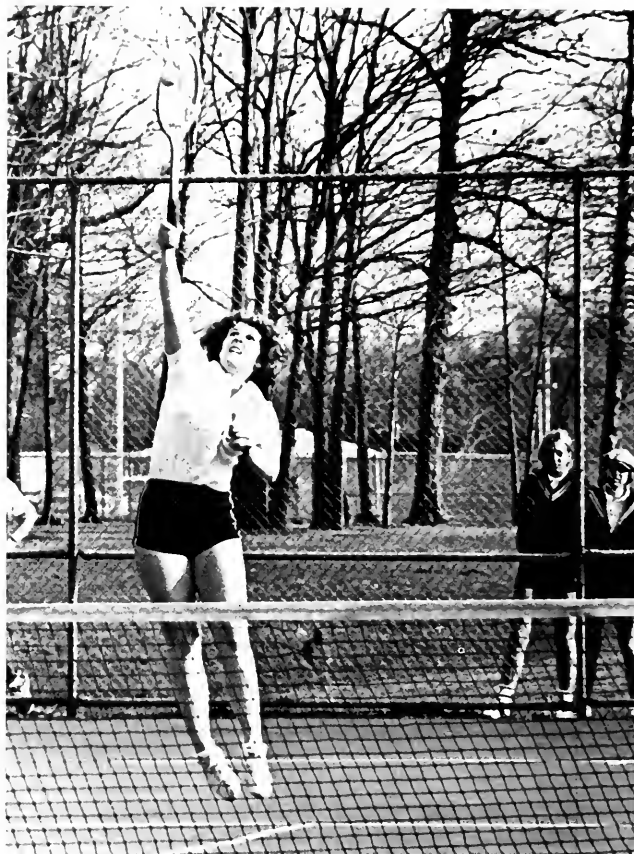
"Sure, all the losses were disappointing, but we still had a lot of fun," number one singles Jackie Puterbaugh stated.

"We've never won too much for the three years I've been here," number two singles Carolyn Martin commented. "But this was different. We had the most fun we've ever had. You *can* have fun and lose too."

One factor contributing to their poor record is having to compete against teams with players who practice year-round, putting them in practically a different league.

"We aren't to the point where some of the teams are around here," Hollingsworth explained. "Ya hafta play year-round just to step in the court with some of these players. It's just something ya hafta build up to."

"I'm not saying it wasn't a disappointment, but there was still enjoyment. And," she added brightly, "we won one more than last year."



With just one fan besides her fellow teammates watching her duel against a Bishop Luers opponent, Vicki Michels attacks with an overhead smash.

Teamed up as doubles partners, number one and two players Jackie Puterbaugh and Carolyn Martin compete together for the first time at a home match against Bishop Luers.



Tennis team: (front) Elise Kreienbrink, Mary Ann McClure, Vicki Michels, Carolyn Martin, Jackie Puterbaugh, Michele

Harris (back) Brenda Studebaker, Tanya Sester, Sue Falk, Cathy Martin, Gwen Elizondo, coach Julie Hollingsworth.

—Photos by Brenda Jones

VARSITY TENNIS RESULTS

Won 3 Lost 11

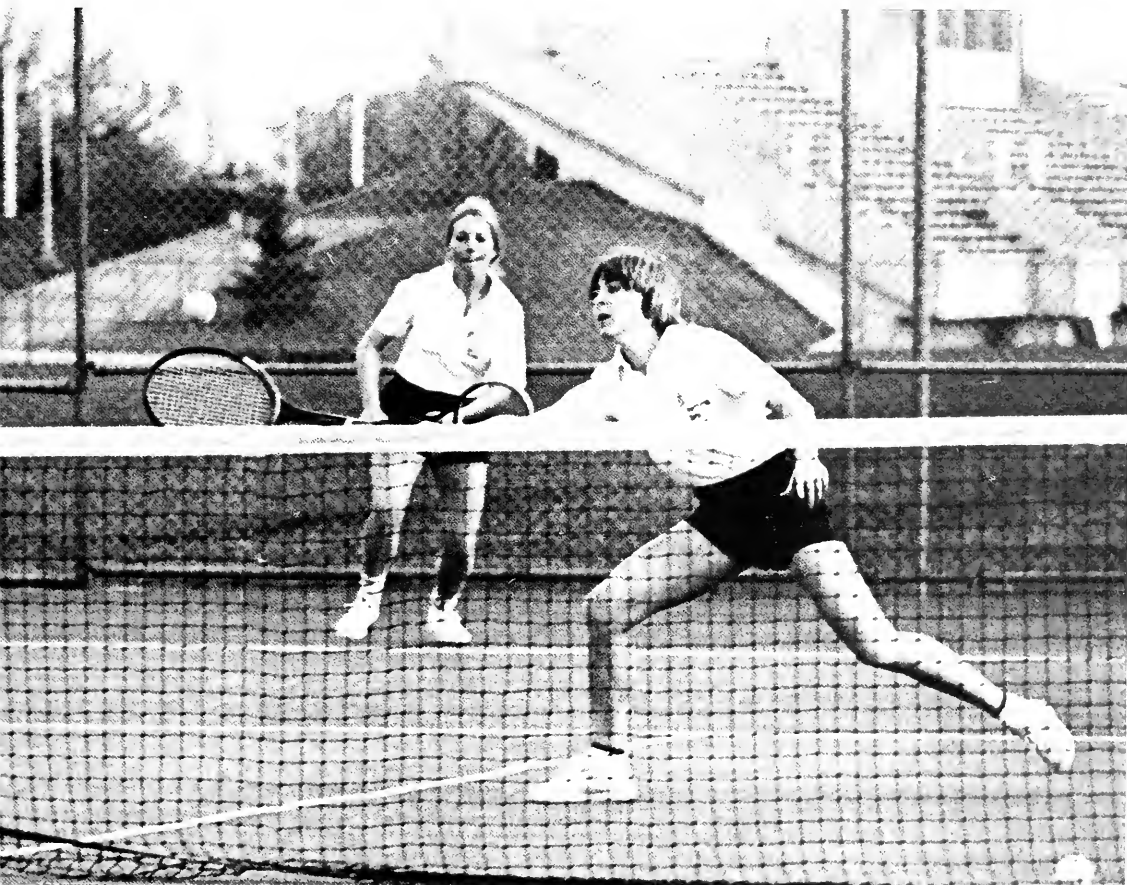
SAC Record 0-9

NORTHROP	5	DeKalb	1
Northrop	0	LUERS	7
Northrop	3	SOUTH SIDE	4
NORTHROP	5	Leo	2
Northrop	3	WAYNE	4
Northrop	2	NORTH SIDE	5
Northrop	0	HOMESTEAD	7
Northrop	0	DWENGER	7
Northrop	2	HUNTINGTON	5
Northrop	2	HARDING	4
Northrop	3	ELMHURST	4
NORTHROP	4	New Haven	3
Northrop	3	CONCORDIA	4
Northrop	3	SNIDER	4

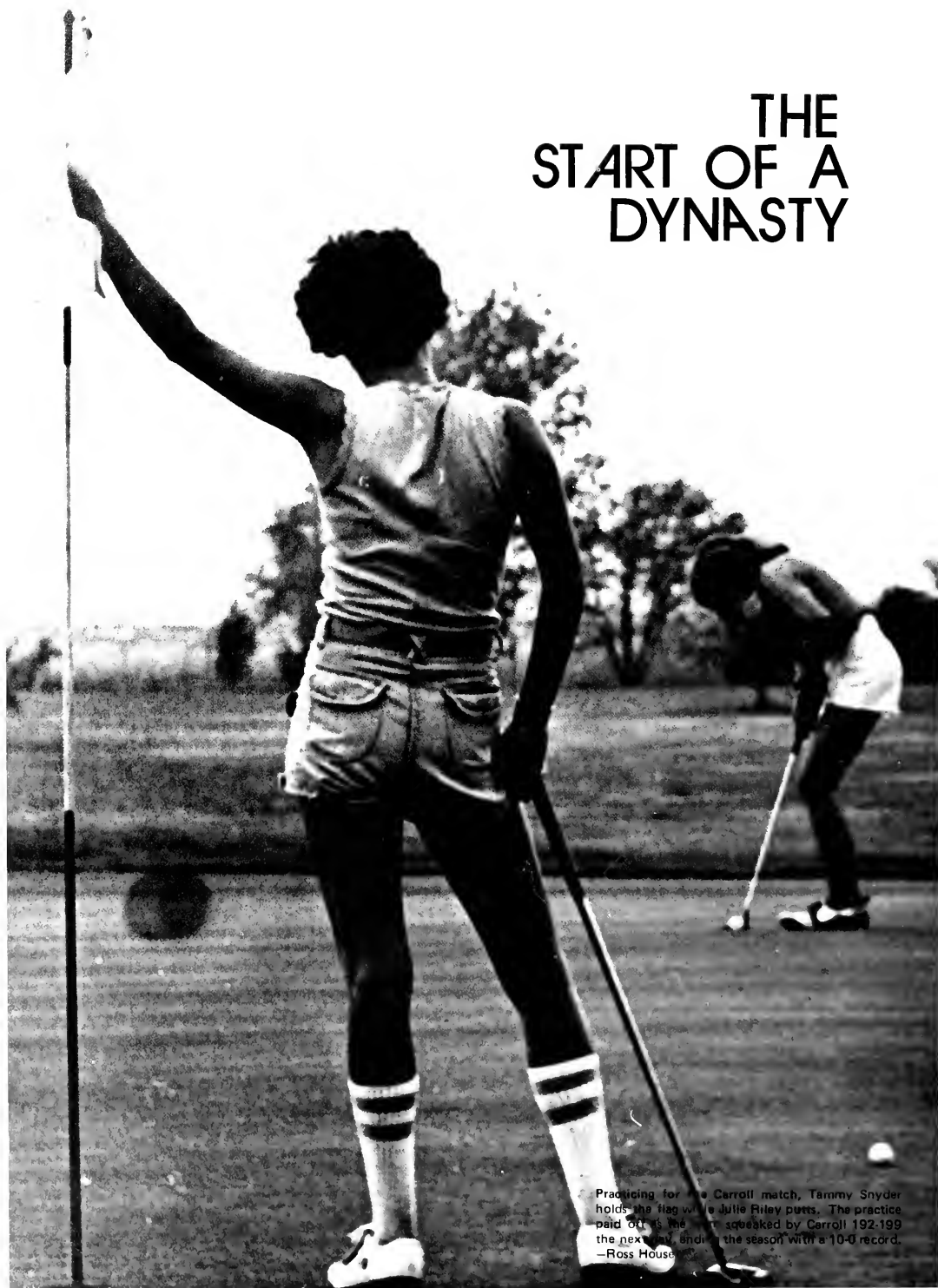
RESERVE TENNIS RESULTS

Won 9 Lost 8

Northrop	0	DEKALB	2
NORTHROP	1	LUERS	1
NORTHROP	2	South Side	0
NORTHROP	1	Leo	0
NORTHROP	3	Wayne	0
NORTHROP	1	NORTH SIDE	1
Northrop	0	HOMESTEAD	1
Northrop	0	DWENGER	3
NORTHROP	1	HUNTINGTON	1
NORTHROP	1	Harding	0
NORTHROP	1	ELMHURST	1
Northrop	0	CONCORDIA	2
NORTHROP	2	Snider	0



THE START OF A DYNASTY



Practicing for the Carroll match, Tammy Snyder holds the flag while Julie Riley putts. The practice paid off as the team squeaked by Carroll 192-199 the next day, ending the season with a 10-0 record.
—Ross House

The golf ball rolled across the green and dropped into the cup. It was junior Tammy Snyder's fifth and final stroke of the front nine holes of the girls' golf sectional. Accidentally, an opposing player marked a 52 on the official score-card for her ninth hole score, instead of marking it for Tammy's entire front nine score.

Caught up in the excitement of the tournament, Tammy signed the card, not realizing the error until after it was turned into the official scorers. The 47 extra points dropped the Northrop team from second to fifth place in sectional competition. Only the first three teams were allowed to advance to regionals. The first girls' golf season was over.

"Next year I'll have the girls bring the cards to me to look over, before signing them, and save a lot of trouble," stated coach Dave Riley about the incident. "It wasn't Tammy's fault. Anyone could have made the same mistake."

Despite the heartbreaking sectionals, the team did have an undefeated 10-0 season. "I was very happy to begin the program and have such good people to start with," Riley commented. "We're what this school needs—an undefeated team in something."

A perfect season wasn't easy to come by, however. The girls started by getting into shape during the summer with a conditioning program. This program consisted of five hours of practice every weekday, from 9:00 a.m. until 2:00 in the afternoon. "Five hours is a lot of dedication," said Riley, happy because the majority of the girls had played golf for several years. "Most of them played well already. Anyone could have coached them and went as far as we did."

Tammy Snyder didn't agree, however. "The coach made the team," she commented. "Without him, we couldn't have been as good."

Several times during the season it seemed as if an undefeated first year was an impossibility, as some tough teams faced the Northrop squad. Homestead, who took third place in the sectional, put up a tough battle in both matches played against the Bruins. The second match was almost too close as Northrop sneaked by, winning by only

four strokes. Columbia City did not play dead either, as the girls barely managed a 202-209 victory.

A reserve team made up of three girls—Mary Hare, Shelly Bull and Connie Claxton—was also successful. In their eight matches they also went undefeated, and, according to Bull, "did super!"

Chosen for this honor by the area golf coaches in the post-season, Julie Riley and Pam Riley placed on the *Journal-Gazette* All-Area team. According to Julie Riley, there were no stars this year. She summed it up like this, "We were definitely a team—no outstanding players." The girls' scores showed this as the top four players—Julie Riley, Pam Riley, Tammy Snyder and Betsy Winteregg—traded finishing positions throughout the season.

Shortly after completing his initial season without a loss, Riley looked ahead to future years, and half-seriously, half-jokingly said, "Sure, I'd like to start a dynasty. Maybe we could win them all..."

—Matt Merriman □

VARSITY GOLF RESULTS

	Won 10	Lost 0	
NORTHROP	193	Bluffton	236
NORTHROP	198	Homestead	222
NORTHROP	186	Snider	269
NORTHROP	202	Columbia City	209
NORTHROP	193	East Noble	211
NORTHROP	193	Huntington	226
NORTHROP	206	Leo	237
NORTHROP	198	Homestead	202
NORTHROP	192	Snider	243
NORTHROP	191	Carroll	199



A key senior contributor, Betsy Winteregg heads for the next hole at a practice.
—Bob Crosby



Warming up for an early-season match, Connie Claxton Mary Hare, Tammy Snyder, and Julie Riley practice

at their home golf course, Colonial Oaks. —Bob Crosby

just like kissing your sister

"Bruins end Saints' reign."

The newspaper headline following the sectional wrestling match needed little explanation. After a mediocre season, the Northrop wrestling surprised the city by overthrowing Bishop Dwenger's two year reign in sectionals.

Except for the few who watched wrestling or scanned the sports pages for microscopic match statistics, this was probably the most anyone, including me, knew about the season.

But what didn't the newspaper say? How did the wrestlers manage the upset?

Practice was the key, according to senior Greg Carey. "We practiced way more than we competed," he said. "Eventually it got to be just like a job. If you want to be good though, you hafta work at it. But practice—it's hell."

Determined to explore this little-known but essential aspect of the sport, I climbed the stairs to the wrestling deck four days before regionals, not knowing what to expect.

2:55: "Come on people," coach Mike Danley barks out to the team, "warmups!"

Rhythmic clapping resounds through the wrestling deck as the team members evenly space across the orange mats covering the floor. "Gotta get ready to go for Saturday," Danley yells.

With a command from the seniors leading the exercises, practice begins.

"Ready! 1-2-3-1, 1-2-3-2." Deep-voiced chants fill the air as the team flows through a series of arm circles, jumping jacks, push-ups and more with a practiced synchronization.

Assistant coach Bob Walleen wanders through the rows of constantly moving

bodies, shouting encouragement.

Most of the athletes work through the warm-up exercises with ease. But interspersed throughout the group some falter; they can't keep up with the rest. They are the casualties.

"It's a tough sport," Walleen said as he watched the injured wrestlers struggle through their drills. "Sometimes I almost hurt for them."

But this isn't unwarranted sympathy. The physical demands of wrestling are staggering, almost masochistic.

Wrestlers even admit it's almost impossible to go through a season without getting hurt. ("It's usually, hopefully, just little stuff . . . but you just end up being one big injury in the end," Carey explained.)

Worse yet, competition continues despite the injuries, risking possible permanent damage. "My doctor told me I was supposed to stop wrestling because I had a bruised bone," Carey said. "He thought I might get messed up permanently. But I couldn't quit. It was my last year. That's what makes wrestlers different—they keep going . . . no matter what."

Besides facing the constant threat of injury, wrestlers must impose another demand on their body unique to their sport—making weight. The object is to maintain a wrestling weight, as low as physically possible, throughout the season. The weigh-in before each match is the moment of truth.

Running in plastic sweatsuits described as "hotboxes," curtailing appetites and self-induced vomiting, (though only one wrestler interviewed admitted to using this method), all keep weight down while risking weakness and illness.

"Dropping weight and then running in



the super cold—that's how you get sick," Jonny Ray said from experience. "Then when one person gets sick, it weakens the whole team. It's never quite the same. Ya never really get well until the season ends."

Besides the physical torment of the season itself, year-round training compounds the stress placed on the body. With weight training beginning in April, camps and conditioning in the summer continuing into the fall, and matwork starting in November, wrestling is a never-ending commitment.

3:10. They finish their battery of exercises but the flow continues. The motion, the synchronization doesn't stop. Danley doesn't give it a chance to.

In a flash the deck is nearly evacuated as the wrestlers begin the agony of THE STAIRS.

"Run them hard!" Danley barks as they fly down the steps. "Run the whole circuit. Make it count."

They run fast; a consistent pace. Up and down they tear—across the basketball court, then up the ever-present stairs again. Although it seems they're all part of a constantly moving whole—like a thread is linking them—



Wrestling varsity against Harding, Lewis Poindexter wins another match, boosting his "team's best" individual record. —Bob Crosby

they each go it alone, one step at a time.

3:20. "Come on, come on, let's go!"

Danley yells. "Run hard. You've got five minutes left."

They pump their legs faster as he yells but their exhaustion is impossible to mask. The pace has slackened. Their faces are bright red as they gasp and gulp every breath.

"Come on you guys," Danley pleads.

"Let's not talk about our regional win—let's do it."

3:24. "Faster," he hollers, "you've only got one minute left so pour it on . . . just a minute to go."

The speed of fourteen long minutes ago is an unattainable goal. The wrestlers drag themselves up each step at little more than a walking pace.

"Thirty seconds left . . . twenty . . . ten . . . five . . ."

It's over.



His face showing strain as he goes for another pin, state wrestling competitor Chris Phelps battles an

opponent in a regular season match. —Bob Crosby



Wrestling is a solitary experience. "You're alone in your pain, your nervousness," one wrestler stated. "Even though you're at practice with all the other guys, you're still cut off. No one else knows what you're going through. Running the stairs can be one of the longest, loneliest things in the world."

The detachment during practice prepares the wrestler for a possibly greater alienation—facing an opponent one on one in a match.

"When you're out on the mat before a match it's a weird feeling," Chris Phelps said. "No one else can help you—not coach Danley or anyone else. You hafta go it alone. It brings you down to a primitive level."

Vijay Kharbas expanded, "You just want to kill the guy before he kills you," speaking of an opponent. "It's instinct."

Despite the seeming savagery and brutality, "wrestling is about the cleanest sport," according to Carey.

Almost contradicting himself, he added, "But ya want to make them hurt . . . everyone has a little sadist in them."

3:32. "You've gotta have a good one (practice) today," Danley tells them. "You've gotta work yourself. Every drill ya hafta do with authority."

"Reach the fiesta, gentlemen. Work hard during the week—fun comes on the weekend." A series of drills down the mats begin.

"Don't pass up any of these," Danley warns. "You're either going to celebrate or

throw in the towel on Saturday—it's all entirely up to you."

They break into pairs, flowing into another set of drills. Like kittens at play they wrestle each other—stalking, pawing, pouncing, rolling—constant motion.

"Quick as a cat," Danley reminds them. "Smooth, graceful—put 'em together . . . Gliding . . . sliding."

If you don't do it right now, you won't do it on Saturday. It's as simple as that."

Suffering from nearly every possible setback—illness, quitting, inexperience and omnipresent injuries—the team still managed to carry out a surprising season. Starting out with three straight wins, their longest streak, the wrestlers continued with a three match slump and an erratic season to follow. The unpredictable series of wins and losses tallied up to produce an overall record of 6-6 and an SAC standing of 5-4, good enough for fourth place in the conference.

Although the record doesn't appear outstanding on the surface, as one wrestler put it, "No one expected us to do as well as we did during the season—we surprised a lot of teams—so I think we really did great despite what anyone says."

The final surprise came in the sectional match as the Bruins pulled an upset, defeating Bishop Dwenger, a team that had beaten them twice during the season. Individual champions Vijay Kharbas, Jonny Ray, Greg Carey and Chris Phelps advanced to regional

competition along with runner-ups Da Kim, Dan Simpson and Jerry Harter.

At regionals, both Carey and Phelps won their matches in the preliminary and semi-final rounds which enabled them to wrestle in the finals. Each walked away a regional runner-up and proceeded to tougher competition at the semi-state level. Phelps managed to pull another second placing at semi-state, allowing him to advance to the state meet.

"Scared, nervous, but ready" was how Phelps faced the competition the following week. He struggled, but was pinned in the third and final period of the match, finishing a 19-8 overall season and a 10-2 regular season. Only the third wrestler from Northrop to advance to state competition, Phelps "did a real good job" according to Danley.

4:55. Practice is almost over. The final mat is rolled up and put away. Now the wrestlers force themselves through their final grueling ritual—wind sprints.

As the drained athletes melt into a blur of speed, Danley talks softly, with a touch of hoarseness in his voice, about the team's possibilities in regionals.

"I think we have a chance," he begins without committing himself to over-confidence. "The ones I look at as having the best chance are Vijay Kharbas, Greg Carey and Chris Phelps. Those are the guys that have been there all year. They know what it's like."



Sophomore standout Jerry Harter (above) and consistent senior Greg Carey (upper left) struggle against their opponents at a home match.

"It's really up to the individuals what we do (in regionals)," he continued. "We try to make wrestling not a team thing but an individual thing. It's the individuals that do it. It's you against him—you against the world. You hafta show who is the better man."

While looking optimistically towards regionals, Danley couldn't mask his pride in the team's sectional win the Saturday before. "It really caps off a good season," he said. "When we wrestled them head up, we beat them. This makes it. We went 6-6 in the season. That's like kissing your sister."

Expanding on his analogy, Danley explained, "When you go through a season with a young team it's hard. We lost to Dwenger during the season and I think we

could have won. I was really disappointed. If we could have won we would have had a winning season. It was that close. We've never had a losing season before.

"Ya don't get any big thrill out of kissing your sister—but still ya love your sister. It's just the same with the season. But sectionals—this makes it. Now it's sweet . . ."

5:02. A whistle blasts.

Silence.

Wind sprints are over.

Danley works his way to the center of the team. "You all worked hard tonight," he begins softly. His wrestlers cluster tightly around him, listening intently. "There's absolutely no one that works as hard as wrestlers—no one. And no one else will get the rewards.

"The hard work comes back to you in the form of success: sectionals and regionals. Regionals are coming up and ya better get ready. We can do it. But ya hafta want it."

After a few moments of quiet, Danley says, "that's it for today."

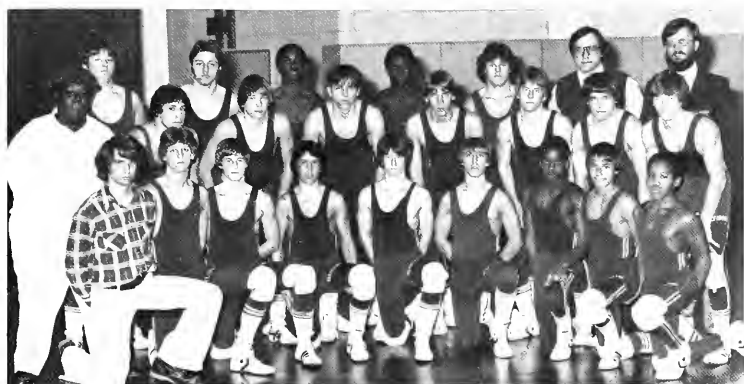
The wrestlers silently head for the stairs—dragging their exhausted bodies slowly.

One of them musters up enough energy to laugh, "We'll surprise 'em all again—won't it be funny."

A few others grin in agreement, but no one else laughs.

Hell is over for another day.

—Kim Schwab □



RESERVE WRESTLING RESULTS

Won 9 Lost 3

NORTHROP	11	Concordia	3
NORTHROP	30	North Side	28
Northrop	6	SOUTH SIDE	18
NORTHROP	41	Harding	18
NORTHROP	54	Columbia City	30
NORTHROP	43	Wayne	9
NORTHROP	26	DeKalb	18
NORTHROP	27	Elmhurst	0
NORTHROP	26	New Haven	19
Northrop	24	HUNTINGTON	38
Northrop	26	SNIDER	35
NORTHROP	42	Bishop Dwenger	28

VARSITY WRESTLING RESULTS

Won 6 Lost 6

SAC Record 4-4

NORTHROP	36	Concordia	23
NORTHROP	32	North Side	29
NORTHROP	35	South Side	30
Northrop	22	HARDING	35
Northrop	29	COLUMBIA CITY	30
Northrop	13	WAYNE	46
NORTHROP	32	DeKalb	26
NORTHROP	41	Elmhurst	16
NORTHROP	37	New Haven	31
Northrop	18	HUNTINGTON	40
Northrop	14	SNIDER	43
Northrop	32	BISHOP DWENGER	35

Bellmont Invitational

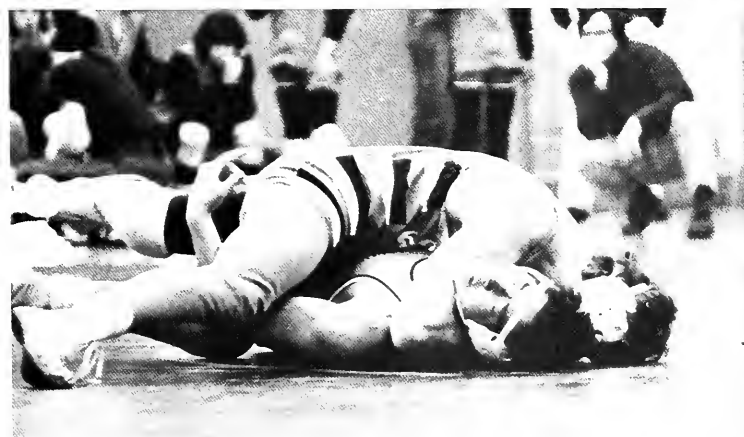
Northrop	20	BELLMONT	50
Northrop	31	PORTAGE	32
Northrop	31	BISHOP DWENGER	35

Sectionals (4th out of 4)

Regionals (4th out of 16)

Varsity wrestlers (top) and reserve wrestlers (middle).

Too close for comfort. Junior Da Kim is overcome by his opponent and the countdown for a pin begins.



THE END OF 'SHIRTS VS SKINS'



When warm weather arrives, sophomore P.E. classes head for the softball diamonds. All co-ed classes created some competition between males and females, in addition to the team competition. —Brenda Jones

Often overshadowed by their female counterparts, several male gymnasts work out in near obscurity during their class period on two pieces of apparatus used strictly by males—the horizontal bar and the parallel bars. —Brenda Jones





Low and a little to the inside, the pitch arched toward the batter. He held on, hesitating . . . until his final fateful decision. He swung, missing wildly, the force sending him corkscrewing across the plate.

"Strike three. You're out!" barked the umpire.

He dropped the bat listlessly and sulked over to his teammates. His male ego had taken a blow—the pitcher was female, and he was her second strike-out in a row.

It was the gym class version of the classic duel: pitcher vs. batter, with a few modifications. Just as in earning the unavoidable credit in sophomore gym classes, the softball game became a co-ed endeavor for the first year at Northrop.

The inevitable merger of male and female P.E. classes prompted differing opinions among teachers and a noncommittal attitude among students.

"The guys can see where the girls are coming from," P.E. teacher Deb Hockemeyer said, while discussing her views on

the co-ed program.

"There *is* controversy when the guys try to be 'macho men,'" she elaborated, "but it's great to see them help the girls. At times, a girl may beat a guy in racquetball or in a race, and then the guys appreciate the girls a little more."

Head of the P.E. department, Mr. Tom Tom pointed out the challenge of teaching co-ed classes. "Sometimes it's good," he began, "but both guys and girls have different skill levels, and it tends to be very difficult to teach at times." Positively, he added, "They do communicate well with each other."

Although no students interviewed actively disliked co-ed classes, few opinions went beyond a simple "it was all right." Seemingly a more subtle change, allowing girls to wear the Northrop P.E. uniform, which consists of brown shorts and a reversible brown and orange t-shirt, prompted much more response—virtually all positive. One girl summed up the feelings of many of her female classmates

Miss Deb Hockemeyer instructs a first semester sophomore gym class in the forehand.

when she said, "Thank God, I'll never have to wear that nasty old blue thing ever again," (referring to the old girls uniform).

Although sophomore gym class is inescapable by those physically capable, the P.E. program doesn't stop at the tenth grade level. Advanced level electives within the department allow juniors and seniors to continue participating in a wide variety of sports, including ice skating, swimming and bowling—options unavailable to sophomores.

Despite the diversity of the department, both students and teachers alike see a need for new course offerings in specific sports. Presently, this is only possible in gymnastics and body building. As Hockemeyer stated, "If you would like to take a year of one certain sport, I feel that you should have that option . . . P.E. may be the only exercise a student may get in a day."

—Kim Schwab □

The old cliché, "a tough act to follow," proved true this year in marching band competition. After taking fourth in the state in 1977, band members were confronted with mixed emotions upon being judged . . .

NUMBER



Guiding the band both on the field and off, drum major Brian Atkins leads cheers at the Homecoming football game. —Julia Shaffer



Playing the essential role of keeping the band "on time," the percussion section is featured as a part of the marching routine. —Marc Straub



In a jumble of uniform-clad bodies, the band heads to the field for a half-time show, trading center-stage with the football team. —Bob Crosby

7...



With a late afternoon sun angling through the trees, marching band members cluster together after one of many after school practices. —Marc Straub

The on-again-off-again rain nagged the marchers again. As a fine drizzle set in, two hours of goosling in the gloop of a makeshift practice field were over.

After a week filled with extra rehearsal hours capped off by this session beginning at eight Saturday morning, the marching band's preparation for the NISBOVA contest was nearly complete. Only psyching up remained.

In the center of the field, the marchers clustered tightly around director Barry Ashton. Hoarsely, with the aid of a megaphone, he started "hyping" them.

"There's never been a time when I've wanted a first division placing more," he began. "But remember, you're not out here to beat North Side or Snider, you're not even out here to win, you're out here to do your best."

"You see, I care a lot because I lose bad," he continued, gaining momentum and intensity. "I don't like to lose. People thought we were going to be losers. We heard all year from teachers and everyone that the band is down and young and sloppy . . . Well, I'll tell ya," he roared. "Anyone that says our band is down and young and sloppy is wrong!"

Calmer now he added, "All I want on your part is only trying to make what you do the best—the best it's ever been. And I know you can do it."

"Who's number one?" he barked.

"We are!" came the inevitable reply from the band, amid cheers and thunderous drumbeats.

But the time for talking was over. The time for proof had come.

The band was expected to get a first division placing, and, in turn, do well in state competition. It didn't matter what odds were faced—that's just the way it was at Northrop.

Only five months before, "this same band," according to ignorant watchers, won the sweepstakes award at a national marching contest at Daytona Beach, Florida. Meanwhile, seniors graduated and ninety inexperienced marchers filled their ranks. Sophomores outnumbered the present seniors three to one.

Despite this, throughout the season, the same national award-winning caliber of play and marching was expected out of the 1978-79 band—at least.

If it was up to practice alone, the two bands would be identical. The cycle of summer band, marching practice, parades, and more practice followed its yearly pattern. But both seasons deviated from routine.

A few weeks into their season, the 1978-79 band came out on top in the Three Rivers Festival band competition, earning five hundred dollars in the process. In addition to halftime marching, they performed as a feature band at East Noble High School, and were filmed for a musical instrument company's advertising. For the first year, the

band spent the night before state competition on Plainfield High School's gym floor, after performing there during one of Plainfield's football games.

But the subtle differences in the seasons or the new members didn't matter to the fans. They were good. Period. Performing last out of twenty-five bands in a full Spuller Stadium, they proved it at NISBOVA, earning the expected first division. Could they at state?

The bands had done their part; the performing was over. Now the entire state class A division competition boiled down to the subjective view of a panel of judges. In minutes the honorable mention bands were listed, Northrop excluded. For the third year in a row, the band was in the top seven—the question was where.

Silence hung over the Terre Haute stadium as more than 200 band members sat on the edge of their seats. The announcer skillfully paused, building the suspense. "And the seventh place trophy goes to . . .

"Northrop."

Bruin band parents clapped politely, without their usual enthusiasm. Marchers sat silently in the stands.

The listing of the final seven was completed. Special awards followed. Brian Aikens, Jack Buck, Jamel Weatherspoon and Glenn Staller stepped forward to receive the top field director award, but this too prompted surprisingly little response out of the band.

"We got seventh and everybody just stood there," Paula Clifford stated in disbelief.

Another senior, Debbie Nichols, commented, "I was in shock . . . But I felt we had to accept it (seventh place). I think you can be good without being judged good."

It would be hard to say that placing seventh out of all the top division bands in the state is anything but "good." And, according to Ashton and most marchers and fans, the band did the best show of the year.

"If we got seventh last year, everyone would have jumped up and screamed," explained Kevin Cook. "But since we got fourth last year, everyone just expected to do better."

—Kim Schwab □



Sabre corps: (standing) Terry Grant, Kelley Richardson, Suzette Reed (kneeling) Linda Fiore.

ON THE BUS

I am surrounded, trapped in on all sides. Cold steel bus walls prevent my escape . . . from a chorus of 50 cloned voices singing *I Want to Kiss You All Over* at the top of their lungs.

An amazing scene. But the bus lurches on down the highway, everything within pulsating to the incessant beat of the "music."

This can't be reality.

My eyes and ears feebly try to block out what my brain cannot; the facts are undeniable. I, *Bear Tracks* reporter Kim Schwab, being of questionably sound mind and body, am enroute to the state marching band contest aboard the POM PON BUS.

With my brain overflowing with stereotypes, I strain to be objective. Will the widely circulating myths about this group be dispelled . . . or strengthened?



The scratchy radio accompaniment finally stops but the girls don't—it seems they never will. They're so hyper, how will they have the energy to do tonight's show at Plainfield? What are they running on?

Sugar!

The trip is one continuous munch. Birthday cake, taffy, pop, cookies, licorice, M&M's, Twinkies . . . all slide into their stomachs.

But the sucrose high wears off . . . eventually.

Sophomores sing on, softly

now. In the back, the seniors give way to silence, then sleep.

"There's only one and a half hours left," a voice booms through the bus. Naptime is over; preparation begins.

As the girls get dressed for the performance, their energy level as well as their noise level kicks up again.

THE BUS evolves into a dressing room. Jeans and shirts give way to replacements—panty hose, briefs and uniforms.

All too soon, the inevitable moment arrives. (At least I was forewarned. Each of them is armed and dangerous with at least five cans of hairspray I was told.) One can appears . . . then another and another. Nearly everyone is depressing the innocent-looking buttons atop the metal containers, releasing a dense fog of eye-plastering goo into the enclosed atmosphere.

When the haze lifts, last minute preening becomes visible—touching up make-up, tugging at hose, and "just one more squirt" of hairspray. They're ready.



Silent and serious—as if they're a totally different group of girls—they stand stock still, in formation with the rest of the band on Plainfield's football field.

With a cue from the drum majors, the music blares behind them and the corps begins a complex synchronization of dance steps, ges-

tures and kicks, centerstage.

Amazingly enough, after the exhausting bus ride, the high energy routine is performed to near perfection.

The crowd watches them silently, mesmerized by the motion, the sound. As the traditional kickline begins, a Plainfield marcher whispers, impressed, "They're so good, good . . . they all even point their toes—together."



"You actually rode down to Terre Haute and back on

The motion intentionally blurred by a slow shutter speed, the pom pon squad performs a mid-show "riffle" for a receptive half-time crowd at Plainfield High School. After the performance, band members headed to a restaurant for dinner, and then to Plainfield's gym floor for a short sleep before the state contest. The following morning, director Barry Ashton had the band up and marching by 6:00 a.m. in preparation for the stiff competition they would face.

Zzz'd out on a school bus seat, senior pom pon girl Mary Zuber naps during the ride to Indiana State University in Terre Haute, where the state marching contest was held. Exhausted from the tiring ride the day before, several pom pons tried to rest enroute to the contest. As the convoy of Northrop buses approached the ISU stadium, however, sleeping gave way to rowdy demonstrations of spirit.

the pom pon bus?" a friend of mine exclaimed after the trip.

"You must have a few screws loose."

"But it wasn't that bad," I protested. How could I explain? The singing with the radio, the rowdiness, the sugar munch, the hairspray—it all seemed so necessary to the pom pon existence, as much as donning a uniform and performing for the crowd. And if it takes all this to produce a perfect kickline, so be it.

—Story and photos by Kim Schwab □





Supplementing rehearsal with the entire marching band, the flag corps works on an unperfected routine at an early September practice.
—Gregg Householder



Rifle corps: Terri Hopper, Molly Hoffman, Mary Purcell, Noreen Dittich, Lisa Tucker, Michele Harris, Joan Cushing, Melodie Bernardin, Laura Todd.



Flag corps: (front) Dawne Slater, Sue Pettit, Valerie Gilbert, Kim Campbell, Diane Fisher, Kay Bacon, Gloria Crewe, Debbie Boyer, Dawn Beghtel, Laura Janiszewski (back) Rhonda Jacquay, Donna Clifford, Lee Schubert, Linda Murphy, Paula Clifford, Deb Nichols, Lisa Carey, Julie Herr, Dawn Klevinger, Lori Holocher, Patty Jontz, Dottie Noehren.

Confronted with the problems of inexperience, disunity, and following an SAC championship team, the 1978 football squad had a hard time living up to their nickname:

ORANGE CRUSH

The 1977 championship season was long gone. With it went the theme from "Rocky," smashed zucchinis, and all but three regular players. In June of 1978, the varsity football team resumed practice; with the memory of the precious SAC triumph still fresh in the minds of many, the Bruins faced a long season of rebuilding.

"From last year's championship team," commented head coach Buzz Doerffler, "we only had three kids that had played from before—that's a lot of inexperience!"

According to senior defensive back Paul Goodland, it was this "inexperience" that caused the Bruins to lose their first five games. Both Goodland and junior defensive end Tom Murphy felt that the team "could have won the first games."

Doerffler, although admitting that the Bruins' opening schedule was the "hardest start any team in town had," agreed; "we were within whiskers of winning a couple of our first five games."

Some players also blamed the team's losses on bad breaks. "Nothing went our way," Murphy declared. "We just couldn't get it together . . ." "We got a lot of bad breaks," agreed senior defensive tackle Dave Ivy. "That sure didn't help us all year."

Others felt the attitude of the team also influenced its performance.

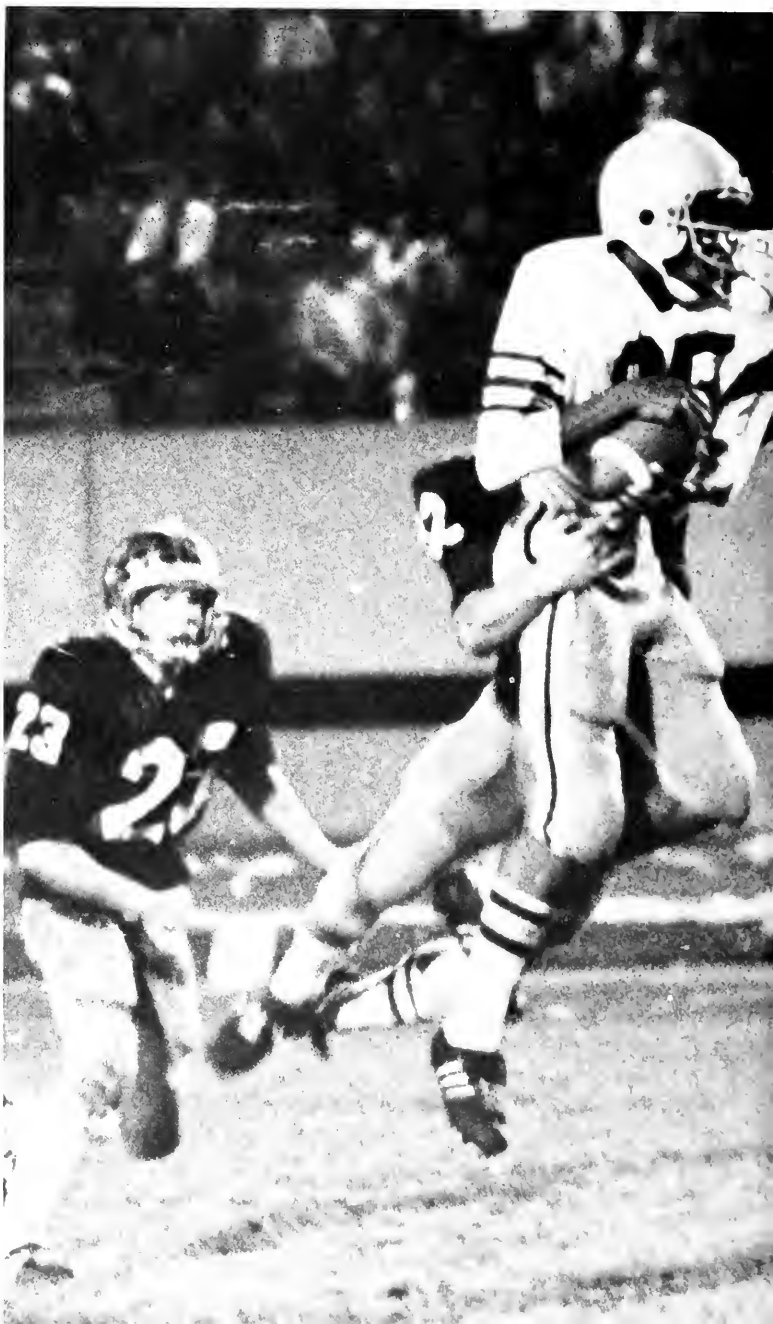
"You wonder why we lost?" one senior asked. "It's because no one cared . . . They were just waiting for next year when they can have a good team." Murphy also remarked that "it was the worst team attitude."

Both Goodland and senior offensive tackle Chris Phelps felt differently. "There were no problems with attitude," claimed Goodland. Phelps also believed that "the general attitude of the team was fine. There was good repore between the players and the coaches."

Doerffler felt it was a problem getting the team members to work as a unit. "There were no senior leaders," he explained. "I can lead in the locker room, but out on the field someone else has got to lead. There were no senior leaders to pull the team together."

"We were under a lot of pressure," commented Ivy. "Everyone expected us to be good since last year we were. We just didn't have the talent . . ."

"There were particular moments on the gridiron we don't want to remember," stated Phelps. "There were good moments too," he added, "like beating Snider."





The victory over Snider was the Bruins' second. The previous week, they had romped over Huntington North; as Doerffler put it, "things just came to a head."

Going into the Northrop-Snider game, the Bruins' win-loss record was 1-5. Snider's, on the other hand, was 5-1. The Panthers were celebrating their homecoming, and protecting their top north division ranking.

All things considered, the match should have been no contest for Snider. Even Doerffler admitted that "we shouldn't have won that (game)."

So how did the Bruins do it? According to some players, the defense won it. They "made breaks for the offense, put them in easy scoring positions."

For others, it was a matter of psychology. "We have no problem getting ready for Snider . . . any year," claimed Doerffler.

"Snider is the rival," declared Phelps. "You want to beat them . . ."

Ivy felt it was difficult to get psyched up for the game. "It was damn hard to get up," he said. "We did for Snider because we had to beat them."

Goodland agreed that getting in the right mental attitude was hard. "We weren't fired up until just before the game," he said. "But when it started, we were ready to play."

The Bruins, after falling to state runner-up Bishop Dwenger, ended their season with an upset over Concordia. This final victory made the season record 3-7. All three victories were obtained in the latter half of the season.

"That's indicative of a young ball team," explained Doerffler. He believed that if the football season was longer, the team would have continued to win.

"We were starting to jell," Goodland agreed. "If we had ten more games, we could've come out on top."

Unfortunately, there were no more games for the Bruins; inexperience and bad breaks left the team with the worst football record in Northrop history. cont.

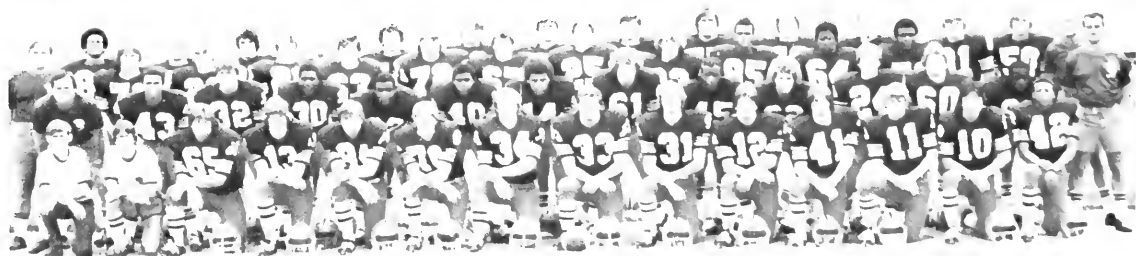
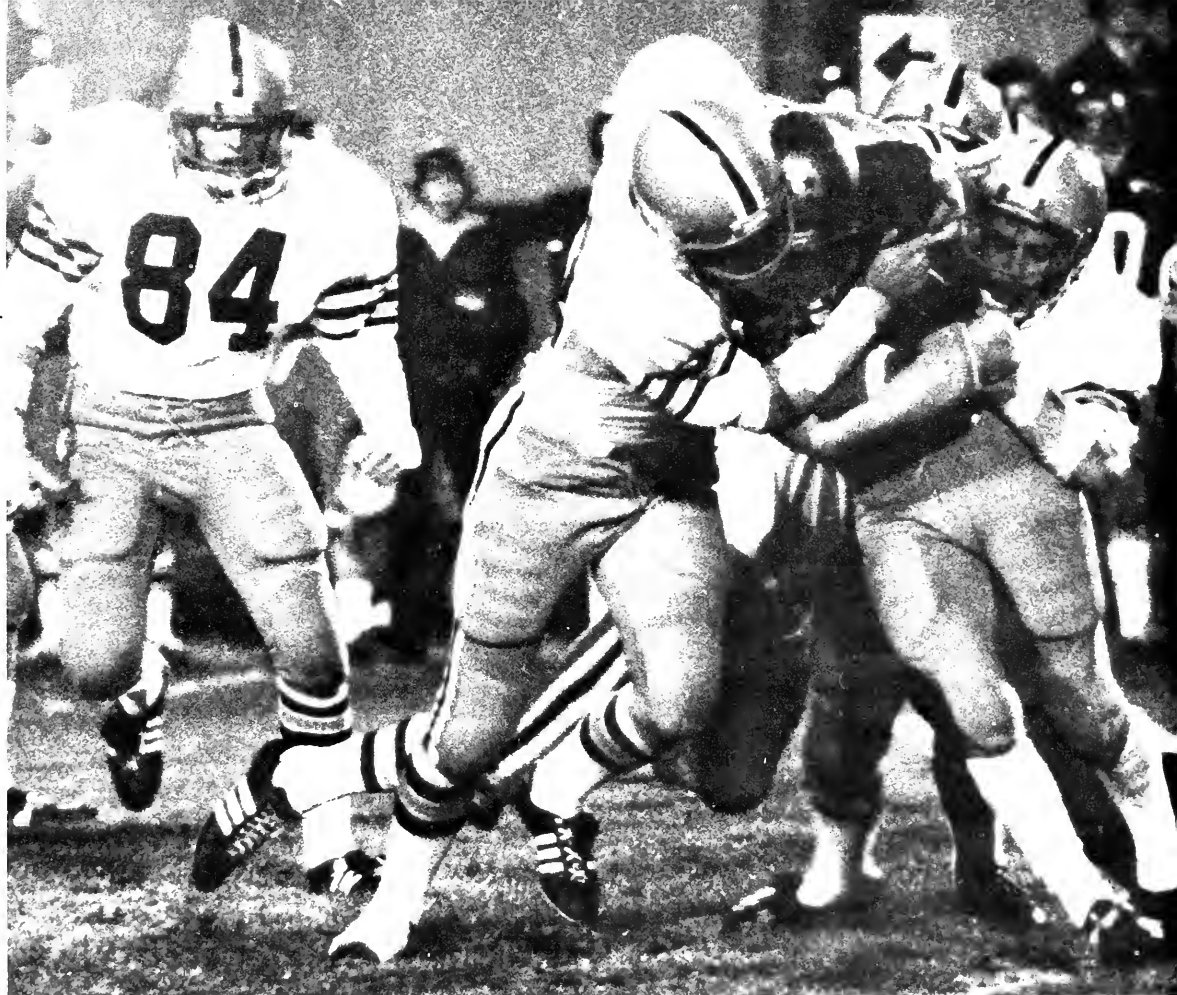
VARSITY FOOTBALL RESULTS

	Won 3	Lost 6	
	SAC Record 2-4		
Northrop	14	ELKHART MEMORIAL	21
Northrop	0	RICHMOND	17
Northrop	0	SOUTH SIDE	14
Northrop	0	ELMHURST	8
Northrop	0	NORTH SIDE	14
NORTHROP	42	Huntington North	7
NORTHROP	14	Snider	10
Northrop	3	BISHOP DWENGER	26
NORTHROP	34	Concordia	0



Leaping into the air to grab a pass, offensive end Oliver Jackson is hit from behind by a Bishop Dwenger Saint. —Brenda Jones

After a Northrop kickoff, defensive tackle Dave Ivy, followed closely by several teammates, stops a ball-carrier from Elmhurst. —Brenda Jones



Varsity football team: (front row) mgr. Chris Oglesby, mgr. Jeff Fuller, Bruce Murdock, Brian Thornson, Doug Stellhorn, Dan Isaacs, Mike Rautenkranz, Doug Bull, Bruce Chivington, Chris Gosney, Dave Knerr, Bob Scheele, Da Kim, Gary Hamilton (second row) asst. coach Mike Danley, Russ Trigg, Rick Bull, Ernie Byers, Lamont Roberts, Derek Hardy, Burton Smith, Chris Lerch, Jeff Winborn, Larry Jefferies, Doug Stevens, Don Poling, Jon Ray, head coach Buzz

Doerfler (third row) asst. coach Dick Bullerman, Kevin Bollman, Chris Hupp, Todd Huston, Greg Schwartz, Ryan Leitch, Lane Doster, Paul Goodland, Shawn Kem, Oliver Jackson, Chris Alford, Daryl Weatherspoon, asst. coach Howie Schneider (back row) Teddy Dunbar, Randy Poiry, Brian Glass, Dan Simpson, Dave Ivy, Rusty Martinjako, Nate Evans, Ed Smerciak, Chris Phelps, Jim Brineman, Eric Renbarger, Chris Yoder, Dave Porter.

"It's like a bad hangover," said junior defensive back Brian Thornson, comparing the 1978 season to that of the previous year. Phelps, however, believed that "every season is a success—it's just the way you look at it. I enjoyed working out, building teamwork," he said. "I spent a while with a great group of guys. (The season) helped me . . . in being able to take defeat."

Even though we didn't win," said Ivy, "we had a helluva time. I mean, friendship, teamwork, experience—I guess that's what athletics is all about."

"It's hard to accept," stated Doerffler, as he looked back on the 1978 season. "I know how hard they work, and they know how hard they work. When you go out on Friday night and get your head beat in, it's hard to accept."

"Our kids played as hard as humanly possible. But, some have to win, some have to lose," he added. "If you're washed up, get out. If you can't take it, get out."

"Success—it's not the record, it's not that 3-7 record. It's what's inside yourself. That's the real win-loss record—inside the kid . . ."

—Jill Harris



During their last home game, four Bruins, including Brian Thornson and senior Bob Scheele wrestle a Dwenger Saint to the ground. Junior Doug Stelhorn looks on. —Brenda Jones

Head coach Buzz Doerffler, assistant Howie Schneider and manager Jed Freels watch intently from the sidelines as Northrop and Snider clash downfield. —Marc Straub

After dropping back for a pass, quarterback Da Kim (10) falls under an onslaught of Snider Panthers. Offensive end Brian Glass (80) moves in on the action. —Marc Straub



RESERVE FOOTBALL RESULTS

	Won 5	Lost 2	
Northrop	6	SNIDER	12
NORTHROP	12	Elmhurst	0
NORTHROP	7	South Side	6
NORTHROP	7	North Side	0
Northrop	6	WAYNE	23
NORTHROP	13	Harding	6
NORTHROP	24	Dwenger	6

JUST CAME

The odds were against it from the beginning.

Temperatures soared uncomfortably into the nineties. The confusion of beginning a new school year lingered on. Indifferent student attitudes prevailed. Mr. Brown's September 18 announcement predicting "a great spirited celebration of homecoming '78" seemed pure fantasy.

It was just too early.

In just the second full week of school, students weren't, as one senior put it, "into the idea of school yet—let alone homecoming."

This wasn't without reason. For the first time in Northrop history, the tradition of celebrating homecoming in October was broken. Although no official reason was given, rumor had it that the scheduling was planned to prevent playing against *the* football rival, Bishop Dwenger, in the homecoming game. Two years before, the Northrop-Dwenger matchup at homecoming prompted a rash of inter-school hostilities and vandalism; something neither the administration nor the students forgot.

cont.



Caught up in the emotion of being crowned homecoming queen, Kathy Kramer is congratulated by 1978 graduate Ann Gentilucci. "Shocked" was the word Kathy felt described her feelings. —J.P. Sweeney



Captured by a timed exposure, hundreds of orange balloons form streaks against the sky. Released just before the homecoming game, the balloons were purchased by the student council. —Shannon Johnson

Flying through the air, senior Doug Stellinghorn attempts to block a North Side extra-point kick late in the third quarter of the homecoming game. Despite his efforts, the Redskins scored—again. —Marc Straub



TOO EARLY



JUST CAME TOO EARLY

Whatever the reason for the schedule change, the week began with frequent comments of "it just doesn't *feel* like homecoming yet." A low-key sale of lollipops by the cheerleaders on Monday, "lick 'em day," started the spirit week activities. Splashes of orange and brown appeared around the school as hall decorations haphazardly began.

Summertime temperatures cooled student involvement the following day, "dress-up day." As senior Neil Herrberg defensively said, wearing faded Levi's and a t-shirt, "I would have dressed up . . . But you'd hafta be nuts to wear a suit in this heat. Just 'cause I didn't dress up, though, doesn't mean I don't have spirit. I just didn't feel like showing it."

Despite sophomore complaints of not enough practice time, the Tuesday afternoon powderpuff game decided who would play the undefeated seniors for the championship. A year's experience paid off as the juniors shut out the sophomores 19 to 0.

As the week wore on, a few more decorations were added to the halls, including, strangely enough, strands of pink and baby blue crepe paper. The few decorations that did make it up were in jeopardy though, as late in the week a combination of ripping and tearing ruined virtually all of the displays.

Along with hall decorating, "hat and sock day" had sporadic participation. Many more students seemed influenced by the summer box-office success *Grease* as they donned 1950's fashions on Thursday, the traditional fifties day renamed "Grease Day" for 1978.

Turnout for the powderpuff championship and the bonfire held afterwards was surprisingly high considering rain dampened the evening from the fourth quarter of the football game, (see sidebar for details of the game). With the rain came cooler temperatures, and, what was hoped for—crisp fall weather for the Friday night game.

Despite the negative aspects of the premature homecoming, the early scheduling had its good points also. Since it came so early, the homecoming pep session was the first of the year.

The sophomore class sparked high spirits initially, during the roll call cheer.

They were determined to make history and win the competition in their first attempt. All week long the sound of cheers and the school song could be heard from the basic skills classrooms as instructors Mr. Tom Lindenberg and Mr. Ron Barnes coached the sophomores for the pep session. Their practice gave them a great start, but it was the seniors who made Bruin history by winning their first yelling contest while at Northrop.

A faculty skit and an inter-class competition highlighted the pep session deemed by several teachers as "the best since the '74 basketball tourney."

The outburst of spirit at the pep session didn't seem to carry over into the evening, however, as the crowd that filled the stands was quiet and unemotional when the football team took on the North Side Redskins.

Support for the team was minimal. After two straight losses, the football players hadn't gained the fans confidence with their promises to win. "There isn't much spirit this year because of the team," one junior explained during the second quarter. "The fact is, the team isn't as good (as last year) and everyone knows it. That's why no one gets into it."

The 14-0 shutout by the Redskins while the crowd apathetically watched seemed to confirm this belief.

With the game labeled as a "bore" and even a "disaster," the halftime marching band performance, the crowning of Kathy Kramer as homecoming queen, and the dance were judged by many to be the high points of the evening.

As fickle as it sounds, (on the fans' part), varsity football player Paul Goodland's statement, "It was a good week. If we would have won the game everyone would have said it was a *great* week" seemed true. "Spiritless" and "boring" were nearly the only adjectives to describe the week after the game.

"Homecoming should be in the middle of October," senior Cathy Mueller said, echoing the feelings of many. "That's why the football team wasn't ready, why everyone wasn't ready. That's why nothing really happened this year—no one was ambitious enough yet."

—Kim Schwab □

Despite its name, the 1978 girls' flag football playoff was not just for "powderpuffs." As sophomore coach Dean Ehle commented:

"Tonight was the most fun I've had all year," declared senior defensive guard Laura Claypool. She thirstily gulped cold cider as those streaming past paused to say "nice game." The championship trophy glinted in the orange light of the bonfire as the senior powderpuff team mingled, a bit wearily, with the rest of the crowd.

"We did it—we really did it!" was the most frequently heard comment among the players.

In what was "the best powderpuff game that has ever been played at Northrop,"



"EVERYBODY WAS GIVING THEIR ALL"

according to coach Eric Beebe, the class of '79 made powderpuff history. By winning the 1978-79 championship, the seniors extended their record to a perfect 5 wins and 0 losses. The class of '79 became the first Northrop powderpuff team to go undefeated and to win the championship three years in a row.

Practice for the seniors began within the first week of school. Returning to their practice field on Northrop's front lawn was a well-seasoned group. Almost all of the girls were two or three year powderpuff

veterans. Coaches Ken Farlow and John Workman had also been previously involved with flag football. An important newcomer to the team was Mr. Eric Beebe, who, according to running back Gail Jurczewsky, was a "tremendous help." Mr. Beebe had coached other teams in the past, but had never led one of them to the three year championship. He was close to his goal with the class of '77; however, he didn't quite make it. When, as sophomores, the class of '79 defeated the tough two-year championship team in the final game.

from the ten yard line. Hoarse shouts and tightly-clenched fists were seen on both sidelines as the seniors suddenly found themselves in a dangerous situation—they had received a penalty for illegal procedure. The ten yards were soon gained back, however, by a pass from quarterback Colleen McClurg to right end Lori Prince. Two plays later, the senior bench erupted in cheers as McClurg again connected with Prince—this time for a touchdown.

The task of protecting their six point lead now rested on the shoulders of the defensive



Powderpuff football champions: (front row) Joan Hagen, Kathy Nowell, Linda Haley, Gail Jurczewsky, Lori Prince, Peggy Link, Colleen McClurg, Janet Loechner (second row) Bonita Hairston, Sue Falk, Megan Beyler, Darlene Fawcett, Lisa Brun-

son, Jill Harris, Lisa Cahill, Ann Klopfenstein, coach Ken Farlow, Scott Stephe (third row) coach John Workman, Michelle Moore, Jackie Puterbaugh, Sue Burton, Laura Claypool, Wendy Wagner, Beth Keelan. —Marc Straub

"Keyed-up and confident," as Michelle Moore put it, the seniors assembled on the field of Spuller Stadium for the championship game. Awaiting them were the juniors, who had soundly defeated the sophomores two days earlier.

Under a cloudy sky, the juniors and seniors struggled in what sophomore coach Dean Ehle saw as a "very tough defensive battle." Despite the efforts of both offensive units, the teams remained in a frustrating deadlock the entire game. As a steady drizzle set in, overtime was declared.

The seniors received the ball first, and were given four downs to score, starting

Heaving a long bomb, senior quarterback Colleen McClurg throws the football downfield in the championship powderpuff game as running back Beth Keelan moves into blocking position.

—Bob Stadelmeier

unit. This was not to be an easy undertaking. As Ehle commented, "Everybody was giving their all."

Four times the juniors rushed the senior line; four times they were "tackled" before reaching the goal line. After the last down, there was a frenzied rush onto the field, ending in a jumbled pile-up of both senior players and coaches.

The "most valuable players" were soon announced: senior running back Gail Jurczewsky received the MVP offensive award, and junior running back Anita Jackson got the MVP defensive award.

"I was really relieved when we won," commented Farlow, "it was close!" Relief and excitement rolled across the seniors as they made their way to the bonfire, also perhaps regret at having played their last powderpuff football game. —Jill Harris □

JUST CAME TOO EARLY



Entering to the blare of "We are the Champions," the football season's theme song, members of the team stream across the gym floor at the homecoming pep session. —Marc Straub

Orange crushed. With time running out in the fourth quarter and North Side leading 14-0, junior end Doug Stellhorn rests on an "orange crush" sign made by the cheerleaders. —J.P. Sweeney



SOME ALUMNI'S VIEWS ON

COMING HOME

With more than two minutes to go in the first half of the game, business was already booming at the concession stand. People either bored with the game or just wanting to talk crammed into the small space behind the stadium, forming a confused, noisy mob.

But on the fringe of the crowd, '77 grad Mary Mertz stood quietly—searching—scanning the crowd for a familiar face. "I don't recognize anyone here," she said disappointedly. "No one came back. I came all the way back from school for this? I thought it was supposed to be Homecoming."

She wasn't alone in her disappointment.

What was supposed to be an annual celebration for returning alumni, Homecoming left past graduates virtually out of the picture. Despite the fact that it was only Northrop's eighth Homecoming and couldn't begin to rival the fervor of

North Side's 50th anniversary celebration, little emphasis was placed on the returning alumni at all. For the few who did come back, their only greeting was a stadium filled with unfamiliar faces.

1978 grad Val Adamson echoed Mertz's feeling. "I don't see hardly anyone I know and I just graduated last year," she said. "I thought it'd be really exciting to come back; but..."

Even Carolyn Ferraro, the '77 Homecoming queen seemed to be caught up in the malaise affecting the event when she said, "It's boring."

Despite the common feeling of the returning alumni being one of disappointment, there were some exceptions. "It's a really neat experience—coming back, seeing the band," 1977 drum major Mark Sumney said enthusiastically. "I've never seen them perform before."

Sharing Sumney's enthusiasm,

Angie Wichern said, "It's neat! It's the first time I've been back and it's just neat."

Inevitably, the ex-football players, having dredged up their letter jackets just for the occasion, managed to find each other. They huddled together, exchanging stories about the best football games they ever played. Eventually, the talk turned to the present football season.

"I heard they haven't won yet," one of them said with disdain. "How can they expect to without our class?"

"Heck, I should be out there playing," another added.

As he said this, a senior passing by recognized him as a one-time football star and asked, "what're you doing here?"

"What do you mean what am I doing here?" the ex-player said, truthfully but ironically, "that's what Homecoming is for."

—Kim Schwab ☐



Precise movements and split-second timing are a fundamental part of the marching band's show. With back straight and chin up, senior sabre corps member Linda Fiore demonstrates the proper form during halftime of the Homecoming game. —J.P. Sweeney

Tightly packed and intent on the action, the homecoming crowd watches the Bruins battle the North Side Redskins.

a rollercoaster year

"I don't really know why we've lost any—we shouldn't have," said Deanna Bates, shaking her head in disbelief after the third loss in five of the volleyball team.

"The first game against Elmhurst was perfect," she continued. "We won 15-5. But the second game, they really wanted it and creamed us 15-2. I don't even want to talk about the third game—they aced us 15-0. They shouldn't have beaten us. It's just they played as a team and we didn't. That's it—the whole thing this year is working as a team."

First year head coach Julie Hollingsworth agreed. "I think with teamwork and enthusiasm you can have a good team, regardless of your physical abilities," she explained. "Our attitude and teamwork will be our strong points," she predicted in the pre-season. "I think we'll surprise a lot of people this year."

This prediction proved true when the season began. Starting competition rated 16th in the state, the team won six straight matches, while optimistic talk of going undefeated filled the locker room.

"It's a team this year," manager Kara Cole said, "a whole new atmosphere."

This "new atmosphere" began when head coach Hollingsworth and assistant coach Deb Hockemeyer held the first practice in August.

"The coaches were just super," recalled senior Vicki Michels, "from the first day at practice we were getting team spirit together."

"These coaches are completely different," senior Beth Huston said. "They could relate to us easily. In the past, it wasn't like that. I wish we had these coaches when I was a sophomore."

"There's just something about them," senior Marilyn Stewart added. "I really can't explain what I mean, but their whole way of doing things was different. We had to adjust to them as much as they had to adjust to us."

Despite the positive responses to the new coaches, the transition was still difficult. "We had a lot of adjustments to make," Hollingsworth stated. "We didn't know each other, and there was also a different offense and a different defense than they were used to."

These and other problems added up to break the winning streak in the seventh match against Homestead.

With little fan support, the team continued on erratically throughout the season, unable to win more than two straight matches. But, as Michels stated, "The scores fool you—we've really had a lot of close games. It just depended on who made the most mistakes."



Synchronizing their efforts, seniors Deanna Bates and Beth Huston leap high to block a Bishop Luers' spike. Charlotte Cunliffe (right) and Laura Larimer cover the block.
—Brenda Jones



Varsity volleyball team: (front row) Marilyn Stewart, Beth Huston, Deanna Bates, (back row) Elise Kreienbrink, Charlotte

Cunliffe, Cathy Martin, Carolyn Davis, Marla Dowden, Laura Larimer, mgr. Kara Cole, coach Julie Hollingsworth.



Reserve volleyball team: (front row) Janet DiDomenico, Carrie Caso, Vicki Michels, Sherri Dunn, Denise Kreienbrink (back

row) Kris Stone, Teresa Neuhaus, Richele Conner, Colleen Thorne, Sherri Brendle, Kyla McCalister, coach Deb Hockemeyer.

At the last home match, Hockemeyer, with a touch of disappointment, described the season as being "a rollercoaster—up, down and all around." Looking forward to sectionals, she added optimistically, "We'll be ready."

Hockemeyer's prediction seemed true as the team beat out their first tournament opponent, Woodlan, in a close match.

This win was a first in Northrop history, as no volleyball team had won a match in sectionals before.

Since the team drew a bye in the tournament, the next match was for the sectional championship, against Snider, a team they defeated 15-8, 15-9 in the final match of the season.

After losing an exhausting first game, which lasted the maximum eight minutes, the team was overpowered by Snider in the second, 9-15.

"We played a lot better in the Woodlan game than we did against

Snider," Stewart said. "We were really fired up for Woodlan, but we had to sit around and wait during the Snider-Dwenger game. Then we waited some more for Snider's rest period before starting the game. We thought we would be playing Dwenger instead of waiting around to see."

"We all wanted sectionals," Cathy Martin added, "but it just didn't work out."

"We had the ability to win regionals—I think we could have," Stewart added, disappointedly.

"The ability was there," Bates explained. "There was a whole lot that we didn't do but could have done. I don't think we peaked too early—or too late. In fact, I don't even think we peaked."

—Kim Schwab

Attacking with a spike, Deanna Bates hits against South Side in the last home match of the season, as Marla Dowden (left) and Charlotte Cunliffe prepare for defense. —Bob Stadelmeier

VARSITY VOLLEYBALL RESULTS

Won 13 Lost 11

SAC Record 4-6

NORTHROP	DeKalb	15-3, 15 10
NORTHROP	Carroll	4-15, 15-8, 15-6
NORTHROP	Wabash	15-8, 15-9
NORTHROP	Garrett	15-1, 15-7
NORTHROP	Lakeland	15-4, 15-8
NORTHROP	Bluffton	15-0, 15-3
Northrop	HOMESTEAD	8-15, 15-11, 7-15
Northrop	DWENGER	2-15, 10-15
NORTHROP	Elmhurst	3-15, 15-3, 15-13
NORTHROP	Adams Central	15-6, 15-10
Northrop	ELMHURST	15-5, 2-15, 0-15
Northrop	WAYNE	11-15, 11-15
Northrop	HARDING	15-13, 2-15, 9-15
NORTHROP	Leo	11-15, 15-3, 15-4
Northrop	NEW HAVEN	13-9, 3-15, 9-11
NORTHROP	Bishop Luers	13-11, 15-9
Northrop	SOUTH SIDE	6-15, 13-15
Northrop	BELLMONT	1-15, 13-15
Northrop	North Side	15-7, 15-10
Northrop	CONCORDIA	9-15, 13-11, 3-15
Northrop	CONCORDIA	5-15, 13-15
NORTHROP	Snider	15-8, 15-9

Sectional Tournament

NORTHROP	Woodlan	9-15, 15-11, 12-9
Northrop	SNIDER	10-13, 9-15

RESERVE VOLLEYBALL RESULTS

Won 3 Lost 6

NORTHROP	DeKalb	15-2, 16-14
NORTHROP	Carroll	15-11, 15-7
Northrop	SNIDER	5-15, 15-9, 13-15
Northrop	NORTH SIDE	15-7, 9-15, 5-15
Northrop	DWENGER	10-15, 8-15
NORTHROP	Leo	15-6, 14-16, 15-13
Northrop	NEW HAVEN	6-15, 16-14
Northrop	BELLMONT	9-15, 10-15
Northrop	Reserve Tourney	
Northrop	DWENGER	6-15, 10-15





Call it ambiguous, fickle or fantasy—no matter how school spirit is defined, it had to face the odds this year. Between an anti-climax football season, a slow start in basketball, a whole host of poorly attended minor sports, and a growing faction of disinterested students, Bruin Pride was demonstrated in:

VARYING DEGREES



Reserve cheerleaders: (standing) Stephanie Kidd, Sheri Strahm, Carrie Caso, Cathy Martin, Vicki Meier (kneeling) Trina Narhwold, Dee Dee Brase, Mary Haire. —Mike Naselaris



Varsity cheerleaders: Lori James, Elise Kreienbrink, Jean Darnell, Caryn Bauermeister, Anita Jackson,

Denise Kreienbrink (not pictured) Janine Gunder, Kim Graber. —Dan Smith



(Opposite page) Under a shower of confetti, students and teachers filling the senior section of the bleachers display a wide variety of reactions to spirit-raising antics at the first pep session of the basketball season. Although the varsity team was faithfully backed by the cheerleaders and the pep band, fan support was low until the team reversed their losing streak during the SAC Holiday Tourney. —Ross Houser

An essential part of the pep band, the percussion section plays during the second basketball pep session of the season. —Larry Kaiser

Communicating with the crowd, Bernie Bruin (Cindy Motz) boosts spirit at a home football game. Although the Bernie costume was usually filled by Motz, others shared her role, raising spirit at pep sessions, football and basketball games as the Northrop mascot. —Marc Straub

"I thought the (homecoming) pep session was pretty good. The sophomores went wild but the football games aren't very enthusiastic." —John Haley, junior

"We've got a lot of energy, and if we put it together, we can have a really fantastic year." —Teresa Pond, senior

"I don't think our school is as enthusiastic as it needs to be. I wish people would get more involved—we need more participation." —Paul Goodland, varsity football

Everybody seems to be participating. I think it's great that everyone is still backing the football team. That's what I like about Northrop—they back people no matter what happens." —Lisa Hunter, senior

"I believe . . . I've always believed." —Buzz Doeffler, head football coach

"Enthusiasm seemed to peak the last two days of homecoming." —Bill Brown, student council sponsor

"We play our best for good fans." —Jim Sweeney, hockey coach

"If the guys supported us like we support them, we'd be a better team. When they're supporting you, you try harder to win." —Sandy Dettlinger, girls' basketball

"I don't see how we're supposed to win when we don't have any backing. Our support was low last weekend. We had only eight fans at the Warsaw game, and our section was only half full at Harding. It was an away game, but still, the fans should have been there to back us up . . . If they talk about us in the halls, they ought to be there to cheer us on." —Clyde Brabson, varsity basketball

"I think we've all got high hopes, and after we win one game, the spirit will get better . . . It has to . . ." —Lori James, varsity cheerleader

"I think our fans at Northrop have been down. Our support hasn't been good for the past two or three years." —Bernie Richardville, chemistry teacher

"I went to more basketball games when I was in seventh grade than I do now. That's not unusual though, considering they won state that year. The funny thing about it is that I could feel that certain 'Hoosier Hysteria' present, unlike today." —Anonymus

"The fans don't show up enough. The opposing team's side is always packed, where ours never is. Pep band is a volunteer thing—if we weren't behind them, we wouldn't volunteer." —Phyllis Wiegmann, pep band



Generating spirit at a football game, pom pon girl Toni Roberts and sophomore Sherri Thomas carry out another role of the pom pon squad besides serving as an auxiliary corps to the marching band.
—Shannon Johnson

"Our kids are giving everything they have to give."
—Deb Hockemeyer, girls' basketball coach

"Nobody likes to cheer for a losing team."
—Anonymus

"Everybody wanted to win for Northrop."
—Sue Middleton, gymnastics

"We seem to think the only thing the school represents to the community is the ball team."
—Ken Crague, librarian

"It's not just the football team that makes Northrop number one—it's the whole student body."
—Sue Mortimer, junior

"I guess I don't have school spirit . . . I don't really care if the sports win."
—Karen Cowles, junior

"The only thing good about pep sessions is that they give you time to study . . . or skip."
—Brad Swing, senior

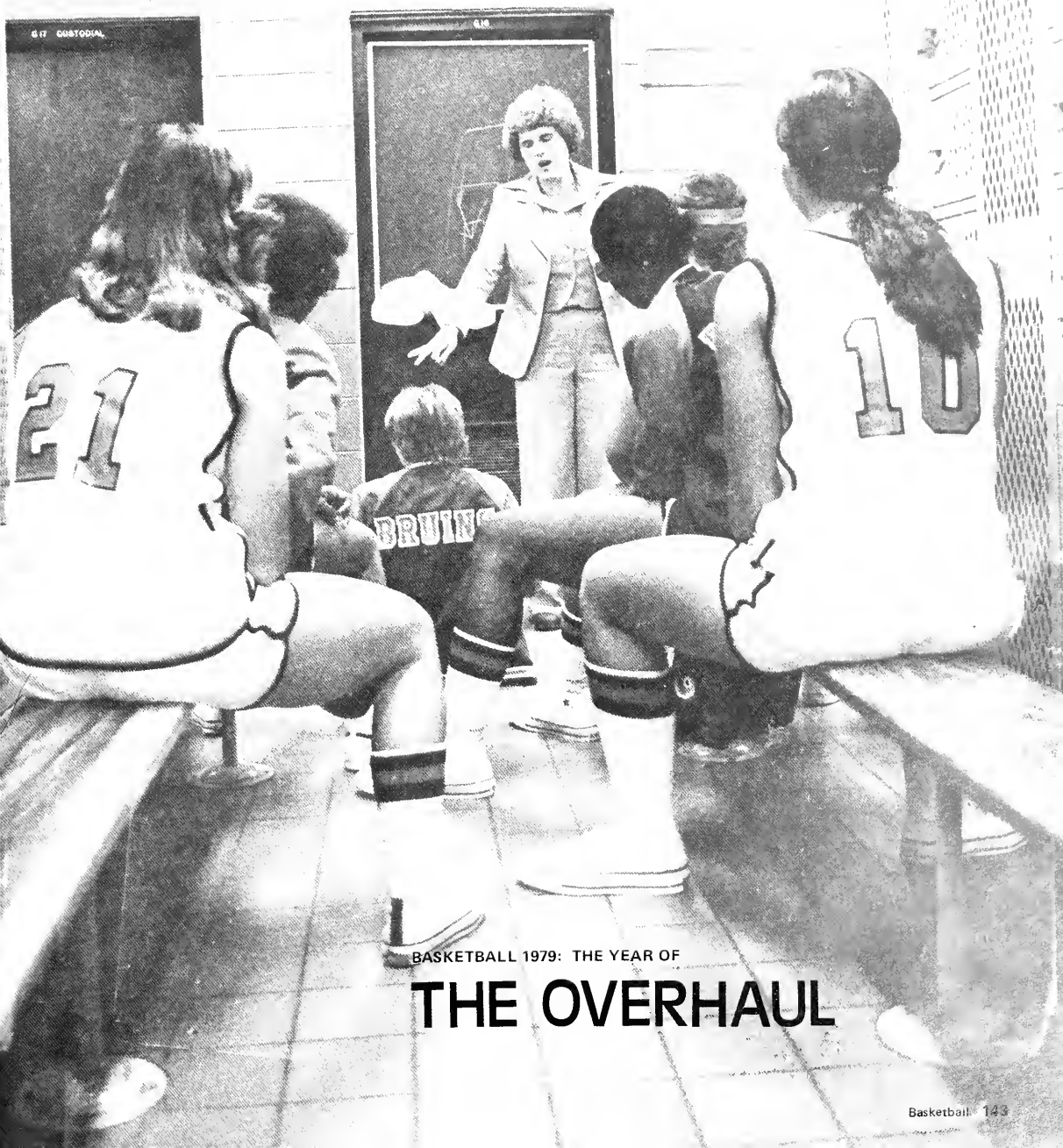


Caught up in a sudden explosion of "Hoosier Hysteria," varsity cheerleader Kim Graber jumps for victory as the underdog Bruins claim the SAC Holiday Tourney title. —Gregg Householder



Pom pon corps: (seated) Mary Zuber, Sue Kuehnert, (front) Jill Lemna, Karen Bradford, Amy Whetstone, co-capt. Kathy Kramer, Debbie Strahm, Jona Bloom, Toni Roberts, co-capt. Jill Mouglin, Lora Sumney, Linda Bradford, Cindy Steward (back) Lisa Faxon, Jody Stellhorn, Shauna Rigdon, Lisa Rhoads, Lesa Smith, Suzanne Booth, Terri Miller, Gwen Elizondo, Jill Cook, Kim Daniels, Diana Shaffer, June Werling.

Explaining her strategy during half-time, varsity basketball coach Deb Hockemeyer prepares the team for second half action against North Side. Despite going into the locker room with an eight point lead, the Bruins slumped in the third quarter and lost, 59-65. —Brenda Jones



BASKETBALL 1979: THE YEAR OF

THE OVERHAUL

" a lot of give and take"

They started from scratch.

Faced with few returning experienced players, unfamiliarity with a new school, and a myriad of challenges, head basketball coaches A.C. Eldridge and Deb Hockemeyer came to Northrop with the same purpose—to build Bruin basketball into power basketball.

Coordinating an entirely new coaching staff was their initial task. Eldridge, formerly assistant coach at North Side, worked with first year assistants Dave Riley and Ron Barnes. Riley previously coached at the junior high level, while Barnes, a one time star player, was a P.E. teacher. Hockemeyer's partner, Julie Hollingsworth, had previously coached a variety of high school sports. Between the two of them, these women had been involved in every aspect of college basketball—playing, coaching and managing.

Gaining the respect of both players and fans, their next challenge went hand in hand with exhibiting their skill as coaches. Both proved themselves by leading their teams to confidence building "firsts." Hockemeyer led the girls' varsity to their initial win in sectionals, while Eldridge brought home the first SAC Holiday Tournament trophy.

But Eldridge's coaching skills earned him more than just respect. Fellow coaches in the area chose him to share "coach of the year" honors with another first year coach from Dwenger. "I was happy to get the award," Eldridge stated after the season, "but I'd rather that the team would have had a better record."

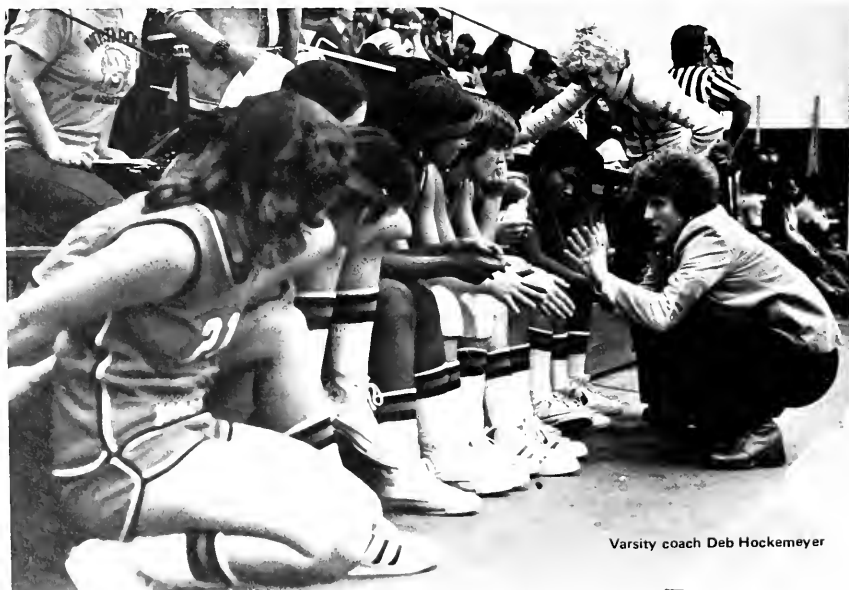
Despite losing more games than they would have liked, both Hockemeyer and Eldridge viewed

their seasons positively as building years. "We both had hard parts to play," Hockemeyer stated. "We had our difficulties, but things just seemed to coordinate. It took a lot of give and take."

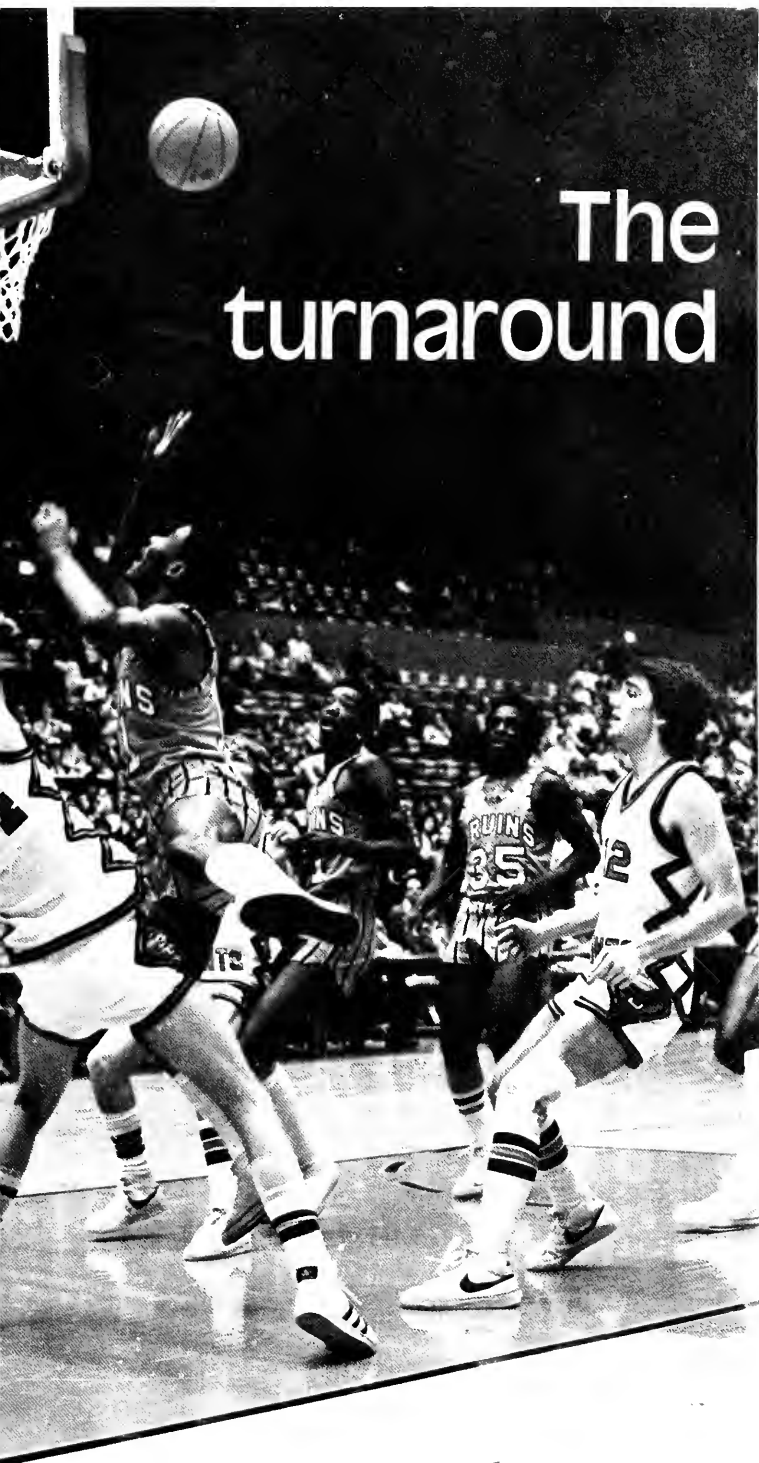
"We came a long way in just one season. We've learned a lot—put in some excellent groundwork—but we're going to go a lot further. Good things are going to happen because of this year. I think next year we'll be a surprise . . . to just about everyone."



Varsity coach A.C. Eldridge



Varsity coach Deb Hockemeyer



The turnaround

As the first session of basketball practice opened in October of 1978, gone were the familiar faces of Robert Dille, Chris Stavretis and Jim Keim. In their places were three new coaches: Dave Riley, Ron Barnes, and the head man, A.C. Eldridge.

But they weren't the only people new to the Northrop varsity basketball program. As A.C. looked over the names on the team roster, only Jeff Holt had ever experienced more than just limited varsity action. Eldridge and company were faced with the task of molding the relatively young and extremely inexperienced group of graduated reserve basketballers into a competitive varsity basketball team.

But, as the season got underway, it seemed as though the group of young men had not yet adjusted to the faster-paced, more action-packed varsity game . . .

In the season opener against a tough DeKalb squad, (who eventually ended the regular season undefeated), the Bruins took a sizeable lead into the locker room at half-time. But in the third quarter, DeKalb chipped into that lead and eventually won on a last-second shot, 51-50. This was only the first of a rash of losses that the Bruins were to experience.

The second game of the season was Northrop's first SAC confrontation against the North Side Redskins. It was the battle for the "North Pole," which had seen only one orange stripe in its seven years of existence. The Redskins celebrated the addition of another red stripe with a 20 point victory, 75-55.

In their third outing, Northrop faced the number one ranked South Bend Adams Eagles. The first half saw a second quarter surge by the Bruins, while they stuck close to Adams and trailed by only five at the half, 28-23. But in the third quarter, Adams virtually put on a basketball clinic, with North Northrop scoring only two points. The final score ended with Adams on top, 66-49.

By this time, fan support at Northrop had dwindled to an all-time low. Many of the team members felt dismay over this. As one put it, "Once we win one, I think people will be more willing to support us." But it was not to be. The Bruins continued on their losing streak, losing an SAC game to Harding. They also lost a non-conference match at Warsaw by 18.

In their next game, Northrop took on Elmhurst, the pre-season favorite to win the SAC championship. The Trojans were surprised, however, as they won by only four points in a game in which the Bruins gave Elmhurst a run for their money. But, they ended up on the short end—their record was at a discouraging 0 wins and 6 losses.

Charging in for a lay-up, sophomore Cordell Eley attempts to score against Bishop Dwenger in the sectional game. Despite Eley's performance, including some key 20 footers, the Bruins couldn't manage two straight wins against Dwenger and lost, 67-61. —Marc Straub

The turnaround

cont.

Going into the SAC Holiday Tourney, Northrop was picked as a long shot to win, especially after the Bruins drew North Side for the opening game.

But the Bruins had other thoughts on their minds—to win the tourney. No team was going to get in their way, not even a team which had blown them out earlier in the season. Led by junior Vince Wimbley's 24 points, Northrop edged out North Side by only one point with just two seconds remaining in overtime on a free throw by Cordell Eley. Eley, only a sophomore, missed the second free throw on purpose by direction of coach Eldridge in order to run out the clock.

The second game of the tournament pitted Northrop against a team which had defeated them only one week before, the Elmhurst Trojans. Fan support was still at a bare minimum as the previous evening's upset over North Side had not convinced many fans of their ability. But the Bruins played the same game against Elmhurst as they had with North Side—controlled, deliberate offense with tenacious defense. This led to the downfall of Elmhurst by a fair margin, 63-57.

This found Northrop in the championship game of the SAC Holiday Tourney. Bruin fans were beginning to believe in their team, as the Coliseum started to fill with a sizeable Northrop following. The last time the Bruins had seen such a partisan crowd was against DeKalb, the first game of the season.

On the opposite side of the Coliseum was a large and rowdy Concordia supporting cast. The Cadets, who were undefeated in 11 outings to this point, were the other semi-final winners.

Many of the Northrop fans who came to this game were to be surprised. The "reborn" Bruins took the lead at halftime, and "Hoosier Hysteria" once again prevailed at Northrop. Third quarter action saw the Bruins blow out the 16th ranked Cadets.

The whole city of Fort Wayne was shocked by the sudden emergence of the Bruins. Coach Eldridge attributed the three wins to "just practice." He added, "When you've got young men who have any kind of pride and you're going 0-6, you want to win. It pushes you."

Cordell Eley, who was named to All-SAC Holiday Tourney first team, along with Vince Wimbley, said, "I think that we worked hard for the tournament. We had no team unity before. The coach told us



The next weekend, Northrop traveled to Muncie South Side and lost a tight one, 56-58, on a last second desperation shot.

But this didn't rack the Bruins' confidence. They went on to win their next three games, including a one point victory over Concordia.

With Concordia leading by a point with eight seconds remaining, Cordell Eley stepped up to the foul line with two shots. Concordia called time-out, with the hope that Eley would lose his confidence and miss the shots. The Cadets' bet paid off. Eley missed the first one.

Again they tried their strategy; again it worked as Eley's second shot careened off

Senior guard Kenny Smith drives in for two against the DeKalb Barons in the season opener. Despite leading most of the game, the Bruins slumped in the fourth quarter, losing in the last second, 50-51. —Bob Stadelmeier



Varsity basketball team: (front row) Payne Brown, Michael Lamb, Paul Goodland, Pete Smith, Kenny Smith (second row) Herb Harrison, Joe Jordan, Rod

Putt, Michael Edmonds, Teddy Dunbar, Cordell Eley (third row) Vincent Wimbley, Clyde Brabson, Jeff Holt, Ron Clemmer.

we had to get together. Around tourney time, we were developing team unity. It just paid off. I knew we could do it."

Clyde Brabson looked at it from a different point of view. "We went into the tourney 0-6, and we had no time to lose to get on the winning track. A.C. just put the people out there who wanted to play," he said.

The new starting line-up could have had a lot to do with it. Michael Lamb, who had played in a few reserve games for experience, started point guard along with Eley, Brabson, Wimbley and Kenny Smith. More team unity was seen in the Concordia game than all of the previous games put together.

The SAC Holiday Tourney wins were not a one time bow in, bow out thing either. They were only a preview of the things to come...

to the right. Instinctively, Jeff Holt tipped the ball in for a one point win to the surprise and shock of the Cadets.

This proved to be a pivotal play of the season, as it signaled the end of a slump Holt had been in since the beginning of the season. Soon, he had improved so much that he broke into the starting line-up. His height, along with Brabson's and Wimbley's six foot six inches, gave the Bruins the tallest front line in the city.

These three wins, in addition to the three tourney wins, put the Bruins' record at six wins and seven losses. The .500 mark eluded them with the loss to Muncie South.

The next victim on the schedule was Snider High School. Again, Northrop entered the Coliseum, reporting three wins and zero losses on the floor. The Panthers, who had been experiencing a season worse



The scoreboard tells the story of the SAC Holiday Tourney as Clyde Brabson slices down a piece of the victory net. —Marc Straub

Fighting for position under the basket, players prepare to rebound Vincent Wimbley's jumper in the sectional game against Dwenger. —Marc Straub

than the Bruins, hung on close in the first period, and ended up leading, 9-8. But, the rest of the game, Northrop totally dominated the Panthers and ended up winning by 18 points, 67-49.

The game finally put Northrop's record at .500, with seven wins and seven losses. Against Penn the next evening, the Bruins extended their string to five games, with a 63-49 victory.

The team continued its winning ways against Wayne. The Bruins almost doubled the Generals' score by crushing them, 74-40.

The next two games proved fatal as the Bruins dropped them both. The first defeat was to Marion by one point, 63-64, and the next to an up and coming South Side team,

41-42. These games weren't total losses, however, as each was only by a one point spread. Again the Bruins' record was .500, with nine wins and nine losses.

The next three games saw Northrop blow out Garrett, 80-55; Carroll, 63-46; and a well-hailed Bishop Dwenger team, 70-67.

The win over Bishop Dwenger set the stage for the sectional opener. Three days before the first Dwenger game, the sectional draw found Northrop pitted against the Saints in the first round. The game began well enough, but in the second period, the Saints began to open it up. This led to a five point halftime difference on a questionably allowed last second shot by a Dwenger guard. The third quarter proved fatal for the Bruins, as Bishop Dwenger led by as many as 18 points. A last minute surge in the final quarter was too late as Dwenger ended up winning, 61-67.

This emotional loss ended the basketball season on a bad note, but for the first time since 1975, Northrop once again had a winning team. The 1978-79 squad finished with 12 wins and 10 losses, Northrop's first SAC Holiday Tourney championship, and the most amazing turnaround in Summit City basketball. Of the nine regular season losses, only three came after the Holiday Tourney, by a grand total of only four points.

After the surprising season was over, coach Eldridge explained, "We just wanted to get Northrop's basketball program back up on the level of respectability it had already achieved." Then he added, smiling, "I think we did it!" —Chris Byrde

VARSITY BASKETBALL RESULTS

Won 12 Lost 10
SAC Record 5-4

Northrop	50	DEKALB	51
Northrop	55	NORTH SIDE	75
Northrop	49	S. BEND ADAMS	66
Northrop	69	HARDING	83
Northrop	40	WARSAW	58
Northrop	61	ELMHURST	65
Northrop	55	MUNCIE SOUTH	57
NORTHROP	58	Concordia	57
NORTHROP	71	Bishop Luers	46
NORTHROP	61	Huntington	44
NORTHROP	67	Snider	49
NORTHROP	63	Penn State	49
NORTHROP	74	Wayne	40
Northrop	63	MARION	64
Northrop	41	SOUTH SIDE	42
NORTHROP	80	Garrett	55
NORTHROP	63	Carroll	46
NORTHROP	70	Bishop Dwenger	67

HOLIDAY TOURNAMENT

NORTHROP	51	North Side	50
NORTHROP	63	Elmhurst	57
NORTHROP	64	Concordia	56

SECTIONAL TOURNAMENT

Northrop	61	BISHOP DWENGER	67
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Playing number two



Playing for an unusually large crowd, junior Michael Lamb drives in for a lay-up in a reserve game. Although a packed house came to cheer Warsaw on, only eight Bruin fans traveled to the away game. The reserves lost, 50-56. —John Ribar

RESERVE BASKETBALL RESULTS

	Won 11	Lost 9	
Northrop	37	DEKALB	54
NORTHROP	39	North Side	38
Northrop	35	S. BEND ADAMS	52
Northrop	47	HARDING	50
Northrop	50	WARSAW	56
NORTHROP	39	Elmhurst	35
NORTHROP	58	Muncie South	33
Northrop	31	MUNCIE CENTRAL	53
NORTHROP	38	Muncie South	25
Northrop	34	CONCORDIA	42
Northrop	42	HUNTINGTON	45
NORTHROP	50	Snider	46
NORTHROP	48	Bishop Luers	37
NORTHROP	58	Penn State	38
Northrop	39	WAYNE	45
NORTHROP	59	Marion	53
NORTHROP	46	South Side	35
NORTHROP	41	Garrett	33
Northrop	37	CARROLL	48
NORTHROP	52	Bishop Dwenger	45

Wearing hand-me-down uniforms and the label of second-best, the reserve and sophomore basketball players headed to the court each game, knowing what was in store for them—a near empty gym to echo the bouncing of the ball, the referee's whistle, and the few stray claps and cheers they received.

Despite the fact that the game of basketball is played the same on all levels, and the excitement is always there, "Hoosier Hysteria" just didn't seem to reach any team below the varsity level. Why was this?

That question can only be answered by the fans.

During the winter, the weather played an important role in the size of the crowd at any basketball game. Still, why did more people come for the varsity games but not the reserve games when they are played consecutively? Inches of snow and ice didn't miraculously melt between 6:30 and 8:00 p.m. on Friday and Saturday nights. Blizzards were not spontaneously dumped on Fort Wayne the nights on which the sophomore basketball games were played either.

The gym was nearly always full when a guys' varsity game was in session. No one could enter through the main doors—it was too disturbing. Ropes were put up to keep fans off the floor, green runners were put down on the floor, the band played and the concession stands were open. "Jock row" was situated by the main doors to prevent their use during the game.

During the reserve game, the concession stands got some "early business," the main doors stood open and in use, and fans trickled in while the band haphazardly assembled.

Above all the disturbances, the reserve cheerleaders were barely audible, not that they weren't trying, and the players' concentration was not surprisingly broken.

At the guys' varsity game, numerous teachers, students, parents and friends could be seen. At the "number two" games there were a handful of students, a few more parents, a couple of teachers, the AV crew, the guys' basketball coach and the athletic director. Some of the guys on varsity watched a little of the sophomore games after practice. Yet the guys not on varsity faithfully attended "the games."

The guys' reserve team had better attendance than the sophomore team or girls' varsity, but didn't come close to that of the guys' varsity. Ted Dunbar, a junior who played reserve but dressed for varsity, remarked, "I feel that people came but they don't really care. They come to be there for the varsity game. If they really wanted to, they could give more support. I feel that the reserve tries as hard, if not harder, than the varsity to win."

The reserve team was sometimes known as "junior varsity." But were they really on the "varsity" level? Apparently the fans didn't think so, as the reserves only got half-hearted support and low attendance.

"I think we should get just as much as the varsity," commented junior Tony Guy, a member of the reserve team. "We're the same—we play the same amount of games. We might be a better team if they treated us the same—if the band would play for us and if we had a lot of fans. It's always packed for the varsity game." —Laura Claypool



Reserve basketball team: (front row) Payne Brown, Keith Wilson, Tony Guy, Jamie Curry (second row) Chris Gosney, James Jones, Todd Edmonds, Mike

Martin, Rob Van Rvan (third row) coach Ron Barnes, Ron Clemmer, Andy Collins, Rod Putt, coach Dave Riley.

"I wanted to build a program from scratch," varsity basketball coach Deb Hockemeyer admitted. "If I would have gone to a place with a good program, all it would have needed was completing and polishing. To develop a program is much more challenging . . .

"And I wanted that challenge."

She got what she wanted—and more. Sixteen out of twenty team members were sophomores. The tallest starting player was a mere 5' 8". It was the first year for reserve basketball.

Few players had experience beyond the unrefined level of junior high play. The word "challenge" only begins to describe what Hockemeyer and her assistant Julie Hollingsworth faced.

"They really work you hard," Ann Klopfenstein, one of only two seniors on the team, stated. "But I'm in shape for once. That helped me as a person and as a basketball player. The taught me discipline."

Discipline proved to be a key word at Hockemeyer-Hollingsworth practices, and a new experience for many players.

"One of the first things we had to do was getting the girls to know the meaning of work," Hockemeyer explained. "We had to teach them *how* to practice. We wouldn't let them get by with, 'hey, I don't feel like practicing today.'"

But some of the girls weren't prepared for the disciplined approach. "There's a lot of people that quit between conditioning and cuts—they just couldn't take it," Klopfenstein revealed. "Girls from the feeder junior highs say they're not gonna come out because Hockemeyer makes you run so much. Isn't that what basketball is all about?"

On October 15, the first day of "legal" ball handling, (according to the IHSA), the focus turned from conditioning to basketball fundamentals. A month of two and a half hour practices was devoted to drilling on basic moves.

The skills learned were strengthened by having the players assume a teaching role at basketball clinics held at the feeder junior highs, and in turn at the feeder elementary schools. Another teaching aid was observing college level play at Miami University, where Hockemeyer was previously assistant coach.

Conditioning and fundamentals prepared the team for competition, but with little size and experience the team faced a rugged season, managing a six and twelve record.

"When ya look at the numbers they don't tell stories," Hockemeyer admitted. "They don't tell the whole picture by any means. It's the quality, not the quantity of our wins that is fresh in my mind," she added.

And the quality was evident, giving a preview of what is to come in the future from the young team. High points were listed as beating Harding in the SAC Tourney, and defeating Homestead, one of the top teams in the area.

The climax came in the first sectional win over Snider. "It really showed how we improved," Hollingsworth commented. "Everyone expected us to really get executed. We lost our first game of the season to them by 15 points, and then we turned around to beat them by 19 in the end—the same team!"

The following game was another story as they faced Dwenger—again. After losing to them twice already, by a total margin of 33 points, the Bruins had difficulty going into the competition optimistically.

"Playing a team three times," Hollingsworth sighed. "When you play them the second time you can you think win, but the third . . ."

Every time we'd play them we'd say, "We hafta give Dwenger our best shot," Milholland elaborated. "But they're so tall and everything, we'd just pray 'help us.' If only we would have had one tall person," she lamented.

Although the team did not fare well in terms of win-loss records, finishing at the bottom of the conference, standout player Tammy Milholland was third in SAC scoring. She also attained All-SAC, All-Area and All-State standing.

Sophomore Sherri Dunn also made her mark as a player. As one team member stated, "Sherri? What can you say? She led the team. She was the team leader on the court." Charlotte Cunliffe, another sophomore, led the rebounding by a margin of seventy.

Despite outstanding individual performances, Hockemeyer asserted, "Everyone makes a contribution, but everyone is going to contribute in different ways. When you have a person that takes as many shots as Tammy, you expect her to make a contribution in the scoring area. But when she didn't produce, someone took up the slack."

Although the program has grown since its beginning six years ago, and is on the verge of success in terms of wins and losses, the public still feels it has a long way to go. The struggle for acceptance and support continues to plague women's sports, and Hoosier Hysteria doesn't exempt basketball.

One step towards eliminating this was put into action this year in an experimental form. The female varsity team replaced the usual reserve players before the male varsity game against Bishop Luers. According to Hockemeyer, "It worked excellent. It was a total school representation. We're sort of

slippin' in on their shirttails



With teammate Sherri Brendle ready to rebound, senior Ann Klopfenstein stands at the foul line ready to shoot a key free throw in the SAC tourney game against Harding. —Brenda Jones

slippin' in on their shirttails

cont.

slippin' in on the guys' shirttails." Next year, four games will be scheduled like this, and eventually all of them will be.

But when both female and male reserve squads took the court on the same night during the week, "there was the same problem—no fans," Hollingsworth noted.

"Fans are about the same as in past years," Klopfenstein commented. "And that's not very many. A lot of times it was the same people. I tried to get other people to come, but . . .

"Like I asked Mr. Epps, 'Ya wanna come to our game tonight?' He said, 'Nope, the weather is too bad.' I said, 'I'll betcha if the weather was the same you'd be there at a boy's game on Friday.' And he said, 'You're right, I would.' "

—Kim Schwab □

Double-teamed but determined, senior Tammy Milholland attempts to work the baseline. Despite her efforts, the Wayne Generals defeated the Bruins in an early season game, 34-29. —Brenda Jones





It's a one-on-one contest between senior Ann Klopfenstein and her Concordia opponent as they struggle for control of the basketball. The outcome of the contest was in Concordia's favor as they won the game, 47-36. —Brenda Jones

Erupting in a fit of joy, the Bruin bench and fans rejoice as the final buzzer sounds at the Homestead game with Northrop ahead, 55-51. Deemed one of the high points of the season, defeating Homestead was an upset as they were one of the top teams in the area. —Brenda Jones

VARSITY BASKETBALL RESULTS

Won 6 Lost 12
SAC Record 2-7

Northrop	51	SNIDER	66
Northrop	54	NORTH SIDE	65
Northrop	32	BELLMONT	69
NORTHROP	58	Harding	47
Northrop	29	WAYNE	34
NORTHROP	55	Homestead	51
Northrop	42	SOUTH SIDE	50
NORTHROP	47	Elmhurst	44
Northrop	46	HUNTINGTON	51
Northrop	49	BISHOP LUERS	58
NORTHROP	58	New Haven	44
Northrop	36	CONCORDIA	47
Northrop	42	BISHOP DWENGER	59
Northrop	43	MARION	58

SAC Tournament

NORTHROP	60	Harding	55
Northrop	22	BISHOP DWENGER	38

Sectional Tournament

NORTHROP	46	Snider	27
Northrop	42	BISHOP DWENGER	53

RESERVE BASKETBALL RESULTS

Won 5 Lost 9

SAC Record 3-6

Northrop	16	SNIDER	20
Northrop	33	NORTH SIDE	38
Northrop	11	BELLMONT	29
Northrop	9	HARDING	17
Northrop	25	WAYNE	31
NORTHROP	20	Homestead	16
NORTHROP	20	South Side	13
NORTHROP	32	Elmhurst	9
Northrop	10	HUNTINGTON	29
Northrop	21	NEW HAVEN	30
NORTHROP	21	Concordia	12
Northrop	18	BISHOP LUERS	26
Northrop	22	BISHOP DWENGER	30
NORTHROP	23	Marion	22



Varsity and reserve teams: (front row) Cheryl Moore, Linda Root, Lorna Russell, Kyla McCalister, Sandy Dettlinger, Darlene Theis, Sherri Dunn, Tammy Milholland (second row) mgr. Chris Leichty, Ann Klopfenstein, Teresa Neuhaus, Brenda Jones, Nadine Huff, Marla Dowden, Charlotte Cun-

liffe (third row) student teacher Vicki DePrey, mgr. Kris Stone, Richele Conner, Tracey Amos, Joan Smierciak, Michelle Cahill, Sandra Thomas, Sherri Brendle, varsity coach Deb Hockemeyer, reserve coach Julie Hollingsworth.

"IT JUST WASN'T OUR YEAR"

The 1979 Northrop hockey team had its worst season in history, yet still came in fourth in the state tournament. The city title, which was Northrop's property for the last four years, was surrendered . . . to Snider. Despite the disappointments, the Bruins had yet another impressive winning season.

In the Fort Wayne area high school hockey league, Northrop again dominated. The only tough competition Northrop faced was Snider, a team the Bruins were scheduled to play against three times. In the second game of the season, the first against Snider, the "still shaky" Bruins were strung-up 2-5 by the Panthers. But, the next week Northrop turned around and shut-out Bishop Dwenger 11-0. This contest started a streak of five games in which Northrop clicked offensively, scoring 33 goals, while the defense jelled, holding the opposition to just one goal. Goalies John Blacketer and Drew Armstrong took turns goalkeeping for the four shutouts. For the season, Northrop outscored its opponents 83-31.

The second Snider game ended in a tie. Many fans thought Northrop should have won the close 4-4 match. Northrop was leading 4-2 at the end of two periods, but lost momentum in the final period as Snider came back with two goals to tie it up.

Three weeks earlier, Bishop Luers had surprised Snider with a 6-6 tie. This left Northrop in second place in the league, one-half game out of first. What was tabbed the "city championship game," the third Snider game was played February 20 in front of the largest crowd of the season. No referees showed up for the game. A fifteen year old park board referee and a nineteen year old assistant coach were selected. Northrop broke into an early lead on a short-handed breakaway by Brian Thornson. Steve Lehman put Northrop up 2-0 late in the period. Northrop switched ends with a 2-0 lead at the end of the first period.

In the second period, the Bruins could penetrate, but just couldn't buy a goal as several scoring opportunities were missed. Northrop goalie Drew Armstrong turned back four point-blank breakaways to keep Northrop's lead alive. With less than two minutes left in the period, Snider's Tony Warney started behind his own net and skated through the whole Northrop team, faked out Armstrong, and scored. The period ended 2-1 in Northrop's favor.

In the third period, Northrop's defense tightened up to shut down Snider until late in the period, when the Bruins were whistled for several rule infractions. Playing short-handed, four men to six, Northrop gave up the tying goal with 2:38 left on the clock. Snider went wild. Northrop, needing the win to clinch the city championship, pulled the goalie in favor of an extra forward. The final two and one-half minutes had everyone on the edge of their seats. Northrop's offense was buzzing with the aid of the extra man. Snider couldn't cross the center ice. Northrop controlled the game but couldn't get an open shot.

With seconds left in the game, a Northrop shot was deflected and Snider came down to score on an empty net. The scoreboard read 2-3, the clock :07 seconds. Snider cheered, Northrop muttered about the referees. The city crown was passed, a dynasty had ended.

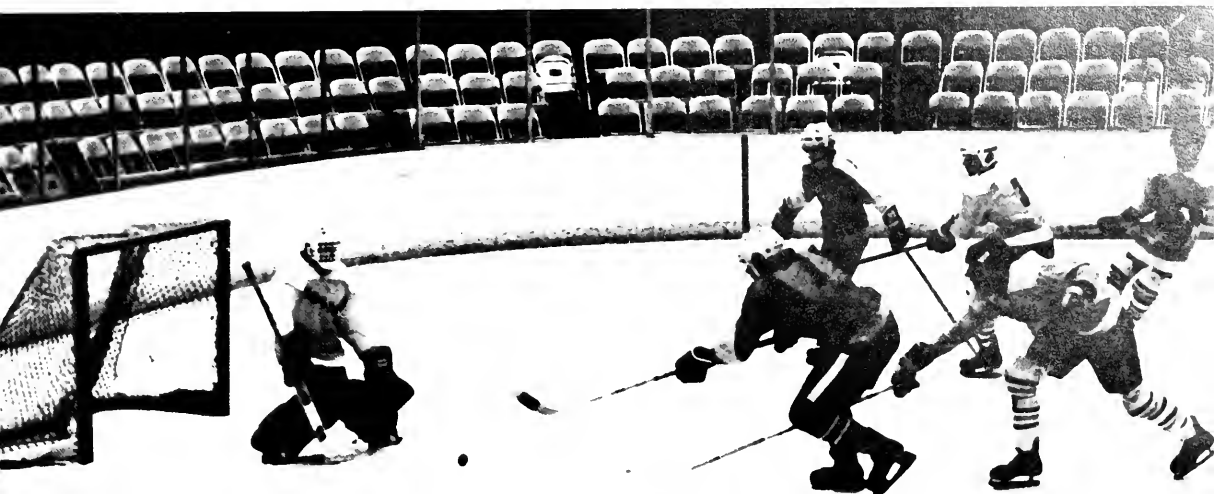
Since they were last year's runner-up, Northrop drew a bye in the playoffs. In their first game, Northrop ended up playing Columbus, a team from Indianapolis. It was a closer game than usual with the Bruins being held to just three goals, but they ended on top, 3-1. Lake Central, the next team in line, got blown away as the Bruins unloaded five goals to win 5-1.

In the semi-finals, an overcharged Northrop team came face to face with the eventual state champions, Culver Military. Culver, a well disciplined team who practiced two hours a day, as well as playing a thirty game



Sprawled out on the ice but not hurt, junior Drew Armstrong recovers from a sacking. Players Jeff Whetstone and Dave Wallenstein stand by as Kelly

Kugler and coach Len Thornson make sure Armstrong's okay. —Bob Crosby



schedule, compared to Northrop's fourteen games and a total of three practices for the whole year, showed no mercy. Northrop struggled, but to little avail, as Culver mounted a 0-4 lead. The Bruins struck back in the third period to make it 1-4, preventing a shut-out, but it was too late. Disgusted with themselves, they shook hands and wished Culver good luck in the finals.

Snider, meanwhile, lost their semi-final too, and ended up playing Northrop for their third place win. Having lost more than the game in the scrap with Culver, Northrop proved itself easy victims for Snider. With no "Bruin Pride" or spirit left, they rolled over and played dead in a 4-10 game.

In summing up the season, one player put it, "It stinks to hafta say we lost four times, once to Culver and three times to Snider. . . especially when most of us thought we could have won everything."

As another put it, "It just wasn't our year."

—Matt Merriman

Surrounded by empty Coliseum seats, the Bruin offense attacks a Bishop Dwenger goalie. Northrop walked on Dwenger three times during the regular season. —Gregg Householder

As Doug Mounsey (22) tries to obstruct a Lake Central shot, John Blacketer blocks the attempted goal. The Bruins won the second tourney game against Lake Central, 5-1. —Rich Beckmann



VARSITY HOCKEY RESULTS

Won 14 Lost 4 Tied 1

NORTHROP	6	Harding	1
Northrop	2	SNIDER	5
NORTHROP	11	Bishop Dwenger	0
NORTHROP	5	Bishop Luers	0
NORTHROP	13	Northrop II	1
NORTHROP	1	Concordia	0
NORTHROP	3	East Noble	0
NORTHROP	8	Harding	2
NORTHROP	4	SNIDER	4
NORTHROP	8	Bishop Dwenger	1
NORTHROP	7	Harding	2
NORTHROP	5	Bishop Dwenger	2
NORTHROP	6	South Bend St. Joseph's	4
Northrop	2	SNIDER	3
NORTHROP	6	Concordia	2

PLAYOFFS

NORTHROP	3	Columbus	1
NORTHROP	5	Lake Central	1
Northrop	1	CULVER	4
Northrop	4	SNIDER	10

They exit Spuller stadium before a game in a solemn procession of brown windbreakers which declare "NORTHROP" in Bruin orange letters across the back. Their spikes click against the pavement; their faces wear the grim determination of an athlete.

Beyond the stadium, they exist in a world of dust and wood and broken-in leather.

They are Northrop baseball.

An 11-9 record was the summary of the season—a season described as "good" by assistant coach Dave Hey, and "not a total success" by head coach Chris Stavreti. "But we have to remember," Stavreti added, "it was a young ballclub. The experience should carry over to next year."

Rain and cancellations plagued the season. "I don't ever recall having a season with worse weather conditions. We'd play three or four, then be rained out," Stavreti complained.

It was an "almost" season, with all the flaws in performance pointing back to the lack of hitting. "Everything was so close," Stavreti remarked. "Every ballgame we had an opportunity to win. We didn't come through with the bats. A hit here and there would have turned us around."

The team batting average was .260, with 72 runs to their opponents' 56. Eric Ramsey led the team in RBI's and in the most runs with 12.

"The pitching has been adequate, the defense has been adequate . . . It could have been better. Our offense has been the weakest," Stavreti explained.

The team ERA was a respectable 201. "You would think," said Stavreti, "with that kind of ERA we'd win more ballgames. The games we performed well in, our pitching did it for us." Rex Coak, Duffy Jones and Steve Long were the starting pitchers.

"It's a good nucleus of kids . . . I feel good about that," Stavreti continued. "We gained a lot of experience with them."

"These kids have improved more than any I've worked with," Hey commented. "They've sacrificed . . . hustle and attitude were strong points this year. We'll be in the thick of it next year."

Many team members will be participating in the Connie Mack league this summer. "To be a winning team, we need improvement from several good returning letterwinners, and," Stavreti added, "we need more base hits."

Colleen Thorne □

ALMOST





VARSITY BASEBALL RESULTS

Won 11 Lost 9

SAC Record 5-4

NORTHROP	5	Harding	1
NORTHROP	7	Columbia City	0
Northrop	4	BISHOP LUERS	5
Northrop	3	HOMESTEAD	4
NORTHROP	7	Homestead	5
NORTHROP	3	Elmhurst	0
NORTHROP	4	Concordia	2
Northrop	1	DEKALB	2
Northrop	2	WAYNE	3
Northrop	1	WARSAW	5
NORTHROP	11	Warsaw	1
NORTHROP	7	South Side	5
Northrop	2	SNIDER	5
NORTHROP	2	North Side	0
Northrop	5	BISHOP DWENGER	7
NORTHROP	2	New Haven	1
Northrop	0	BLACKFORD	4
NORTHROP	3	Munster	0
NORTHROP	8	Garrett	2
Sectional Tournament			
Northrop	2	CONCORDIA	4



Reserve baseball team

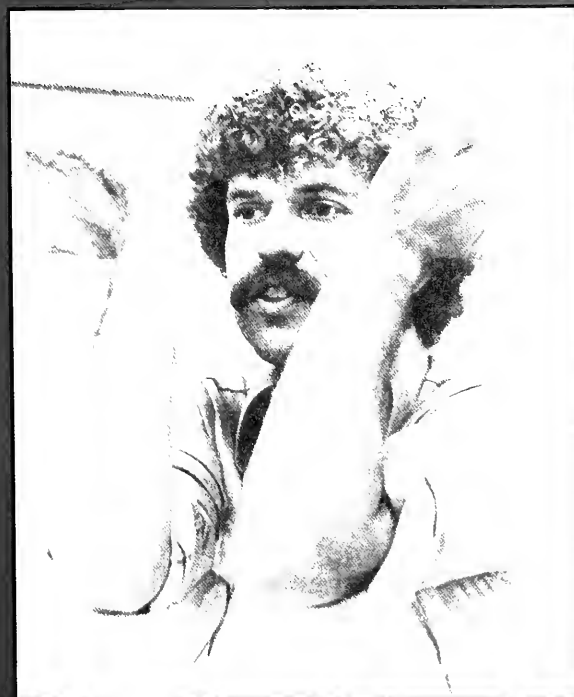
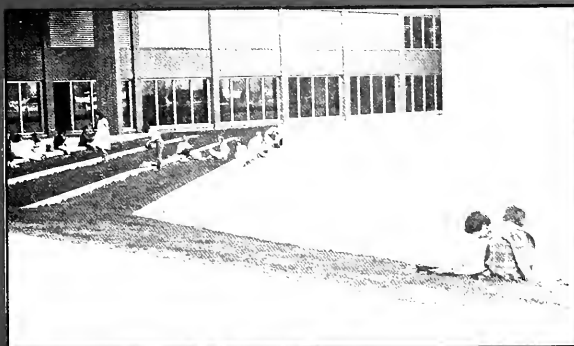
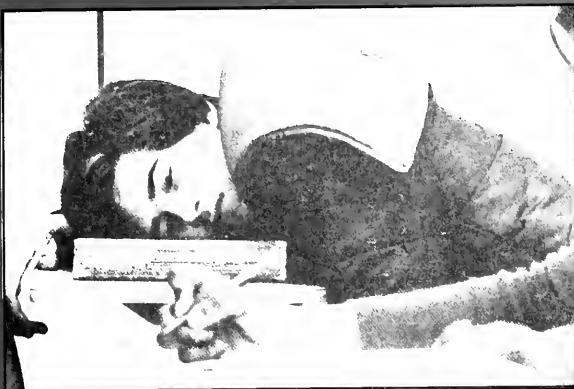


Varsity baseball team

(Opposite page) Watching the ball before it's even thrown, the other players on the field prepare for the results of senior Duffy Jones' pitch (top). At bat and on deck in a home contest. Hitting was one of the weaker points of the Bruins' game (bottom). One of the starting three in his position, sophomore Steve Long pitches in an away game (top), while innings change in a successful game against New Haven (bottom). —Mark Damerelli



Showing some sophomore spirit, Gwen Gulliksen cheers the football team on in first-half action against the rival Snider Panthers. —Julia Shaffer



PEOPLE

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Their faces reflected in the main hall windows, principal Sandy Todd and superintendent Lester

Grile talk over FWCS business at the end of the year. —John Ribar

REFLECTIONS: looking back before moving on

Since the plans for your sabbatical leave have been announced and elaborated on, I don't want to dwell on the subject. All I want to know is why you chose now to do it?

Well, I've actually been planning it for awhile. The last two years, I've been considering it. There were two main reasons why I chose now. First of all, I felt I needed five years of experience as a high school principal—you just can't see the total accomplishments in three years . . . And secondly, my age.

I was afraid that if I didn't do it now I never would. I want to do something before I get completely senile.

But that's what influenced my decision—the number of years of experience and my age. I want to open further avenues.

And you're planning on a job in the downtown office after your studies?

That's what I'm hoping for. As a part of the program I'm in I'll be getting my superintendent's license. Another thing to remember, things are going to be changing downtown . . . There's going to be shifting. You have to be ready *before* things happen—not afterward, then it's too late. At least you'll be ready when it happens.

What exactly will you be studying?

I'm majoring in school administration, with a minor, as strange as it may seem, in psychology/business management.

In the story about your plans to leave in the school newspaper, you said it's hard to leave a place that's got everything going for it." What specifically do you feel that Northrop has going for it?

The thing that makes it is the people. The student body is tremendous. Northrop has the largest expanse of people in any high school. To me, it's a more realistic situation and setting. It's more like real life.

The parents are very active. You see nothing of the turnout Northrop gets at other schools. You need to see the interest.

The teaching staff is excellent. And when you get all three components together you've got something really great. It's the human element that makes it.

When you came to Northrop in the 1974-75 school year, what was your first impression?

My mind is a blank.

I was scared. Just walking in the physical plant was awesome.

The first thing I did the first summer, was to send out a letter to all the teachers and parents introducing myself to them. I spent the whole summer talking to staff members. I think about all the teachers came in at some time to see me. I tried to size up the situation. I just sort of wanted to see where everyone was coming from.

What goals did you have when you first came to Northrop?

I really didn't have any preconceived goals. Well, I suppose I did have one goal. That was, to never try to be somebody other than myself.

Mr. Spuller had a totally different image than me. He was "Papa Bruin," he was older . . . a male. I knew there was going to be a drastic difference between us. I was going to be Sandy Todd—not try to be someone I wasn't.

Did you accomplish what you wanted during your five years?

You couldn't begin to. You never accomplish all you want to.

What would say you was your greatest challenge as principal of Northrop?

My relationships with adult staff members—the faculty.

The number one thing I tried to do was get involved in everything. I soon learned people can't give their all to everything. It's totally impossible.

I had to appoint people to different areas. I have a liaison to the math department, a liaison to the science department, a liaison to the English department . . . They each report to me about what's going on, but ultimately, I'm the responsible one. If you can get it organized so that you're not doing everything, then you can survive.

On the large scale of a school like Northrop, is it possible to blend an entire curriculum from marching band to physics into one?

No. When I came in here everyone talked about the stress on athletics, so I knew athletics didn't have to be stressed. You know fine arts was my area, and also looking at alternatives in education to suit the needs of different students. Ten per cent of the students needs are not being met by the traditional educational system. I tried to develop programs to further help these students get their needs met—not to detract from the traditional programs.

Whenever there is stress, there seems to be controversy. Mine is the fine arts controversy. Athletics is one area; fine arts is another. I was not trying to emphasize it over the other things. I emphasized everything—academics, fine arts. It's just that the fine arts have become more visible.

It's difficult for anyone to see the total school picture until they sit in that chair.

I was going to be
Sandy Todd—not try to
be someone I wasn't.

Academics—that was your initial area of stress, wasn't it?

Yes, I was very academically oriented.

You started out your career as a math teacher, didn't you?

I taught math at Northwood for four years. I went to North Side and was a counselor for one year and then was dean of girls for six years. For two years I was

assistant principal.

As principal, you were an innovator in many respects, as both the SWAS program and the smoking areas came into existence under your leadership. To begin with, how did SWAS evolve?

SWAS, let's see. Well, Mr. Dvorak came from North Side, and Mr. Beebe was from Northwood—the other teachers were already here. The teaching staff formed without rhyme or reason.

When you talk with teachers, you pick up their philosophy of education. The team Inquiry Center just developed. It had been done before, but it failed. There was just the right combination for it to work here.

A teacher can do their own thing in their own classroom, but they can do even more



Smiling as she "graduates" with the class of '79, principal Sandy Todd receives a diploma from Mr. Mel Zehner during commencement.

—Mark Damerell

if they're banded together in a team. They shouldn't be all the same, though. They should all have different strengths.

What prompted the development of the smoking areas?

The smoking situation was one of the things I found out was a problem facing Northrop when I talked to parents, students and teachers in the first summer. In fact, at back to school night I talked to all the parents and most all of them agreed that smoking areas would be a solution.

I guess smoke was so thick in the bathrooms you couldn't even see. Non-smokers didn't like it.

I worked to get them really hard. I went to see about clearing them through the downtown office.

You didn't exactly get their approval, did you?

Nope, it was definitely without their blessing.

The smoking areas solved some problems, but did the problems they caused outweigh

It's difficult for anyone
to see the total school
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that chair.

the good?

No. In fact, when we closed them down due to weather conditions, the problems in the restrooms began to pick up. One thing, now we don't have any students left that were here before the smoking areas. They don't know what it was like. The appreciation has slipped just a little. They've needed a little tighter control, but I did not get complaints when they were open. The minute we closed them down for weather or the energy crisis, I got complaints from both faculty, parents and students.

My sole philosophy was against having a rule that couldn't be enforced; you couldn't control it. They're going to smoke no matter what. Educationally, it's not sound to have something in the rulebooks that contradicts what really goes on—something that can't be changed.

Why did the administration decide to "crackdown," as students refer to it, on the parking lot situation this year? It didn't seem that it was any worse than in past years.

We couldn't condone the using of and selling of drugs at school.

But it existed before.

I really don't think it was any worse than in past years. It was mostly just the change in personnel and their priorities that caused the difference.

Do you know the real reasons for the "change in personnel"? For instance, why did Mr. Schultz leave?

Mr. Schultz was tired of administration. It wasn't anything new. After summer vacation he was still tired. He felt he couldn't hang in for another year.

The same thing happened with Mr. Mitchell. He was in on it a year ago, way back when I made my decision. He decided he didn't want to be assistant principal for someone else besides me. He felt the end of the first semester was the logical time to go leave. Then, whoever was going to be next year's assistant principal could begin programming for next year.

Was it your decision that Mr. Zehner would become assistant principal? Also, what about Mr. Weicker and Mr. Stavretti?

I got together with Dr. Robbins and Dr. Cowan, and we talked about it. We had to look at staff morale. We were having enough upheaval as it was. We didn't want to do anything to create more. Also, we didn't want to do anything permanent with a new administration coming in.

Mr. Stavretti will go back to the classroom—he knows that. Mr. Weicker is in an acting position.

So really, everything could change next year?

Yes, it can and will.

What is taking so long with the decision about who will be principal here next year?

I really don't know.

Frankly, they've known of my intentions from the beginning. The main reason I made my decision public in February was so they could choose a principal, and the person chosen could get acquainted with the staff. They just can't seem to make up their minds.

How do you deal with the daily pressures of being a principal? How do you cope?

For one thing, if you do the job right, the way I feel, this is your life. Your life is school. You have no social life—nothing else. That is just something you have to accept. You have to condition yourself.

Do you ever quit being Sandy Todd, principal of Northrop High School?

Not really. You can condition yourself to block out certain things, but never everything.

It certainly puts a hamper on your life, more so on a female than a male.

I heard that one of the drawbacks to your job was checking the entire building last year after the blizzard and during the energy crisis.

Yeah, I really conked my head then. We had to make two building checks a day. I was checking in the boiler room one day and hit my head real good. I was scared to death. If it was more serious, I could have been there for days and no one would have known.

I've had to do some unusual things. You're really on twenty-four hour call. If something happens at the school, you have to be there.

When it comes to decision-making at Northrop, who has the ultimate authority, you or the administration?

It depends on the situation. I definitely have to work within certain confines.

If you do the job right
...this is your life. You
have no social life—
nothing else. That is just
something you have
to accept.

What do you feel the role of a principal is?

It is definitely a public relations situation. It could almost be full time PR if you wanted it to. But there are so many demands—so

many things to do.

You are totally unable to be in the classroom with students—something I feel a principal should do.

I get out with the kids in the Commons and the cafeteria as much as I can. It reinforces what we're doing to see kids responding. But you don't have an opportunity to know them. That bothers me too.

Mr. Spuller had a
totally different image
than me. He was
Papa Bruin, he was
older... a male.

Do you ever feel that the catch-all phrase, "it's just politics," fits high school administration?

Oh, well sure. There's politics in everything.

Where do you as principal fit into the power structure?

A principal is probably second to the superintendent in the community—within their own school community, I should say. Actually, maybe even more power since you're so much more visible.

In it's only eight years of existence, Northrop has achieved success in a variety of areas, such as athletics, marching band, and now even speech. What do you attribute this almost phenomenal excellence to, in such a wide variety of areas?

It just comes down to the human element, like I said before. The three components—students, parents, and faculty—just hang together.

Whenever we have teachers go on North Central reports, they all say it's good to be back. Of course, not every student is sold on Northrop High School. But, one thing, for instance, we don't have transfer requests out, but we sure have a lot of teachers trying

Do you feel that the frequently spoken of, supposedly in existence, "Bruin Pride" is a part of this?

I don't know... It's an intangible feeling, and here again, I think it goes back to the people.

There's a feeling here that's just hard to explain. After my five years here, I'll always feel special about Northrop—different.

"Bruin Pride" isn't limited to just athletics. Because I see the total school I see everything. For example, we have the biggest DE program in the state. When you look at all the areas, you see the "Pride" everywhere.

Will you miss Northrop?

Yes. The closer it gets I'm getting more mixed feelings.



Dean John Weicker Counselor Bill Brown



Athletic director Mark Schoeff



MUSICAL CHAIRS:

administrators shift positions as the school's power structure changes

"Temporary" or "acting" was a key word in Northrop's administration this year. Beginning in October, with Dean Gary Shultz's decision to return to teaching at the Opportunity School, a number of administrative offices were vacated. Reshuffling of school personnel occurred throughout the year; in an attempt to "stay within the school," all voids were filled by faculty members. Mr. John Weicker, a SWAS Learning Center in-

structor, took over Shultz's post as Dean. In January, when assistant principal Bill Mitchell resigned, Mr. Mel Zehner took over scheduling chores and moved his office down the hall, advancing from "assistant to the principal" to the second-in-command position. Zehner's change in duties prompted the need for an extra person to work with guidance-related jobs, so social studies teacher Chris Stavreti joined counselors Brown, Green and

Holloway to assist with RVC, student council and college planning. Stavreti's U.S. history classes were taken over by A.C. Eldridge, who had been teaching "Tobacco, alcohol and narcotics" while waiting for a position in the social studies department to open up. Whether any of these teachers and administrators will retain their "acting" positions will be determined by the next principal of Northrop High School.



Counselor Willard Holloway

Assistant to the principal Mel Zehner

Dean Donna Parker



Counselor Donna Green



Leaning on his ever-present scheduling cart, assistant principal Bill Mitchell discusses various course possibilities with a student. Deciding that he didn't want to be assistant principal for anyone other than Todd, Mitchell resigned from his post in January, several months before Todd officially announced that she was leaving. Although Mitchell's early departure was planned so that the new assistant could do the 79-80 scheduling, no one was hired for the job until summer, so all programming was done by acting assistant Mel Zehner.



FROM BOOKS TO BANDS TO BASKETBALLS:

diverse faculty makes
curriculum happen



Robert Dellinger



Eric Beebe



Don Lieberum



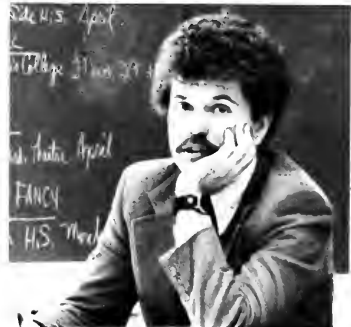
Retiring after 40 years, industrial arts teacher George Surber watches a student practice splicing wires with a soldering iron in one of his electronics classes.



Eric Augsburger



Jim Lubbehusen



Denny Bechtelheimer

BARRY ASHTON—marching band, concert band, jazz bands I and II, stage

band, variety band, training band

ERIC AUGSBURGER—French, junior varsity baseball coach, senior class sponsor

JAKE BAKER—aeronautics, planetarium, geometry, physical science

RON BARNES—basic skills, asst. basketball coach, asst. track coach

DENNY BECHTELHEIMER—drama, speech, musical theatre, fall and winter plays, Etc., musical

ERIC BEEBE—inquiry center English, introductory comp., today's lit.

GLEN BICKEL—algebra, geometry, blood donors sponsor

ANN BRUDNEY—German, intermediate comp.

DICK BULLERMAN—DE, retail lab experience, asst. football coach

RON CERTAIN—economics, U.S. history

WALT COOK—sociology, speech coach

KEN CRAGUE—media center

MIKE DANLEY—consumer education, business arithmetic, typing, introductory

DE, head wrestling coach, asst. football coach

ROBERT DAVIS—shorthand, secretarial practice, typing

ROBERT DELLINGER—recordkeeping, business law

BOB DILLE—U.S. history

BUZZ DOERFFLER—typing, head football coach

RON DVORAK—inquiry center science, chemistry, advanced chemistry

A.C. ELDRIDGE—tobacco, alcohol and narcotics, phys. ed., U.S. history,

head basketball coach

ALONZO EPPS—government, U.S. history, afro-American club sponsor

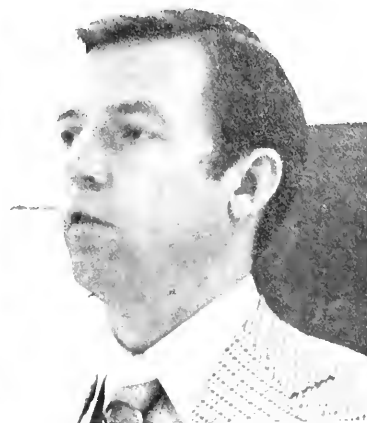
CAROL FINCO—general math, algebra fundamentals

STEVE FLOHR—earth science, chemistry

CAROL FRECK—foods, cheerleading sponsor



Gene Porter



Barrie Peterson



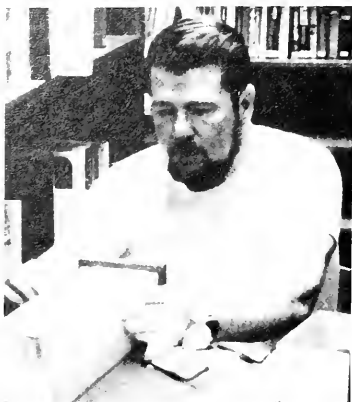
Del Proctor



Shirley Williams

DON GERIG—sports lit., creative writing, introductory comp.
TERRY GRANT—utopian lit., advanced comp., introductory comp.
KAY GREEN—deaf education
RUTH GUTTING—learning disabled and emotionally handicapped education
DARRELL HEASTON—U.S. history, world history
BILL HEINS—swing choir, concert choir, madrigals, treble choir, tenor-bass choir
NATALIE HEWES—human development, needlecraft, home management, foods, housing
DAVE HEY—gymnastics and tumbling, body building, phys. ed., head gymnastics coach, asst. baseball coach
DEB HOCKEMEYER—team sports, phys. ed., head basketball coach, asst. volleyball coach, asst. track coach, FCA sponsor
JULIE HOLLINGSWORTH—geometry, algebra fundamentals, phys. ed., head

volleyball coach, tennis coach, asst. basketball coach
RICHARD HOUSEL—COE, clerical practice, OEA sponsor
LOUISE ISOM—today's lit., afro-American lit., introductory comp., afro-American club sponsor
BOB JOHNSON—art basic, art individual
JIM KEIM—life science, applied physical science, tennis coach
RON KUHN—planetarium, geometry fundamentals, algebra fundamentals, sophomore class sponsor
BARB LAWRENCE—practical writing, viewpoints in lit., today's lit.
DICK LEVY—advanced biology, dept. head
DON LIEBERUM—accounting, recordkeeping
TOM LINDENBERG—basic skills
NANCY LINN—learning center social studies, basic skills
JIM LUBBEHUSEN—woods



Ken Crague



Bill Heins



Steve Flohr



Tim Matthias



Tom Lindenberg



Barb Lawrence



Ron Barnes



Mike Danley

TIM MATTHIAS—DE, DECA sponsor
JOHN McCORY—biological environmental conservation, ecology club sponsor
JOAN McKEE—foods, singles living
GEORGE MILLER—intermediate comp., introductory comp., today's lit.
CARRIE MODEN—stories of danger and excitement, introductory comp.
NANCY MORGAN—adventures, introductory comp.
CLIFF O'BRIEN—metals
BRUCE OLIVER—recent U.S. history, government, golf coach
NANCY PASSWATER—work-study program
BARRIE PETERSON—typing, recordkeeping, business arithmetic, cross country coach, head track coach, varsity club sponsor, FCA sponsor
GENE PORTER—photography, commercial art
GREG PRESSLEY—community base math and science, athletic bus driver, bowling sponsor

DEL PROCTOR—drama, stagecraft, fall and winter plays, Etc., musical, dept. head
BOB RICE—electronic music, fine arts, training band, orchestra, concert band
BERNIE RICHARDVILLE—chemistry, physics
DAVE RILEY—phys. ed., team sports, general math, golf coach, sophomore basketball coach
AL RUPP—advanced algebra, algebra and trigonometry, computer math, general math
HOWIE SCHNEIDER—government, body building, track coach, asst. football coach, junior class sponsor
ART SCHWAB—advanced math, algebra and trigonometry, geometry, algebra fundamentals, FCA sponsor, Bible study club sponsor
MARGE SLABACH—community base English and social studies
AGNES SOSENHEIMER—intermediate comp., viewpoints in lit.
CHRIS STAVRETI—U.S. history, head baseball coach



Bob Dille

Retiring English teacher Agnes Sosenheimer dances with her husband at her last high school prom. Mrs. Sosenheimer has taught for 20 years, including all eight years of Northrop's existence. "It's nice when I am some place and see a student who remembers me," she commented. "I have truly enjoyed my 20 years of teaching."



FROM BOOKS TO BANDS TO BASKETBALLS *cont.*



Mike Whitlock

STEVE STEINER—mechanical and architectural drafting, dept. head

GEORGE SURBER—electronics, power mechanics, industrial education math

EVELYN SURSO—20th century American fiction, intermediate comp., child lit. and theatre, sophomore class sponsor

JIM SWEENEY—basic journalism, newspaper, magazine and yearbook adviser, hockey coach

MADELINE THOMPSON—senior seminar, advanced comp., 20th century American fiction, dept. head

MAX THRASHER—geometry, trigonometry, analytic geometry, advanced algebra, algebra, senior class sponsor

TOM TOM—body building, gymnastics and tumbling, phys. ed., asst. gymnastics coach, intramurals, dept. head

ROBERT TRAMMEL—inquiry center math, trigonometry, analytic geometry, geometry fundamentals, basketball statistician, dept. head

BOB WALLEEN—psychology, asst. wrestling coach

JOHN WALTER—accounting, football scoreboard, basketball timer, track clerk of course, dept. head

DON WEAVER—AV, AV club sponsor, video taping home athletic events

JANET WEBER—Latin, French, junior classical league sponsor, dept. head

LLOYD WEBER—U.S. local history, U.S. frontiers, U.S. union divided, dept. head

VICKI WHISLER—Spanish, FCA sponsor, Bible study club sponsor

MIKE WHITLOCK—music theory, treble choir, advanced treble choir, concert choir, flags, rifles and sabres

PEG WHONSETLER—art basic, art special, art appreciation

SHIRLEY WILLIAMS—gospels and greeks, Shakespeare and English lit., advanced concomp., junior class sponsor

NAT WITTENBERG—inquiry center social studies, world history

DARLENE YOOUELET—clothing, child psychology

THE STRIKE:

custodians, food service staff
fight for union rights



Replacing faulty bleachers which had begun to deteriorate with several year's wear and tear, two custodians install new seats in Spuller stadium. —Bob Crosby

Wearing plastic gloves and standing amidst stacks of clean trays, cafeteria worker Mrs. Ruth Hake serves tator tots to students in the 40 cent tray line. —John Ribar



The behind-the-scenes crew, the unsung-heroes . . . We've heard it all before. Despite being repetitive, it's true. The custodial, clerical and food service staffs run the school school—literally—with little notice or appreciation.

But an absence forced their recognition. Exchanging mops and dishes for picket signs, custodians and food service workers went on strike, leaving the school to function without them. The following is a detailed account of the walk-out.

Dateline: January 22, 1979

By Jo Dell

Negotiations between the Fort Wayne Community School board and Local 561 of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees' Union representing the custodial and food service workers brought about no agreement on wages, benefits and other remaining issues.

The board offered a 5.4 per cent pay increase per hour, which equals approximately 26 cents. The workers requested a 20 per cent increase, amounting to nearly 70 cents per hour. Another item debated was the new set of rules on recognition at the bargaining table—rules taking the rights of the union

away.

The custodial and food service workers were willing to negotiate twice, but to no avail. At midnight on Wednesday, January 17, these workers went on strike. Although the threat of termination hung over their heads, many workers formed picket lines at all of the entrances to Northrop and other Fort Wayne Community schools. Lines were also formed at the bus garages by Northrop and Elmhurst. For this reason, school administrators delayed the opening of school for two hours on Thursday, January 18.

When speaking to one custodian, he stated, "We were willing to negotiate, but were turned down twice." Asking for the cooperation of bus drivers, teamsters, teachers and students, the custodians, food service and grounds workers hoped to gain support and a wage increase.

These workers put in eight hours a day, five days a week. The service they provide is vital. As a result of their absence, principal Sandra Todd, assistant Mel Zehner, athletic director Mark Schoeff, and guidance counselors Donna Green and Willard Holloway wiped cafeteria tables. Office personnel sold milk. Students brought lunches, emptied trash cans and swept floors in order to help, along with tipping the personnel cleaning the tables.

Upon arrival and departure, the school buses parked on Cook Road, in attempt to honor picket lines.

A contract was signed by all employees of the custodial, food service, and grounds departments stating two rules which are being broken by the strike. The contract expired January 1, but the set of rules pertains to the entire term of employment with FWCS.

"No threats have been made against the strikers, but a reminder that the board would have the right to fire," stated Norm Ballinger, coordinator of public relations for FWCS on Wednesday at 2:00 a.m.

School was delayed again on Friday, January 19, making the first three periods shorter.

It was explained on the radio that the custodians and food service workers were given the option to go back to work on Monday or face dismissal. A vote was held among the local 561 members, and the workers decided to return to work as scheduled on Monday, January 22.

Emphasizing the contrast between a petit woman and a long wall, custodial staff member Mrs. Teresa Aurand washes the windows in the building's main hallway. —Shannon Johnson

After tallying up a student's a la carte purchases, cafeteria worker Mrs. Carolyn Gompf holds out her hand for the payment. —Shannon Johnson



Seniors

Senior class officers: Paula Clifford, president; Rick Gerig, vice-president; Pam Allen, social chairman; Tracey Murphy, treasurer; Kathy Kramer, secretary



Bill Adamson
Tambi Aiken
Brian Aikins
Mark Allen
Pam Allen



Teresa Allen
Kim Anderson
DeDe Antoine
Bob Armstrong
John Arnold



Jeff Avery
Lynn Avery
Rick Balogh
Mark Bannister
Cindi Barlage



Susan Barlage
Deanna Bates
Dawn Baysinger
Donna Belcher
Doris Belcher





Bruce Bell
Timerra Belland
Wendi Bellis
Flora Bennett
Pete Bercot



Curt Berindei
Ramona Bess
John Betties
Craig Beverforden
Megan Beyler



Joseph Biggins
Janet Bishop
Jeff Blackburn
Brian Blacketor
Cheryl Blake



Diana Blake
Kevin Blanchard
Gregory Bloom
Sue Bloom
Lori Booker



Linda Bowie
Gary Brabson
Yvonne Brabson
Karen Bradford
Linda Bradford



Brett Branstetter
Robert Brauer
Edwin Braun
Pat Bressler
Debra Bright



Teresa Bristol
Gary Brooks
Sue Brown
Todd Brown
Kevin Brundige

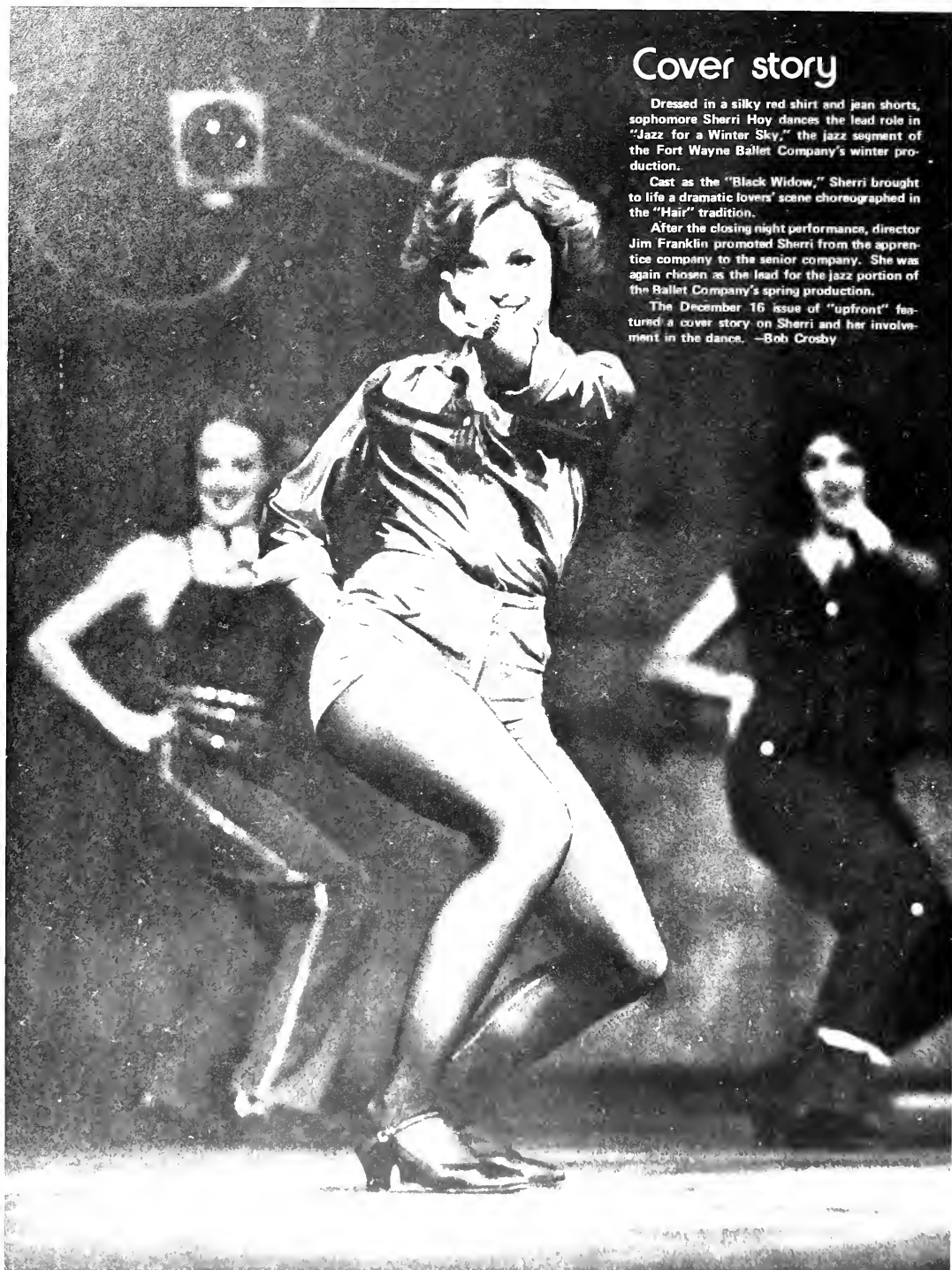
Cover story

Dressed in a silky red shirt and jean shorts, sophomore Sherri Hoy dances the lead role in "Jazz for a Winter Sky," the jazz segment of the Fort Wayne Ballet Company's winter production.

Cast as the "Black Widow," Sherri brought to life a dramatic lovers' scene choreographed in the "Hair" tradition.

After the closing night performance, director Jim Franklin promoted Sherri from the apprentices company to the senior company. She was again chosen as the lead for the jazz portion of the Ballet Company's spring production.

The December 16 issue of "upfront" featured a cover story on Sherri and her involvement in the dance. —Bob Crosby





Lisa Brunson
Jack Buck
Doug Bull
Laurie Bullard
Jane Bunner



Diana Burfield
Sondra Burkholder
Alan Burnett
Johnny Burney
Karen Burroughs



Blair Burton
Susan Burton
Tammy Busche
Joel Butler
Kirk Butts



Bonnie Byanskie
Chris Byrde
Lisa Cahill
Joe Campbell
Laurie Campbell



Greg Cary
Brad Casalini
Angie Chaney
Don Chevillet
Bruce Chivington



Dimitri Choka
Barb Clark
Leslie Clark
Laura Claypool
Ted Clevenger



Paula Clifford
Rex Coak
Terry Coleman
Jody Conn
Cheryl Cook

Jill Cook
Kelle Coon
Jeanette Cooper
Kathy Coughlin
Susan Crain



Loretta Curns
Teresa Daler
Jamie Davis
Bill Deakin
Mike DeFord



Steven Degitz
David DeHabe
Jo Ella Dell
Roberta Dennis
Becky Dettlinger



Kirsteen Donnelly
Tina Dorman
Karen Doty
Louisea Driver
Lisa Duncan



Tami Easley
Mike Edmonds
Randy Eisenach
Marsha Eldridge
Debbie Ellis



Jim Elizondo
Connie Engle
Tonya Ervins
Rita Espinosa
Vicky Esquivel



Dale Evans
Mike Evard
Curt Ewing
Cindy Fair
Sue Falk





Camera-shy

Shielding her face with a spiral notebook, senior Kim Anderson attempts to hide from her art teacher, Mr. Gene Porter as he focuses in on her with a camera. —Jeanne Madden



Ken Farlow
Susan Faulk
Darlene Fawcett
Mark Faxon
Robin Fay

Jane Ferchter
Elizabeth Fenker
Bonnie Fick
Jeffrey Fike
Linda Fiore

Star Firnhaber
Diane Fisher
Laurie Fleck
Carol Fortier
Jeff Fox

Homecoming queen

Teary-eyed and emotional after being crowned 1979 Homecoming Queen, Kathy Kramer is framed by 1978 queen Carolyn Ferraro and her escort as she walks back from the football field toward the bleachers. —Brad Kennedy



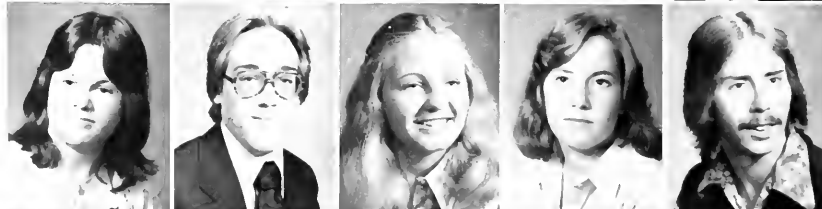
Mike Fox
Mike Fredbloom
Patricia Freeman
Joseph Freiburger
Darrell Friar



Julie Fritz
Lori Fritz
Brian Frye
Michelle Fults
Darryel Gaines



Tina Galloway
Bruce Gastineau
Sharon Gater
Rebecca Gaudette
Ron Gerber



Rick Gerig
Mark Germano
Mark Ghaster
David Gibbons
Joann Gibson





Brian Gillingham
Lory Girardot
Rob Glasgow
Mike Golembewski
Paul Goodland



Virginia Goodman
Michael Gorman
Terry Grant
James Gray
Lisa Grisham



Carla Groves
Ed Guevara
JeMae Gulliksen
Janine Gunder
Joan Hagen



Bonita Hairston
Steve Halbert
Linda Haley
Lori Hall
Dan Halquist



Chris Hare
Sam Harkinson
Jeff Harris
Jill Harris
Tom Harris



Dan Harth
Matt Hartman
Steve Hatfield
Debbie Hauge
Lorie Hauptert



Mark Haverstick
Elaine Hayes
Bobbie Henderson
Dave Henkle
David Henry

Neil Herrberg
Kellie Heyman
Tim Hinrichs
Tom Hiser
Marianne Holmberg



Ted Holocher
Jeff Holt
Mary Honor
Brenda Hood
Terri Hopper



Pari Hosseinipour
David Houghton
Joseph Householder
Sherri Householder
Marc Houser



Ross Houser
Shari Hubert
Howard Hudson
Lisa Hunter
Beth Huston



Steve Irven
Stacey Isaacs
Dave Ivy
Judy Jackson
Tim Jackson



Susan Jacobson
Lori James
Laura Janiszewski
Tom Jaxtheimer
Carolyn Jenkins



Sylvester Jimerson
Rick Johnloz
Jana Johnson
Julie Johnson
Roberta Johnson





Just between bears

Taking a break from disco dancing, Disco Bear talks with co-Bruin Jeremy Smith, varsity cheerleader Janine Gunder's nephew. Wearing the bear suit for the first time at the Northrop-Dwenger football game, Shannon Johnson updated the mascon's image for the '78 season. He was as he put it, "definitely disco—not just Bernie Bruin."

—Bill Hicov



Dave Johnston
Duffy Jones
Tracy Jones
Patty Jontz
Bo Juergens

Gail Jurczewsky
Carol Kammer
Bonnie Kaufman
Mark Kaufman
Beth Keelan

Marjorie Keller
Brenda Kelley
Rhonda Kelsaw
Carrie Kem
Brad Kennedy

Mark Kensill
 Jeff Kimes
 David Kindlesparger
 Edward King
 Julie King



Allen Kline
 Michael Kline
 Ann Klopfenstein
 David Knerr
 Jeff Knop



Mike Knuckles
 Mark Koehler
 Penny Kohls
 Agni Kozinas
 Marla Krall



Kathy Kramer
 Susan Kuehnert
 Jean LaBorde
 Martha Lacy
 Kristi Lallo



Kerri Lambright
 Yvonne Landes
 Susan Lane
 Valerie LaPorta
 Cynthia Lapsley



Michael Latham
 Dale Lehman
 Janis Lehman
 Christine Leichty
 Kim Leimer



Peggy Link
 Beth Linville
 Janet Loechner
 Annette Lott
 Jill Lubbes





Barry Lucas
Pam Lude
Sharon Lynch
Jeanne Madden
Keith Magley



Pam Malaise
Rusty Malaise
Lisa Marshall
Carolyn Martin
Ken Martin



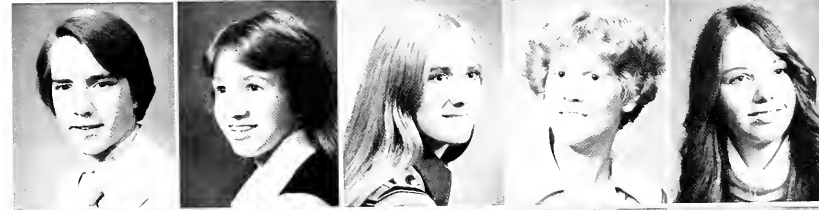
Rita Martin
Dennis Mason
Beulah Masterson
Joan May
John May



Sandy McBride
Becky McCarty
Jamie McClure
Colleen McClurg
Kathy McCowan



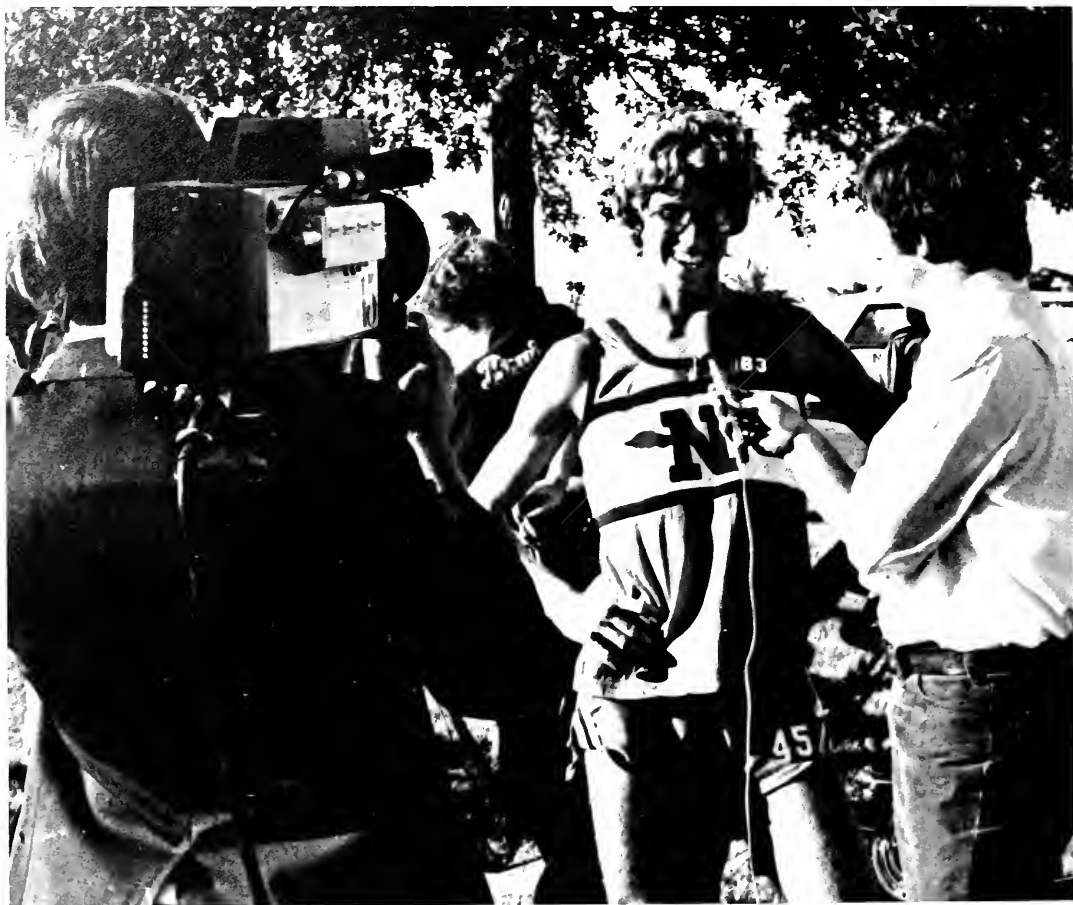
Diane McDevitt
Mike McFarland
Mark McNabb
Donna Meier
Michele Mero



Matt Merriman
Shari Merriman
Peggy Meyers
Vicky Michels
Kim Middleton



Tammy Milholland
Monte Miller
Paula Miller
Steve Miller
Twila Miller



On camera

After running away with the SAC cross country championship, senior Scott Wareing is interviewed by reporter Tony Ventrella of Channel

15 News. Finishing the race with a season best time of 12:20, Wareing led the team to a second place berth in the conference meet.
—Mark Damerell

Sue Minick
Kevin Miser
Larry Mitchell
Roxanne Mollberg
Lauri Monroe



Jacqueline Moore
Michelle Moore
Yolanda Moore
Mary Morel
Thomas Morgan





Alan Morin
Diane Morris
Jeff Moser
John Moss
Jill Mouglin



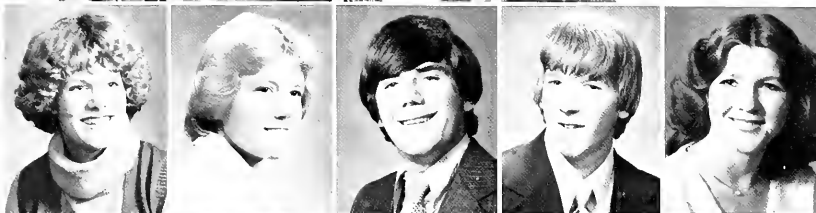
Cathy Mueller
Tom Mungovan
Bruce Murdock
Tracey Murphy
Frankie Myatt



Kara Myers
Mike Nagel
Lisa Neel
Debbie Neeld
Dave Neilands



Mark Nelson
Jeanene Neuhaus
Debbie Nichols
Kim Nienas
Lisa Nine



Julie Norris
Kathy Nowell
Don Oesch
Kenny Offord
Karen Ogg



Kim Orendorff
Debbie Orn
Lenny Osborn
Karen Otter
Steve Owen



Michael Parkison
Margo Parr
Scott Partridge
John Pauley
Sue Paxton

Dan Pemberton
Sara Pequignot
Joan Perkins
Scott Perrine
Randy Peterson



Carla Petrie
Marc Petrie
Barb Pettit
Chris Phelps
Pam Phillips



Bill Pickelheimer
Tim Polley
Teresa Pond
Jeff Popplewell
Lori Powell



Under the big top

Protected from a fourth quarter drizzle, three spectators huddle under an umbrella as they watch the championship powder-

puff game. The game, which pitted the juniors against the seniors, was played during Homecoming week. —Marc Straub



Tom Powell
John Pratt
John Price
Lori Prince
Teresa Pruett



Jackie Puterbaugh
Dan Pyle
Jamie Raab
Ann Radkoski
Eric Ramsey



Mike Rautenkranz
Steven Regnier
Maureen Reich
Steve Reinhold
Annette Resor



Ricky Retherford
John Rhea
John Ribar
Ken Richeson
Chris Richter



Julie Riley
William Ritter
Eric Rizzie
Diane Robart
William Roberson



Kelly Roberts
Pam Roberts
Richie Roberts
Judy Robinett
Denise Robinson



Ron Root
Terri Rowdon
Dawn Rowlands
Don Rowlands
Harold Rummer

Teresa Runnion
Jacqueline Russell
Charles Rutherford
Thomas Sadler
Yvette Samaan



Debbi Sample
James Sanders
Steve Scaff
Bob Scheele
Angela Scheurman



Thomas Schmidtchen
Marc Schmitz
Steph Schnellbach
Sonia Schnieb
Paul Schuler



Kim Schwab
Greg Schwartz
Liz Schweizer
Carolyn Schweyer
Twila Scott



Kevin Senter
Randy Seymour
Juha Shaffer
Conne Shaver
Michael Shaver



Charles Shaw
Pam Shaw
Paul Shick
Michael Shie
Tim Simons



Dan Simpson
Dave Simpson
Julie Sipes
Brent Skinner
Gail Slagle





Ed Smierciak
Jill Smith
Kim Smith
Pete Smith
Vincent Smith



"Raining in my heart"

Her mind on melancholy thoughts, Ruby (Teresa Pond) expresses misgivings about leaving her home in Centerville, Utah to become a Broadway dancer. To further complicate matters, she has just fallen in love with a sailor named Dick, a songwriter who is also from Centerville. Although Dick professes to love Ruby, he swoons at the sight of the famous actress Mona Kent. Northrop's first annual winter production, an in-the-round version of "Dames at Sea," premiered January 16 and 17.

—Shannon Johnson

Robert Snare
Tom Spranger
Marvin Sprau
Mike Stabler
Bob Stadelmeyer



Glenn Staller
Kirk Staller
Tera Staneck
Jeanine Stanton
Mark Steenport



A blazin'

After an exciting powderpuff game, students gather around the Homecoming bonfire to generate spirit for the big game Friday night. —Bob Stadelmeyer



Lori Stein
Tom Stellhorn
Marilyn Stephens
Jean Stephenson
Debbie Stevenson



Marilyn Stewart
Sherri Stewart
Virginia Stewart
Laura Stone
Diane Stoodly



Sheri Stratton
Marc Straub
Lori Sturgeon
Jeanne Summerville
Brad Swing



Tammie Tackett
Melinda Tennant
Lisa Terry
Sandra Thomas
Ann Thompson



Henrick Thrane
Tim Tiedeman
Charles Tiffany
Laura Todd
Rusty Tom



Karen Topp
Ron Tunin
Nanette Turrin
Keith Waddell
Julie Waggoner



Wendy Wagner
Lori Walborn
Cathy Walker
Susan Walker
Vickie Walker



Twilight zone

Silhouetted against the sky, Elmhurst fans trickled into the stadium prior to the Elmhurst-Northrop football game.
—John Riber



Debi Wallace
Todd Wanley
Scott Wareing
Jamel Weatherspoon
Karen Weber



Jeff Weichselfelde
Claudia Wheeler
Ken White
Sheri White
John Wicker



Phyllis Wiegmann
Wendell Wilder
Stephanie Williams
Norvetta Wills
Deanna Wilson



Betsy Winteregg
Tamara Wiseman
Sherry Wisner
Sandy Witchey
Andy Witte



Brenda Wolfe
Sandy Wood
Tim Wood
Tonya Woods
David Woolems



John Workman
Erwin Yates
Robin Yeiser
Bob Youse
Pat Yurkovic



LouWenda Zeigler
Mary Zuber
Stan Smith

Juniors

Junior class officers: Caroline Davis, treasurer; Diana Shaffer, social chairman; June Werling, Vice-president; Tanya Seslar, secretary; Bettye Dean, president



Cindy Adams
Valerie Affolter
Kim Alfeld
Chris Alford
Keith Allgeier
Tracy Amos
Don Anderson



Drew Armstrong
Lisa Arnold
Tracy Arnold
Debbie Babcock
Kay Bacon
Kate Bahr
Deena Baker



Yon Sun Baker
Randy Barrand
Felicia Batalona
Caryn Bauermeister
Roberto Bautista
Rich Beckmann
Arthur Bedard



Margo Beerbower
David Beghtel
Christie Bell
Valerie Bess
Marcia Betties
Kim Betz
Lee Ann Beverforden



Mari Beyler
Brenda Bishop
Mark Bishop
Brad Black
Brien Blackburn
John Blacketor
Teresa Bloom





Debby Bobay
Steve Bodi
Kevin Bollman
Krisanne Bond
Cleo Booker
Gordan Boone
Tim Bouillon



Debbie Boyer
Lynn Brickley
Jim Brineman
Doug Brown
Payne Brown
Scott Brown
Becky Bryan



Gwyn Bryant
Jerry Buchanan
Tami Buchanan
Michelle Bull
Cheryl Bundy
Liz Burkhart
Laura Burrows



Dawn Busche
Linda Buttel
Ernie Byers
Lisa Byer
Mark Campbell
Tyrone Chaney
Mark Clark



Mike Clark
Terry Clark
Connie Claxton
Lora Claymiller
Ron Clemmer
Floyd Clemons
Dawn Clevenger



Donna Clifford
Keith Coak
Laura Cobb
Jeff Coburn
Patricia Cocklin
Kara Cole
Andy Collins



Dorothy Collins
Laura Comparet
Paula Conover
Jim Cook
Kevin Cook
Steve Corbin
Doug Cox



Gloria Crewe
Dawn Cunningham
Brenda Curry
Jamie Curry
Oweis Dada
Mark Damerell
Kim Daniels



Jean Darnall
Bryan Davis
Caroline Davis
Leona Davis
Terry Davis
Tina Davis
Bettye Dean

Susan DeCarlo
Dirk Denuyl
Sterling DePew
Janet DiDomenico
Debbie Diemer
Robin Dillman
Dan Doenges



Kevin Donley
Jackie Donnelly
Terri Dorman
Lane Doster
Mary Dressler
Jeff Dreyfrus
Teddy Dunbar



Richard Dye
Kevin Earnest
Lee Edsall
Steve Edwards
Dean Ehle
Laura Eix
Ron Eix



Gwen Elizondo
Jacquelyn Ellis
Tracy Ellis
Susan Ennis
Cherry Enterline
Tom Enyeart
Sheila Faurote



Greg Fawley
Kathy Fawley
Maureen Feeley
Shawn Feeley
Craig Ferguson
Michelle Fisher
Jeff Flood



Kim Ford
Steve Forte
Susan Fowler
Debbie Frayer
Teresa Fredericks
Jed Freels
Dawn Frey



Debbie Frisby
Richard Fromm
Ken Fuhrman
Jeff Fuller
Willie Gates
Jill Geller
Michele Gelling



Edward Gerdum
Kathy Gilbert
Brian Glass
David Goodson
Kelly Gordon
Rachelle Gordon
Chris Gordy



Kim Graber
Patricia Gray
Barbara Green
Barbara Green
Bonnie Gunkel
Kim Gunter
Bruce Guttu





Don Guy
Tony Guy
Mike Guzman
Teresa Haag
Mary Haire
John Haley
Tony Hall

Derek Hardy
Lawrence Harkless
Cindy Harper
Caffe Harris
Michele Harris
Terry Harter
Rod Hartman



Fenced out

Peering through the fence surrounding Spuller Stadium, two pint-sized Bruin fans watch the pre-game activities of the season's first home football game on August 25. —John Ribar

Bob Hauge
Barb Henderson
Joyce Henderson
Kevin Henry
Mark Henry
Thomas Henry
Sue Hessey



David Hill
Rich Hill
Larry Hindle
Lucretia Hiner
Cherri Hobeck
Karen Hodge
Kelly Hoelle



Tony Holdgreve
Ron Hoot
Mark Horman
Mindy Hough
Tom Houlihan
Gregg Householder
Linda Householder



Cathy Howell
Amy Hunt
Chris Hupp
Todd Huston
Dave Hyndman
Dan Issacs
Anita Jackson



Justina Jacquay
Rhonda Jacquay
Karen Janiszewski
Gary Jeffries
Larry Jeffries
Arthur Johnson
Kenn Johnson



Linda Johnson
Shannon Johnson
Brenda Jones
Felicia Jones
James Jones
Diana Junk
Larry Kaiser



Frances Kaufman
Billy Keith
Allison Keller
Shawn Kem
Karen Kepler
Ed Kerker
Vijay Kharbas



Stephanie Kidd
Da Kim
Debbie King
James King
Mike King
Tim King
Tuesday King



Doris Klaffke
Brad Klein
Karl Klemm
Steve Kline
Thomas Knisely
Joseph Kokosa
Jerry Korchyk





Denise Kreienbrink
Elise Kreienbrink
Tammy Krider
Lynda Kuehn
Holly Kuhn
Nick LaFever
Mark Lahey

Michael Lamb
Tami Landin
Cheryl Lang
Denise Lapsley
Laura Larimer
Willie Latham
Charlie Lauier

Robert Lee
Ronald Lee
Ryan Leitch
Rhonda Lemmon
Jill Lemna
Chris Lerch
Dave Lesick

Diana Lester
Cheryl Levy
Bob Linsky
Scott Little
Terry Lomack
Penny Lomax
Tony Lymon

Cory Lynch
Laurie Lyons
Dan Macy
Sheryl Malaise
Laurie Manning
Marshall Manoloff
Scott Marburger

Cathy Markey
Sue Markey
Cathy Martin
Debbie Martin
Michael Martin
Carlton Mathias
Mary Ann McClure

Dave McConiga
Tim McCre
Bill McDonald
Annette McKee
Vicki Meier
Randy Mettert
Duane Meyers

Sue Middleton
Peter Mildred
Mark Miller
Terri Miller
Curt Mirwaldt
DeLores Mitchell
Katrina Monnier

Cindy Moon
Glenn Moore
Kimberly Moore
Sherill Moore
Lisa Moravec
Jim Mortimer
Cindy Motz



Crashed out

With a lunchtime low in energy, junior Mark Miller sleeps during the first lunch mod in an empty downstairs B-wing classroom.

—Shannon Johnson

Nancie Mullins
Linda Murphy
Tom Murphy
William Murphy
Crystal Myatt
Jeanne Myers
Lora Neuhaus



Bryan Nichols
Dorothy Noehren
George O'Brien
Chris Oglesby
Cheryl Oliver
Kristi Onion
Tracy Orsbon





Ken Osborn
Don Oury
Beth Overton
Mikki Parkinson
Ned Parrish
John Pea
Stacey Pearson

Sandee Peaslee
Lisa Pence
Barb Penick
Janice Pequignot
Anita Perez
Debbie Pettit
Susan Pettit

Doug Pickelheimer
Sherry Piepenbrink
Sandra Pinney
Beth Plank
Lewis Poindexter
Randy Poiry
Don Poling

Dave Porter
Stacie Porter
Tracy Purinton
Rod Putt
Barb Rademaker
Lynne Radkoski
Gordon Rasor

Bernard Rauch
Jerome Rauch
Karen Rauch
Jon Ray
Richard Reece
Karen Reed
Suzette Reed

Teresa Reith
Dave Rennecker
Rob Retherford
Dawn Reynolds
Michael Reynolds
Jim Richard
John Richardville

Ruthie Richeson
Shauna Rigdon
Mitch Riggs
Pam Riley
Maureen Ritchhart
Lamont Roberts
Darren Robinson

Dimples Roddy
Yvonne Rogers
Mark Rooy
Kim Rose
Chris Roussey
Laurie Rudig
Dan Runge

Pam Runnion
John Ryan
Melody Sanders
Scott Sanderson
Louis Sarazen
Rich Schlaudroff
John Schlink



Count down

"Number one, second to none," chant varsity and reserve cheerleaders as they open the first basketball pep session with the "count down" cheer. A mirror image in the background, the rest of the two squads are in an identical formation facing the sophomore and junior sections of the bleachers.

—Mark Damerell



Lori Schnepf
Kent Scholz
Sue Schormer
Lee Schubert
Mark Scroggs
Bob Semprini
Neal Seslar



Tanya Seslar
Ken Sexton
Diana Shaffer
Claudette Shank
Stacy Shank
Mark Shaw
Julia Shelton



Doug Shockey
Leona Shupe
Larry Simpkins
Mary Simpkins
Fran Sipe
Dawne Slater
Doyle Smeltzer



Mary Smierciak
Brenda Smith
Carolyn Smith
Karl Smith
Pam Smith
Mike Snare
Tammy Snyder



Tina Snyder
Narciso Solero
Steve Souers
Cindy Sowle
Kathy Staller
Lynn Stanley
Tim Stanton



Mitch Stauffer
Pete Steinkamp
Doug Stellhorn
Alan Stevens
Doug Stevens
Cindy Steward
Jeff Stewart



Chris Stieber
Stuart Stier
William Storms
Scott Stoval
Debbie Strahm
Brenda Studebaker
Stephen Stutts



Lenny Suggs
Sandy Sunday
Scott Tagtmeyer
Cynthia Tatum
Jerry Taube
Elaine Taylor
Phyllis Terlosky



Chad Tew
Darlene Theis
Judy Thomas
Laura Thomas
Mark Thomas
Craig Thompson
Dave Thorne

Follow the river

Dry feet don't last in the student parking lot when the snow melts and rivers form. Such adverse conditions left students no choice but to walk on the slushy grey ice alongside the pools of water. Generally, at least one puddle jump, (successful or not), was required in order to reach the building. —Bob Crosby





Doug Thorne
 Brian Thornson
 Roger Timbrook
 Dave Tittman
 Karma Tom
 Todd Townsend
 Russell Trigg

Michael Tubbs
 Lisa Tucker
 Pam Tuttle
 John Ulmer
 Jeff Underhill
 David Ungemach
 Audrey Vorderman

Brenda Vorndran
 Fred Waikel
 Maria Walker
 Tonya Walker
 Dave Wallenstein
 Donald Walls
 Daryl Weatherspoon

Buddy Webber
 Theresa Webster
 Shelly Weller
 Carrie Wellman
 Guy Welty
 Chuck Wene
 June Werling

Pam Westerhausen
 Kyle Wetzel
 Cheryl Whetstone
 Jeff Whetstone
 Craig White
 Larry Whitesides
 David Wiedenhoef

Steve Wiegman
 Dave Wiley
 Tammy Wilhelm
 Lisa Williams
 Kathy Wilson
 Keith Wilson
 Mark Wilson

Vince Wimbley
 Tammy Winchester
 Joe Winling
 Debbie Winston
 Dewey Witte
 Angie Wood
 Cindy Worman

Bonnie Wyss
 Chris Yoder
 Nancy Yoder
 Anna Yoquelet
 Daryl Young
 Jim Young
 Dee Younger

Shelley Zimmerman
 Tina Ellis



Sophomores

Sophomore class officers: Todd Kemerly, president; Kelly Kohmeier, secretary; Anne Nelson, treasurer; Sherri Hoy, social chairman; Todd Edmonds, vice-president

Bob Adams
Derek Adams
Paula Adams
Tom Adams
Leslie Alford
Mark Allen
Bill Amidon



Sandy Anderson
Merrill Anspaugh
Peggy Arnett
Lee Ann Aronld
Ryan Augsburg
Yvonne Baker
Robert Barlage



Jeff Barnell
Jeff Barnes
Lisa Barnett
Steve Barrand
Marcia Batalona
Elise Bates
Warren Beaty



Anita Beck
John Beck
Dawn Beghtel
Suzanne Beitman
Dave Bell
John Belote
Melody Bernardin



Jim Bickley
Steve Black
Debbie Blake
Jona Bloom
Berniece Bojrab
Gordon Booker
Suzanne Booth



Teresa Boothby
Mark Bordner
Lisa Bovie
Glen Bower
Tim Bowers
Brenda Bowser
John Bowser





Brent Bowyer
Adrienne Boyce
Sandy Boyd
Roy Brabson
Ross Bradley
Brian Brandt
Brenda Branstetter



Dee Dee Brase
Laura Brase
Harriet Braun
Sherrie Brendle
Jeff Bright
Rick Brinneman
Dave Brockhouse



Bobby Brown
Dave Brown
Don Brown
Mark Brown
Mark Brown
Tricia Brown
William Brown



Tom Bruce
Jeff Brunson
Gregg Bryant
Robert Bryant
Tony Buell
Rick Bull
Chris Burlage



Helen Burnett
Mike Burns
Cheryl Burroughs
Greg Burroughs
Brent Burton
Debbie Butts
Louis Byers



Robin Byrd
Amy Cade
Michelle Cahill
Ric Caldwell
Denver Calhoun
Mark Calhoun
Freda Calligan



Kim Campbell
Lesia Campbell
Warren Campbell
Larry Carcione
Lisa Carey
Carrie Caso
Jeff Caso



Brad Castleman
Mark Catrone
Deanna Chivington
Todd Clevenger
Brenda Coburn
Jeri Coffelt
Scott Collins



Richele Conner
Curtis Cook
Ralph Cook
Trent Coon
Barb Coughlin
Jim Cowan
Sue Cowan

Suzanne Cravens
Yvette Cravens
John Creek
Phil Crosby
Mark Cruz
Don Cune
Charlotte Cunliffe



Paula Curry
Joan Cushing
Sherry Cutler
Jim Daenell
Tim Dager
Carl Davis
Julie Davis



Darren Dawkins
Theresa Dawson
Brian Day
Dina DeFord
Jenny Dell
Mark DelPriore
Lauren Dennison



Sandy Dettlinger
Julie DeVille
Dan Devine
Lois Dial
Dean Didion
Ruby Dill
Ken Dillie



Earl Dillman
Noreen Ditttrich
Bob Doelling
Joseph Doenges
Bob Dominy
Kathy Doster
Maria Dowden



Todd Downs
Mark Dressler
Angele Dube
Patti Duncan
Dave Dunn
Sherri Dunn
Clarence Dunnigan



Duane Dunten
Dave Dye
Jenee Dyer
Dennis Eachen
Barbara East
Todd Edmonds
Scott Edwards



Phil Ehinger
Cordell Eley
Mike Eller
Carla Elrod
Jim Engle
Ruth Eppele
Yolanda Espinosa



Nate Evans
Sheryl Evans
Tom Fagan
Jeff Fair
Doug Farlow
Leslie Fasick
Lisa Faxon





Erin Feeley
Michael Fenker
Kurt Fitzgerald
Bobby Fox
Daniel Freiburger
Laura French
David Freon



Calvin Fritz
Bryan Fry
Brent Fults
Dawn Garr
Tim Garrett
Kelly Garwood
Dawn Gaskill



Carolyn Gates
Marie Geer
Lisa Geise
Rick Gelling
Dave Gerdorn
Gina Getts
Denise Ghastr



Valerie Gilbert
Scott Gilliom
Danny Glass
Tammie Gleason
Laura Gobie
Mark Golembiewski
Augie Gomez



Julie Gorman
Amy Gorsuch
Chris Gosney
Lesley Gossett
Randy Gould
Toby Goyal
Jim Grames



Wally Gratz
Joyce Green
Shequella Green
Jill Greene
Rick Greene
Damon Gregg
John Gregory



Diane Greulich
Mike Grish
Debby Grobis
Gary Groff
Joe Grubb
Gary Guillaume
Jennifer Gulley



Gwen Gulliksen
Brett Gunter
Carolyn Guy
Norman Guy
Jon Haag
Mike Hagar
Gary Hakey



Annie Hambricht
Steve Hamilton
Jerry Hammel
Pam Hammond
Tiffany Harrell
Jerry Harter
Dave Hatfield

Sue Hauge
Donald Hayes
Tammy Hayes
Timothy Hayes
Michael Heck
Margaret Heironimus
Kim Helton



Sandy Henline
Karen Herendeen
Julie Herr
Todd Herr
Joe Hershberger
Patrick Hessey
Doug Hettinger



Mike Hewitt
Jerry Heyman
Lisa Hilbig
Lisa Hile
Dan Hoering
Fritz Hoffman
Fronz Hoffman



Molly Hoffman
Franklin Holden
Trudy Holloway
Lori Holocher
Vance Holt
Derrick Hood
Margaret Hopkins



William Hopkins
Ralph Houck
Jan Houghton
Kit Houseman
Mitch Howard
David Howe
Mike Howell



Sherri Hoy
Todd Hoy
Nadine Huff
Dan Hunt
Jeff Huntine
Donald Hurt
Robert Huss



John Huster
Sheri Huston
Matt Hutton
Oliver Jackson
Scott Jarrett
Maureen Jastrzemski
Bill Jehl



Dan Jeppson
Tammy Jerome
Eugene Johnson
Jeff Johnson
Jerry Johnson
Kathi Johnson
Mark Johnson



Laurie Johnston
Kim Jonason
Jenny Jones
Johnathan Jones
Bob Jontz
Diana Jordan
Shelly Jornod



A different perspective



Getting another view on the action, Coach Jim Keim and reserve player Jim Brown watch the varsity tennis team compete against North Side

from the top of the Redskin's stadium.
—Greg Householder



Sherrie Kacsor
William Kaiser
Stephanie Kaufman
Karla Keith
Sherry Kelly
Willie Kelly
Gerald Kelsaw

Quintin Kelsoe
Charles Kemerley
Todd Kemerley
Craig Kensill
Steve Kepler
Annette Kimmel
Connie King

Gordon King
Al Kinsey
Stuart Kleopfer
Kris Knop
Paul Knott
Donna Knuckles
Dorothy Koehl

Kelly Kohlmeier
Jim Kolde
Tim Koomler
Lee Kump
Jim LaBorde
Gina Lallo
Sandy Landman

Bill Lane
Tonya Lane
Steve Lantz
Costella Lapsley
Tammy Launer
Patty Leeper
Ken Lehman



Steve Lehman
Ronda Leichty
Becky Leininger
Brian Lemna
Lori Lerch
Tracy Lerch
Mark Levick



Tina Levy
Brent Lewis
Mark Lewis
Todd Leyden
Joan Linsky
Mari Long
Steve Long



Shelly Lutz
Denise Lymon
Maureen Lynch
Kathy Lyons
Jeffrey Machamer
Tammy Macon
Tom Madden



Mike Maloley
William Marcotte
Carol Markey
Melanie Markle
Robin Martin
Rosemary Martin
Cindy Masterson



Ron Masterson
Pam McAbee
Connie McAfee
Kyla McCalister
Denise McComb
Brent McFarland
Tierney McHaney



Kent McKinney
Ronnie McKinney
Rick McMahan
Dave McNabb
Carl McPeck
Janet Messenger
Nancy Meyer



Don Meyers
Michele Meyers
Steve Miller
Valerie Miller
Marcia Mills
Dave Mitchell
Rick Mitchell



Brian Mix
Russ Mollberg
Bernie Monnier
Kelvin Moore
Chris Morel
Mike Morel
Lovita Morris





Mike Morton
Keith Moser
Jeff Moss
Laura Motz
Doug Mounsey
Teresa Mumma
Scott Murt

Russ Myers
Steve Myers
Todd Nahrwald
Trina Nahrwald
Mike Naselaris
Kelly Neely
Dan Neilands

Bryan Neireiter
Anne Nelson
Teresa Neuhaus
Mike Newell
Bob Newkirk
Jeff Niedermeyer
DeWayne Noei

Kevin Noll
Rob Norwalk
Doug Nusbaum
Fred Oden
Dan Ogg
Randy Olvera
Don Orn

Laura Ostergren
Kent Overmyer
Mark Parish
Doug Parker
Dave Partridge
Todd Partridge
Grant Passwater

Amy Patterson
Joan Patterson
Michael Patterson
Randy Patterson
Jerome Pearson
Denise Peterson
Nicoletta Petranca

John Pfeiffer
Cosby Poindexter
Leslie Poiry
Debra Powell
Michael Powell
Kenneth Pratt
Yvonne Pritchard

Daryn Protsman
Pete Provost
Mark Pugmire
Mary Purcell
Michele Rabbitt
Pat Ragsdale
Terri Rainbolt

Annette Rainey
Mark Reed
Jeffrey Reeder
Dawn Renking
Eric Renbarger
Mark Reynolds
Michele Richards

Andrew Riley
Robin Riley
Lynne Rines
Tina Ritchie
Jeff Roberson
Chris Roberts
Darla Roberts



Toni Roberts
Sancy Robinett
Kathy Rockstroh
Rhoda Rodriguez
Rennae Rohlfing
Dan Root
Linda Root

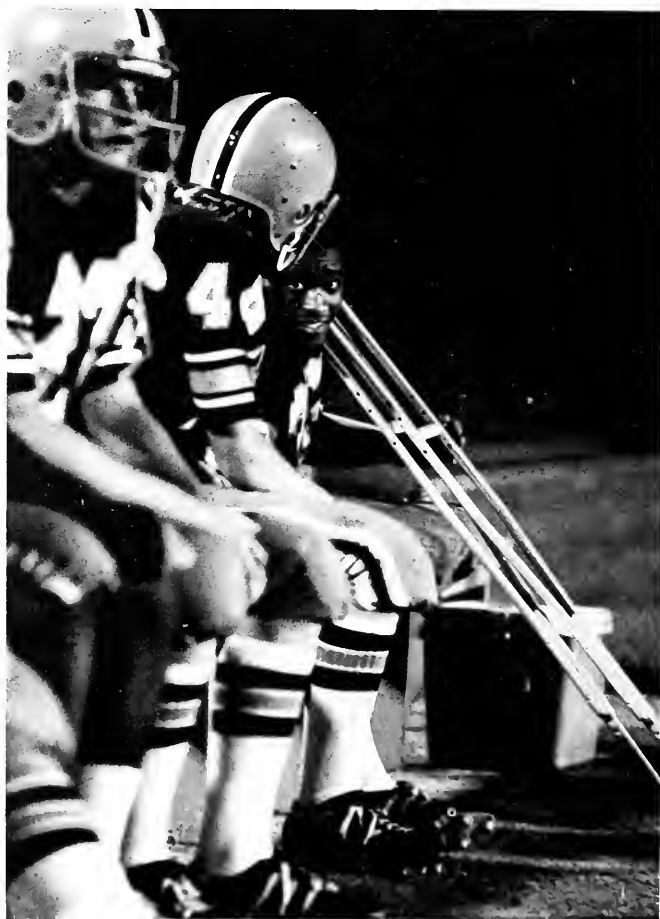


Linda Rose
Alison Ross
Rhonda Rounds
Jeff Roussey
Todd Rowdon
Richard Rowlands
Victor Rowles



Sidelined

Whiling away his time on the bench, junior Ernie Byers talks with Brian Glass early in the first half of the Northrop-South Side game. Byers sat the bench most of the season as he was injured playing against Richmond in the second game. —Marc Straub





Sandy Rowley
Steve Rowley
Lorna Russell
Jeff Rust
Mohsen Sadeghin
Renee Salazar
Curt Sanders

Lonnell Sanders
Jamie Sandman
Daniel Sarasin
Richard Sarasin
Renee Schantz
Mark Schea
Cathy Schenkel

Kathy Schlotterer
James Schneiker
Paul Schram
Todd Schrock
Cliff Schumacker
Jackie Schwartz
Shawn Schwartz

Cindy Schweizer
Mary Schweyer
Brian Scudder
Jeff Seberika
Kim Sexton
Julie Seymour
Brian Shady

Bryan Shaw
Jeff Sheehan
Steve Shuler
Donna Shupe
Gwyn Singleton
Noni Slagle
Carla Slane

Joan Smierciak
Ann Smith
Burton Smith
David Smith
Donna Smith
Jody Smith
Shari Smith

Steve Smith
Tonya Smith
Mark Snyder
Ric Sorg
Kelly Spalding
Michelle Spangle
Christine Sparks

Tim Springer
Matt Stabler
Karen Staley
Susan Stanberry
Carolyn Stanton
Amy Stark
David Steenport

Cathy Stefanski
Mark Steinkamp
Jody Steilhorn
Joy Stenage
Brad Stephen
Paul Stetler



Serious business

Attempting to work amidst the routine chaos of sixth period advanced journalism, "What's Bruin?" staff artist Darren Robinson designs a cartoon for the opinion page. Several journalism trademarks can be seen in the back-

ground; namely, the graffiti-littered chalkboard decorated by staff comedian Buddy Webber, and the empty lemonade can left sitting on the work table. —Buddy Webber

Paula Stetler
Cheryl Stevens
Ross Stevenson
Becky Stewart
Matthew Stieber
Kris Stone
Shari Strahm

Robin Straub
Clarissa Suarez
Kevin Sullivan
Lora Sumney
Kirk Swinehart
Lance Taylor
Joe Terlosky

Victor Tewis
Scott Thibodeau
Kent Thomas
Robin Thomas
Sherry Thomas
Tom Thompson
Mike Tiffany





Jane Ann Timmerman
Jeff Tipton
Rich Trent
Cecelia Trice
Chris Turrin
Susan Valentine
Rob VanRyn



Becky Vince
Kevin Vincenski
Michelle Vinson
Andy Vorndran
Ken Votaw
Mark Waggoner
Elaine Wagner



Jill Wagner
Keith Walda
Chuck Walternath
Carole Ward
Jerry Warner
Toni Warren
Katrina Washington



Buckley Watson
Jeff Weaver
Kim Weaver
Charlotte Webb
Jay Weiler
Chris Welch
Dave Welch



Karen Welty
Lori Wendel
Mary Wetzel
Amy Whetstone
Christine White
Eldon White
Lisa Whitehead



Phil Wiegmann
Bessie Williams
Kathy Wilson
Tim Wilson
Shawn Wimbley
Jeff Winborn
Craig Winingier



Pam Winters
Caroline Wisman
Doug Woodcox
Becky Woodis
Clayborne Woods
Kim Woodson
Richard Worden



Pam Workman
Vince Wormbly
Renee York
Donnell Young
Danny Zahm
Dawn Zell
Lester Zimmerman



Kathy Hall
Sarah Lee

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Letter from a friend

On Thursday, March 22, junior Kelley Richardson was killed in a car accident.

Fellow sabre corps member Suzette Reed, whose shoulder Kelley is leaning on during one of the many football games, expressed her thoughts on Kelley's death several days after the accident occurred.

"It's really sad. Kelley was a good friend, and had a lot of good ideas for the sabre corps which I hope to follow through on.

"A lot of people, like myself, can't believe that Kelley is gone, but she is. The day I heard about her, I read a poem that means a lot!

"I love Kelley, and like everyone else, we must accept the fact of her death. Everyone should look on the bright side—Kelley is better off now, although we wish she was here—she never has to put up with all the problems we all will face in our lives, and she will never feel any pain.

"I'd like to share the poem I read with the student body.

*You cannot say, you must not say
 That she is dead. She is just away.
 With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
 She has wandered into an unknown land
 And left us dreaming how very fair
 It needs must be, since she lingers there.
 So think of her faring on, as dear
 In the love of There as the love of Here
 Think of her still as the same and say
 She is not dead, she is just away.*

—James Whitcomb Riley



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Weicker a la mode

Ready . . . aim . . . fire! Presenting Mr. John Weicker with a special treat, student council president Julie Riley "creams" the Dean in the face with a pie to stir enthusiasm at a pep session. —Shannon Johnson



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THE END

is false, illusory.

The cycle is continuous—an unstoppable flow that only briefly slows down.

Walking through Northrop's darkened halls, June seems like August; they are inseparable.

Finalizing one year—mailing out the last report cards—is only a prelude, only the beginning . . .

In the main office, the secretaries are still at work; they are the last to leave Northrop, and they will be the first to come back.

Ms. Todd is gone now, already pursuing her doctorate, and her replacement is no longer with us either: freshly appointed Mr. Robert Gada died of a heart attack just days before officially assuming the principal position. Next year, Northrop will have a temporary leader, Mr. Doug Williams, who will serve until the FWCS administration chooses a successor.

Meanwhile, the school is undergoing drastic physical changes. Walls are being torn down, furniture moved, and departments relocated as the building, like an organism, evolves and adapts, slowly making the transition to a four-year high school.

The parking lot seems vacant, sprinkled with only a few cars, but the emptiness is illusory too.

Director Barry Ashton's brown and orange van sits by the curb under the hot summer sun—music blares, the pom pon girls practice kicking, the band drills.

The stadium betrays hidden life too; Northrop's athletes are all hard at work, conditioning for the next season.

"Lazy" days pass . . .

Students are getting their first taste of full-time employment . . . '79 grads are preparing to move into dorms, apartments, fraternities and sororities as their freshman year of college draws near . . . July passes quickly as the *Bear Tracks* staff writes the final stories of 1978-79 . . .

And down in the maze-like recesses of the office, Mr. Mel Zehner makes schedule adjustments while the staff masterminds Northrop's ninth "Call-up."

There is no real conclusion . . .

The end of our high school years marks the beginning of Northrop history . . .

And the cycle flows on—respecting the past, living in the present.



In an unposed portrait of three thoughtful faces, 1930's sailors Jed Freels, Rich Hill and Steve Hatfield perform the title cut in "Dames at Sea." —Marc Straub

Pensively listening to the directors' last words of advice, senior Sherri Stratton seems to be thinking of the impending curtain call and the need to become her "Music Man" character Mrs. Paroo. —Marc Straub



Rows of student desks are relocated from classroom to hallway as the custodial crew cleans the second floor wings at the end of school in June. —Bob Stadelmeyer

Expressions of pride and elation dominating their faces, varsity basketball players and coaches pose with Northrop's first Holiday Tourney trophy after the hard-fought championship game. —Marc Straub



Last May when I was first approached with the prospect of helping to design *Bear Tracks '79*, my immediate reaction was a blunt "no way." I had experienced the enervating task of putting together a yearbook several years before, and had, at that time, solemnly vowed never to do so again. So, you can imagine my surprise, when, no more than four weeks later, I found myself at a journalism workshop in Kentucky, up to my neck in aquamarine-colored grids (commonly referred to as layout sheets) and, wonder of wonders, having a great time.

Once actual work on *Bear Tracks '79* commenced, scores of photographs, stories, and headlines came my way, just begging to be set down in rubber cement immortality. The task of combining these elements into a coherent, effective design was entrusted to me (fortunately, with the help of others). The best means of accomplishing this proved to be the use of "magazine style." In this type of design, a strong photograph dominates the page or spread, with smaller pictures complimenting it. As a result (and also because of the large amount of copy in the book), less photos were used, in comparison with previous yearbooks.

Although the design format of the book may seem rather untraditional (to say the least) at first glance, the staff of *Bear Tracks '79* and I feel the sacrifice of quantity of pictures is more than compensated for by their quality. As you become accustomed to the book's style, we believe you will, too.

Face it. When you pick up a yearbook, the first thing you look at is...

Pictures.

Fortunately, this year's photography staff was blessed with several blooming greats, some of whom even went semi-pro.

Not that there weren't problems. As with all "temperamental artists," the "photogs" had trouble communicating.

But the time came when egos had to cease and we all worked together to create what we hoped would be the best yearbook ever.

Especially, in our case, the pictures.

Northrop High School is unique in a variety of ways, and has always proven itself to be outstanding in many areas.

Northrop's *Bear Tracks* is no exception; students produce the entire yearbook. Our staff writes the copy, designs the layouts, takes and prints the pictures, typesets and pastes up virtually everything.

This is a long, drawn out process involving many people and a variety of skills.

Other schools do not create their books in this fashion, however. In fact, there is only one other school in all of Indiana that creates a typeset, paste up yearbook entirely within the school as Northrop does.

Most schools turn in a blueprint design, the copy, and the photographs. The printer then: does the

typesetting, finalizes the layout design, and pastes up the book. The printer completes their book to the point of where our book is when we send it in.

We then send our "completed" book to the printer, (each of us hoping that we didn't leave anything out, wondering why we didn't do a certain page over 15 times instead of just 14, and dying for the book to return so we can see if all of the self-inflicted pain was worth the effort).

Finally, after what seems like decades, the book is returned to Northrop and distributed to eagerly awaiting souls.

I hope that in the years to come, when you pick up your '79 *Bear Tracks* wipe away the dust and begin to relive the past, your *Bear Tracks* will help you to recapture the year of 1979 as you remember it.



Our main objective was to get the yearbook to tell the story of the school year.

In the past, the album section has been known to be somewhat boring. (This section is difficult to make exciting). Seventy-five pictures were all grouped together on one page.

However, it does not have to be impossible!

This year, we tried to incorporate action shots and add copy to break up some of the solid monotony.

This is not the only problem we had to deal with in the album section however. At one point we misplaced all of the sophomore "H's," the junior "S's," and the "T, U, V's" of both. Then came the task of typing all the names to coincide with the correct pictures. This caused some of the sections of copy to be typed over approximately five to ten times.

After we found the pictures that were lost, they had to be sorted, numbered, alphabetized and prepared to be sent. Black construction paper had to be cut to the size of the groups of pictures and pasted up to match exactly. This was only the beginning.

One thing did keep a person motivated however — the April 1st deadline. When you consider how long it took to get all of the actual picture-taking wrapped up, we weren't left with a whole lot of time.

We hope that you find your picture and name together, and we hope that you really enjoy the book. We tried our best to put together something special for the 1979 *Bear Tracks*.



Third time's a charm, or so they say. So... once again I sit, "pen in hand," writing my closing "blurb" for the '79 *Bear Tracks*.

(To fill you in... my first one was axed, and my second one got lost... masterpieces, both of them... I shed a tear as I draw a mental picture of typed manuscripts frolicking in the green pastures of Copy That Has Disappeared from The Face of The Earth.)

My mind seems to be wandering as I recline against one of Northrop's almighty brick walls, staring lazily at the dandelions dancing in the May breeze... thoughts, I feel a Time Warp sent C.O.D. from Tran-

sylvania coming on . . .

. . . I've reached the point of No Return.

Nonsense rules.

(Lieutenant Word reporting . . . calamity has struck, Fearless Mentor . . . June 22 approaches, attacking us on all sides . . . be prepared to wage war, armed with pica sticks and typewriters . . .)

My spirit is BIZZ-BOPPING across the hemisphere of the Dread Unmentionable Deadline Reality . . .

The clock is laughing and doing its old Time Bomb routine on my nerves . . .

Oh yeah . . . I lost my mind a long time ago, so don't think that it too was sacrificed in the name of journalism . . .

Why . . . ? Why . . . ? Why . . . ?

As a friend once told me, "Why just don't apply."

(Mentor! Mentor! Rubber cement clogs the holes of my transmitter, and the Private's verbs don't agree agree . . .)

("Carry on, Lieutenant Word . . . never mind that you're buried up to your ears in fallout and typographical errors . . . Strength! Endurance! A humorous perspective! Forward . . .")

(Yes . . . FORWARD . . . I'll meet you in the next lifetime, some 80 zillion stories from now . . .)

Fueled by insanity, fantasy, and other forms of pseudo-escapism . . .

We lost a lot of battles along the way, but I think we won the war . . .

Phoebe Nault

"You'll never do it," a teacher once told me, "there's no way you guys will ever put out this yearbook."

There were times I almost believed this statement.

Pulling together a conglomeration of talented, diverse (sometimes even uncooperative) people for the single-minded purpose of putting out a yearbook had its seemingly impossible moments.

Somehow, despite everything (and I mean EVERYTHING) we had to overcome, the sheer will to do it—to prove it could be done—drove us on.

Bear Tracks '79 is the ultimate proof.

We did it.

Kim Schwab

Working with talent has been one of the biggest rewards of this year. I hope that this yearbook is what you want to remember this year by, because the staff has tried to make this book as unique as you are.

We had the best writers, photographers and designers that have ever been in the Northrop journalism and publication program. The time spent was huge for the staff, but their goal was quality and I think it was achieved.

Everyone on the staff had a hand in the production of *Bear Tracks '79*. This book is a synthesis of effort and it is for you, the reader. Enjoy it.

J.P. Sweeney

COLOPHON

Volume 8 of the Northrop High School *Bear Tracks* was printed by the Walsworth Publishing Company in Marceline, Missouri. Printing was done using the offset lithography process.

Paper stock is 80 pound gloss white enamel. End-sheet stock is 65 pound cover weight white.

All spreads and the endsheets were prepared, camera-ready, by the *Bear Tracks* staff.

The cover is a combination of photographs and graphics. Although designed by staff artist Jill Harris, final preparation and printing was done by Walsworth Publishing Company. Three inks were applied to a white linen cover material, and covered with a plastiglow finish. All cover photographs were used within the 1979 *Bear Tracks*. Cover type is set in Bookman bold italic.

Approximately 28,000 black and white and 1000 color frames were shot for the final candid selections used in the 1979 *Bear Tracks*. All individual and most group portrait work was done by Watters Studio of Fort Wayne.

A variety of spot color inks was used. Included are the following: chestnut 703 (43); forest green 409 (6, 7, 90, 91, 156, 157); golden tan 704 (132, 133, 136, 137); mist green 407 (cover); scarlet 101 (12, 13); silver 901 (cover, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 224); desert tan 705 (66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73); process blue (30, 31, 32, 33); process yellow (34).

Headlines throughout the book are comprised of type styles from Artype, Formatt, Geotype, Letraset and Zipatone graphic arts products. All graphics were hand-set by the *Bear Tracks* staff.

Body type is set, for the most part, 10/11 Univers with cutlines set in 8/9 Univers bold and medium. Variations in leading exist. To facilitate legibility, all type is set in bold face on pages having dark backgrounds.

Page numbers are set in 10 point Univers bold with page contents set in 8 point Univers.

The index is set in 8/8 Univers and Univers bold, and is cross-referenced by page contents.

Employing a magazine format, the 1979 *Bear Tracks* had a press run of 1500 copies.

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